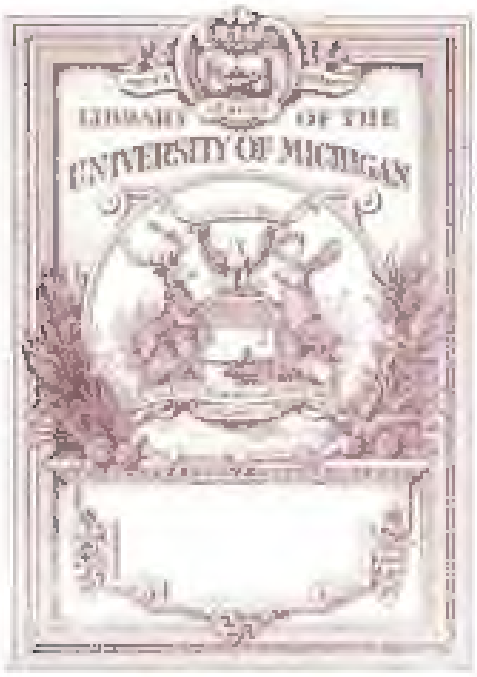

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXIII.

APRIL—JUNE 1906

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DREAM AND IDEAL

DIANA with her limbs of dream,
Her wavering heart of lily-stuff,
For long had mocked me with the gleam
Too sweet, and yet not sweet enough.
Hundreds of times my fevered hands
Had fallen almost on the slope
Of shoulder that was swift to be
At once the pulse and death of hope.
Stayed by her hair in hazels caught,
She fed my blood with honeydew,
And turning for a second showed
Her deep-down eyes of larkspur blue.
So near her lips, I smelled the breath
Could shame the bush of lavender,
Till all my body rang a peal
Of lovely bells in praise of her.
But as I stretched my arms to take
The Goddess from the hazel snare,
Once more with laughter she was gone,
Once more Diana changed to air,
O'erleaped a streamlet's gush of blue
And left me quivering as I thought
How nearly had the dream come true.

But as I follow wideawake
The fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake,

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So in the courses of my dreams
I hunted tireless, and beheld
The Goddess in a thousand gleams
Flash on her woodland way unquelled,
And sometimes on a hillock stand
Horn-shaping there a sun-kissed hand
To set against her lips and blow
Across the whitebells' dancing snow,
To keep me to my hunting true,
The music of a girl's halloo.
Sometimes she held her bosom close
Against the beech-tree's flank of grey,
And joyed to watch me bear the chase
Beyond the marvel of her face
Till it was safe once more to use
The same, or else some other, ruse:
As when in hyacinths she pressed
Upon a couch of earth the breast
Had wisely mingled snow and sun
To shake thy heart, Endymion!
Or when among the ferns she drooped
The lovely length of her, and stooped
To watch me eagerly employ
My eyes to sack a leafy Troy;
Or when she used so passing well
Her royal right of miracle,
Changing her body into stone,
To ivy-spray her glittering zone,
And making mosses of her hair.
E'en as I rested by the rock
The buried beauties in a flock
Rushed back again to flesh, and flew
Along a pathway out of view,
While back to me the Goddess sent
Through lovely hand to horn-shape bent
The music of a girl's halloo.

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And once she floated sweet and cool,
To lilies changing, in a pool.
Then, since the blossoms did appear
Too splendid for the plant to bear—
Strange flowering of Diana's hair!—
I waded down the talking stream
Toward the cups of golden beam.
Sudden the blooms together leapt
To make a mass of beauty swept
By Zephyr to the shoulders bright,
And in a flash I saw the leaves
In curves of loveliness unite,
And next the Goddess leap to land,
Shake little rainbows on the strand,
Lift to her mouth a horn-shaped hand,
Then in the foliage rush away
To try once more her cunning play.

By early morn the chase was done.
I woke. My room was kissed by sun,
And birds about the neck of day
Were hanging pearls of roundelay.
Aroused, I watched the fading gleam
Of all had glittered in my dream,
And thought how in my waking hours
My heart went hunting ceaselessly
Surprises, hopings, tricks, and flowers,
Because I follow wideawake
A fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake.

She is the hopeless touched by Hope;
For thus on man the cheat is played
That helps him hour by hour to cope
Against his dooming, undismayed.

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Deep in the heart of him there glows
A spark by which he warms his soul,
Believing faintly that his part
Is somehow blessed beyond the whole.
He makes a garden rich in flowers,
In rainbows, nightingales, and streams,
In which he spends his lotos-hours
Beneath a sky in tune with dreams.
'Tis not a mother he creates
In fancy for his blessing there,
But with his wanting self he mates
The girl of joy without compare.
For her he plucks forbidden fruit,
For her he leaves his paradise,
For her he bends his aching eyes
Along the edge of world, and, mute,
A thousand times in spirit dies.
For though he carry from the vale
Nor rose's bud nor nightingale,
No whit he minds the Angel's blade
That cannot keep from him the maid.
So in the rougher world he fares
Among his blisses and despairs,
Compelled to treasure in the heart
A deathless hoping that his part
Is somehow blessed beyond the whole,
And searching thicket, stream, and bole
While hunting, hunting ceaselessly
Surprises, tremblings, tricks, and flowers,
Because he follows wideawake
A fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for his sake.

NORMAN GALE.

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MR. MORLEY

NOT the least interesting administrative appointment in the autumn of last year was that of the foremost living man of letters—a philosophic Liberal, a Little-Englander, the ardent advocate of Home Rule, the persistent foe of war and coercion—to the government of our great Asiatic dependency, the child of Clive and Hastings, the creature of strife and fraud, the seat of benevolent despotism, and that a despotism imposed and maintained by an alien race. The political and parliamentary history of the century will certainly not be the poorer for the singular presence of Mr. Morley in the world of affairs. And at the present juncture his figure is more than usually interesting. For those who are not deceived by appearances are well aware that the school of thought which Mr. Morley embodies more fully than any living man is fast dying out. Liberalism in any intelligible sense will not last another generation. In a score of years the strange adventure upon which the nations of Europe embarked in 1789 will be concluded, and we shall revert, doubtless with many and formidable changes, to an earlier type. The principles of unchecked individual liberty and unrestricted competition have, to use the ancient phrase, been tried in the balance and found wanting. The golden dreams have proved elusive, and the golden hopes have ended in disappointment. Yet, whilst English Liberalism is flickering with all the power of the expiring candle it is worth examining the opinions of its

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stoutest champion. As the critical student of the French *philosophes*, as the biographer of Cobden, as the disciple of Mill, as the friend of Gladstone, Mr. Morley has a record second to none in the ranks of his party. He is, too, one of those rare spirits who have tried to weave the threads of his thought into a seamless robe, and who has worked a well-drawn political design into a not altogether congruous groundwork of ethics and historical reflection. We find in his writings all the genuine characteristics of Liberalism; its deep-set pity for suffering, its optimism, its passionate regard for truth, its belief in thought as the *sine qua non* of progress, its cosmopolitan humanity, its hatred of oppression, ecclesiastical or civil; together with its hastiness, its over-confidence in its own judgment, its scanty respect for other creeds and philosophies and methods of work, its readiness to substitute the artificial for the natural. To his democratic enthusiasms he unites, too, those aristocratic sympathies[1] which are seldom wholly absent from the man of culture—a latent protest against a creed which, if its plans were ever fully realised, would leave little soil or space for the higher growths of civilisation. Then, too, we may have something, also, to say of the literary presentation of these doctrines.

He tells us that he passed through his Oxford life when "the star of Newman" had set, and while "the sun of Mill" was high in the heavens. To those of us to whom undergraduate life is a much more recent experience, that which he took to be a sun seems little better than a brilliant meteor, which cheated for a little the anxious eyes of men with an illusive splendour, and now grows yearly dimmer as it passes, like other philosophies, down a path upon which there is no returning. We have, indeed, extraordinary difficulty in realising the intense enthusiasm which utilitarianism was once capable of exciting, so insufficient now seem its sanctions and so inadequate its standard. The popular philosopher of the day, Professor James, has gone so far as to tell us

[1] See especially the essay on Joseph de Maistre.

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that Mill's "consciousness of his subject is beginning to put on an infantile and innocent look," and, though of course utilitarians can be reckoned by thousands, there are few who care to blazon their creed. Yet Mr. Morley's nervous English is there to prove the inspiration which was once latent in those cold sentences. It is, perhaps, impious to assail a gospel—even a fallen one—in a paragraph. Yet to the present writer it does not seem possible to turn over Mr. Morley's pages without feeling that he has a heart higher than his confession of faith. Little need be said of the sanctions of the utilitarian. Duty, conscience, love of humanity, even Mill's awkward formula of "a subjective feeling in the mind," are only the disguises of God. The danger is lest the sanctions should be numbed by a chilling, unworthy standard. Happiness is a word which is apt to change its significance with the character of the speaker, and the habit of considering men in the aggregate leads one to forget that they are ends in themselves. To most people the use of such a standard as "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" seems to justify much of which Mr. Morley very heartily disapproves. Thus, for instance, if this is your standard of morality and if you also believe in Democracy, which is as much as to say that men are the best judges of their own interests, it is hard to see, in the event of your being outvoted, by what right you continue to exhort them, to choose the more excellent way. Ought you not rather to welcome the popular verdict and strive to bring your own opinion into conformity with it? Or, take again the question of international morality, which Mr. Morley has very near his heart. Few people would deny that the greatest happiness of the greatest number has been promoted both in Germany and Italy by the policy of unification. Yet this policy involved the incidents of the Ems telegram and the cession of Savoy and Nice. As to the affair of the telegram, nothing need be said here, for no moralist would attempt to defend it, whilst to Cavour the recollection of the price he had paid to Napoleon was always so painful that he could never endure any reference

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to it. Yet if the utilitarian calculus be adequate, both statesmen should not merely be justified but commended. Mr. Morley, however, pleads against "reason of state" with a severity which would not ill-become one who held Newman's doctrine of sin. It is only fair, however, to say that he struggles desperately to fit the facts of history into the formula by urging that the international iniquities of the rulers debase the character, and so the happiness, of the nation. Probably the reverse of this is true. As a rule the people care nothing for public morality. If they could be induced to do so, it would be, perhaps, by some specially gross violation of it on the part of the governing class; so that disregard of it might, if utilitarians are right, prove rather a stimulus to national character.

Mr. Morley's Romanes lecture on "Machiavelli," in which he makes his attack on "reason of state," is really in the same category as its famous predecessor, Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics." Each is the protest of a singularly austere moralist against principles which on intellectual grounds cannot be easily disowned. Each is the confession of an idealist who fears his followers—not unreasonably—may mistake him for something less. But it would be unpardonable to offer to that brilliant essay, which is, probably, the high-water mark of Mr. Morley's writing, no warmer tribute than this. It has been compared to the work of a musician who knows how to blend together the sounds of many instruments; and the comparison is not inadequate. Now we catch a note from Molière or Goethe or Tennyson, then something louder, a phrase from Thucydides or Butler, now again a deep piercing chord from Dante or Michelangelo—all harmonised without show or strain. In fifty short pages he concentrates the wisdom of a lifetime—a lifetime which has been passed, like Machiavelli's own, partly in the council-chamber of statesmen, partly in the "ancient courts of the men of old." It is, to change our simile, as if a man were to spread over the sober warp of his own life a woof of many tints and colours.

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The moral fervour that glows in the closing pages of the Machiavelli burns with an intenser heat in the treatise "On Compromise," of which the motto is, "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." The writer sets out to find the boundary between "wise suspense in forming opinions" and "disingenuousness and self-illusion," between "wise reserve in expressing opinions" and "voluntary dissimulation," between "wise tardiness in trying to realise them" and "indolence and pusillanimity" in neglecting the attempt. The book is throughout an untiring rebuke to those who adopt the conventional path of easy compromise; the tone of it stimulating, trenchant, thorough, very foreign to an age which is more ready to ask a question than to stay for the answer. No one, who reads intelligently and who can be quit of political or religious bias, will lay it down without finding that he has been undergoing a very vigorous self-examination.

The chapter on "the possible utility of error" is another extremely ingenious attempt to oppose on utilitarian grounds those disingenuous persons who support religion not for its truth but for its expediency. Yet Gibbon and Voltaire in familiar oracles and Bagehot when he speaks of "the pain of new ideas" have taught, what few students of history and hardly any statesmen would deny, that an age of popular faith is always happier, more vigorous, more contented, more productive, than an age of popular doubt, and that even religious credulity is always pleasanter, alike for the society and the individual, than religious vacancy. Surely, then, the moral principle which forbids us to encourage and countenance error is something better than "registered generalisation from experience," out of which alone, Mr. Morley will have it, true moral principles are built up. The explanation—it is not (intellectually speaking) an excuse—is, perhaps, that when "Compromise" was written the writer was expecting the early advent of a new religion—not Comte's, but something akin to it—which should arise,

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phœnix-like, out of the ashes of Christianity. Meanwhile another historian,[1] not less eminent and gifted with a singularly piercing moral insight, was warning an Oxford congregation that "one thing is certain: nothing can take the place of Christianity." There are indications in his latest work that Mr. Morley would hesitate before refusing to subscribe to that judgment.

It is time to turn from these high moralities and set our feet in less precipitous places. We have now to follow our author for a little into the company of those earliest Liberals, who live again in the light of his powerful sympathy. With such a guide, indeed, those must be strangely difficult who do not catch the enthusiasm of the *philosophes* whom Holbach would gather round his hospitable board at Grandval—the freshness of their conversation, their boundless faith in the future of the race, their keen delight in intellectual toil, their hatred of ecclesiastical tyranny, their belief in thought and individuality as the great regenerators, their unflinching courage in face of opposition. For one of the party, who appears a little rougher than the rest, our sponsor, we observe, has a peculiar regard, and it is plain that this affectionate intimacy arises from a common width of horizon, a fondness for speculating upon certain ultimate matters concerning Nature and Man and Society, above all from a persistent determination to regard nothing as truth that does not permit of immediate intellectual demonstration. On inquiry, we learn that we are face to face with Diderot, the very focus of the rationalistic thought of the day. In respect of the others, our guide seems to entertain no preferences; though we notice that there is one—a solitary, mournful figure—whom he addresses with some reserve and constraint. This, he tells us, is Rousseau—a sentimental dreamer, a writer whose spring of action is not the head, but the heart, unpractical, somewhat given to egotism and self-observation, yet the master of a graceful, appealing style which makes him the very prophet

[1] Dean Church.

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of human suffering and sorrow. Elsewhere we become acquainted with one who is principally engaged in popularising other men's ideas, an untiring and rapid worker, whose literary pursuits do not prevent him from greedily snatching at an intimacy with men of affairs, and who is, in fact, himself a man of the world. To the example of this brilliant journalist, Voltaire by name, our author confesses himself to be not a little indebted.

With these men Mr. Morley has more than a passing literary acquaintance. He is to some extent the heir of their temper and prejudice as well as of their idea. Thus his creed has that quaint aristocratic tinge which makes Liberalism so difficult in theory to reconcile exactly with Democracy, although in practice the first can never live long, if at all, without the other. Diderot and Voltaire, to say nothing of Gladstone and Cobden, were accustomed to contemplate with more than complacency the existence of a set of privileged persons; and Mr. Morley does no less. The difficulty lies in the formation of this class. We read of an interview between Gladstone and Ruskin, when the latter attacked his host as "a leveller," whereupon Gladstone replied, "Oh, dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle —the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out inequalitarian."

> The true question [comments Mr. Morley] against Ruskin's and Carlyle's school of thought was how you are to get the rule of the best. Mr. Gladstone thought freedom was the answer; what path the others would have us tread neither Ruskin nor his stormy teacher ever intelligibly told us.

This sounds plausible enough until we come to consider what conditions are necessary to the growth of the aristocrat. The more obvious of these are leisure and an educational atmosphere in which culture, self-control, reverence for tradition, indifference to money, chivalry, and some other good things are elements; but unluckily no one has ever yet been able to invent a mechanism to supply such conditions to the self-made man until he is too old to profit by them. In fact a genuine aristocracy exists to a large extent to combat

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those very methods by which the intellectual aristocrat of liberal dreams must climb to power. For though such men make excellent recruits, they are very sorry officers. It would, of course, be perfectly permissible to treat this view as mere speculation if, unluckily, America and France, where the desired facilities have been completely supplied, were not there to show us what an uncommonly poor thing an aristocracy of intellect, selected as it must be by democratic methods, really is. Still we may say of it, if we will, as Rousseau said of Democracy itself, that it is a government made for gods, and that "un gouvernement si parfait ne convient pas aux hommes."

But, indeed, it is not merely by the supporter of the old order that Mr. Morley's constitution is assailed. A creed, which at its best is only a revival and at its worst a misapprehension, is already dealing cumbrous blows at the Liberal structure from many different points of attack. Socialism, compounded as it is of principles that were perfectly understood by our forebears and of a crude misunderstanding of the Sermon on the Mount, is not an easy doctrine to touch upon. In so far as it is the outcome of the gospel of social solidarity which Carlyle preached with so much force in "Past and Present" and Froude described with so much grace in the first chapter of his history, it represents a perfectly sane rebellion against the mechanical system which Mill has unfortunately stereotyped. Political economy, if it is justly called a science at all, is only so as part of the science of sociology. Also it is an art as well as a science. Economic men like Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby are not merely bad men, but pernicious citizens. The State can with advantage control the conditions of work and direct the activities of the workers. Economics is merely a department of the national administration, and it is possible to pay too heavy a price for the increase of wealth. All this, however, is what Mr. Morley and those who think with him will by no means allow. Yet the opposition which Liberals—quite consistently—offer to the State regulation of

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trade is merely the counterpart of their opposition in the past to the State regulation of labour. The reader need fear no digression on tariff reform. Only, when Mr. Morley tells us of the rain, which in the autumn of 1845 rained away the corn laws, it is tempting to suggest that there will some day come a frost which, by emphasising the need of stable employment, shall freeze away Free Trade.

We have followed Mr. Morley through stony places; yet these rough tracks are the only road to the fair realm which lies beyond. For his power of historical presentation was acquired on the dry inhospitable paths of ethics and politics, of meditation on life and contact with affairs. His eager predominating interest in morality, his shrewd generalisations on public policy, are qualities which bring him now into the neighbourhood of Tacitus and now of Thucydides. At every turn the austere moralist and the wise politician are lurking behind the historian; and we would not have it otherwise. Yet, evidently enough, this disqualifies him from taking rank with the more devoted, the more impersonal masters of his art. He tells us himself that there are three sorts of history—that of the mere annalist, that of the statesman, and that of the philosopher—and we should no more think of placing him with Buckle, or again with Lecky, than with gossips like Suetonius. He could not follow Gibbon's example and deliberately seek out an age where no modern bias should disturb his judgment without depriving his work of more than half its vigour and all its piquancy. Besides, as we move backwards, the "moralities" are obscured —"those noble moralities" which, as he tells us, are "the life-blood of style." For in dark ages standards of right and wrong and motives of action are hard to discern, and familiarity with modern customs and constitutions is rather a hindrance than a help. Thus he is best as the critical partisan of the early French Liberals, or when, as in dealing with Gladstone, he is entrusted with the brief for the defence, or, as in the case of Cromwell, when he has to thread his way through the mazes of moral casuistry. It is, indeed, something more than a

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coincidence that almost at the same moment he should have studied and explained and vindicated with extraordinary skill the two great theological statesmen of English history; both of them believing in something like direct spiritual inspiration, both of them masters of subtle self-analysis, both of them betrayed, by circumstances or otherwise, into burning what they had adored, both of them fiercely disliked and still more fiercely assailed, accused of unscrupulous ambition, selfishness, hypocrisy, yet to their intimates the object of unbounded regard and veneration. Surely Mr. Morley has been justly named "an inverted theologian."[1]

For the latest fashion of writing history, where enthusiasm has to be replaced by laborious research and broad sweeps of colour to give way to minute and painful detail, he has something akin to contempt. What is the use, he asks, of adjuring historians to stick to facts when the very function of the historian is to select and interpret them? How can facts be tested without some guiding principle? "Talk of history being a science as loudly as ever we like, the writer of it will continue to approach his chest of archives with the bunch of keys in his hand." This is profoundly true, and any attempt to neglect it will leave us with a mass of incohesive judgments which, taken one by one, are appetising enough, but, in conjunction, leave us hungry and discontented.

What is style? We have a right to ask the old question of the great stylist of the day, and at least we receive no uncertain, if no novel, answer:

> Style, after all, as one has always to remember, can never be anything but the reflex of ideas and habits of mind, and when respect for one's own personal dignity as a ruling and unique element in character gave way to sentimental love of the human race, often real and often a pretence, old self-respecting modes of expression went out of fashion.
>
> Have lofty sentiments, and your manner of writing will be firm and noble.
>
> Those noble moralities that are the life-blood of style and of greater things than style can ever be.

[1] *Times.*

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"Le style, c'est l'homme." That is probably the first and last thing that can be said about it, and of that everything else is but a paraphrase. Mr. Morley certainly tells us no more, though he gives a fine echo to the saying. Yet people are slow to recognise the corollary—that style is one of the most forcible of preachers, and will become more so as knowledge is more widely diffused. Tone, temper, habit of mind, are all conveyed by style, and a man's character will be moulded by the literary manner of what he reads as much as by any other of the mundane influences to which he is exposed. Let any one reflect how permanent and ineffaceable has been the effect of Newman's style upon Englishmen for the last half-century, far more so than Newman's ideas. Mr. Morley's own writing, again, might be used as an example. No one can lay down any book of his without feeling braced, stimulated, deepened, without being more conscious of the nobility of life. To the present writer, who probably has not one single religious or political opinion in common with him, no writing appears more calculated to inspire the reader with a sense of patient, strenuous, unflinching effort. The manner is always French in its terseness, English in its reserve, admirably suited to the needs of modern oratory, but possessing a certain stateliness of motion which reminds us that the grand manner is not yet altogether dead. The writer believes so firmly in the justice of his opinions that we are always conscious, sometimes too conscious, that he would make converts of us. Lucretius he considers the first of poets, and Dryden's estimate of Lucretius might, not unfairly, be applied to himself:

> If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius, I mean of his soul and genius, is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his own opinions. . . . He seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection in the future.

So difficult is it to press beyond "the flaming ramparts of the world" and then to return and suffer the little thoughts of men. Yet, if it be true that "Lucretius has the wisdom of this world

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with him,"[1] Mr. Morley at heart is none of his. For the wisdom of this world is complacency and indifference, but Mr. Morley writes often with all the austere and concentrated bitterness of the spiritual reformer. What more scathing piece of satire, for example, could we wish to revel in than this on the "man of the world"!

> Who does not know this temper of the man of the world, the worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others, his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be so precisely true as one might wish and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse.

This is a note which comes from a later school than Lucretius, and reminds us of that unsuspected confession of Voltaire—"During that time [whilst Calas remained unvindicated] not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it as for a crime."

Of positive teaching Mr. Morley gives us little, and intends to give us little. As we have seen, he regards religion as subject to all the pains of dissolution, and he has hard words for those who, like Comte, would have her suffer, at one and the same time, the pains of birth. Thus he commends Voltaire, "perhaps the one great Frenchman who has known how to abide in patient contentment with an all but purely critical reserve, leaving reconstruction, its form, its modes, its epoch, for the fulness of time and maturity to disclose." So, too, and for the same reason, he praises Mill. Yet he is too good an historian and moralist not to contemplate with pathetic enthusiasm the ages of belief, "the too short ages of conviction and self-sufficience." Even now "we fight that others may enjoy; and many generations struggle and debate that one generation may hold something for proven." Thus for the

[1] "John Inglesant."

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time he falls back upon that which is not essentially different from Stoicism. With the gospel of uncertainty in his hand, he requires of us a rigid strenuous life. Behind stern, set faces we are to conceal our doubting hearts. When, for all we know, Humanity may already have crossed the summit of human perfectibility, and have entered upon the inevitable decline, our belief in the future is to remain undimmed. Truth is relative, yet we are to pursue it with increasing endeavour, with the courage and confidence of those who seek the absolute. And, as if we had not contradiction enough, this proud, defiant creed, matured surely in the school of Prometheus and which could never be more than the property of the cultured few, is found in the mouth of an avowed democrat and put forward as the present philosophy for mankind.

Thus the style has all the charm of a strange, uncommon blend of democratic opinion and aristocratic sentiment, of religious doubt and dogmatic assertion, of dislike of the world, with shrewd observation of its habits. Thus, in the stops which dominate the keyboard of that rich pure diction, we catch the expression of many moods and passions. For there is nothing in the world to equal the strong man who is not hard, and, if he happens to have command of form, he can touch all chords from fine rage to unsubdued suffering. Such divine music must always dull, though it ought never to deaden, the discord of creeds and political confessions.

"Burke," says Mr. Morley in a vivid sentence, "has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things and in making their lives at once rich and austere." No less might be said of himself.

ALGERNON CECIL.

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THE OLD FORD

THE "rise" was over—one of those brief "rises" of the early year, during which the trout come swiftly to the fly. Lest time should be wasted in repairing broken tackle, I had taken every precaution against fouling my line, and had kept to the open reaches, where, with ease, I could cast over the feeding fish. Satisfied with my sport, I leisurely waded to the bank, laid my rod aside, and rejoiced awhile in the spring-tide day. How good it was to realise that the gloom of winter had passed, that the first of eagerly anticipated days beside the river had already come, that summer, in all its beauty, was drawing near!

In moving up the bank I had chanced to overturn a stone, and thus had exposed the tender shoots of the young grass beneath. My eyes turned to the spot; how plain was Nature's message, written even there! Life had awakened: not the life of the late-winter flowers, blooming in sheltered nooks while yet the snow-clouds gather in the north, or of the fragile water-fly, begun and ended in one sunny hour of noon, but the ageless, changeless life of the green meadow-grass.

From the thickets beside the river, from the little copse on the hillside, and from the budding hazels fringing the near meadows, came the songs of many birds—the clear, sweet notes of the greenfinch, the rapid, jubilant phrases of the chaffinch and the hedge-sparrow, and the full, delicious piping of the blackbird and the thrush. A brown wren, creeping,

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mouse-like, among the alder-roots, engaged in musical strife with one of his kindred in the tangles on the opposite bank; and such was his abounding energy that no distinct interval seemed to occur between the loud, rattling songs with which he overpowered his competitor. Everywhere by the margin of the wood the robins called and sang; while lark after lark hymned the praise of morning and of spring in the radiant sky, and then, as the last, long-sustained note, a trembling, caressing assurance of love, died away, dropped, with a flutter of glad wings, towards the meadow where his mate stood watching and listening for his return.

Frequently, I knew, I should walk the winding path between that meadow and the river when the grass was growing up towards the level of the hemlock flowers by the rill in the ditch, and hear the skylark's song again, and conjure up a pleasing picture of a little home in, perhaps, some hoof-print in the yielding soil—a home known only to myself and to the larks—where lay the treasures of the birds, the red and brown and mottled eggs from which would come the songsters of another spring.

The wren sang with delightful vigour; nevertheless, the music of the morning lacked the volume of sound which may be heard in warm, moist April days. It was hardly more than an undertone of harmony, a promise of love's great gladness, a promise of something rich and full and spread afar, like the grass in the fields of summer. And yet, I almost think it was as grateful to my ears as are the choruses of May, when leaf-buds open on the trees, and the swallows, home from the South, dart hither and thither, skimming the surface of the broad salmon-pool and dipping lightly in the ripples of the shallow trout-reach.

To us who love the free life of the country-side, spring seems already far advanced before, with the unfolding of the leaves, it comes to our kindred in the town. Here, by the river, idling my hours away, I opened my heart to the sunshine, while, far off, my friends sat wearily at desk and table,

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apparently unconscious that the gloom of winter had passed away.

The low music of finch and blackbird seemed different from the carols of later spring: it certainly had hope, but it was not yet free from misgiving. A month would pass before the fulfilment of hope, before the nest would be complete and the first round egg be placed therein. Was not this bright, warm weather too good to last; and might not winter return? Might not the cruel hawk descend with lightning speed, and the little home in the fork of holly or hawthorn be unfinished, or left to ruin from wind and rain? Was Nature whispering: "Hush! singing birds, till the marigolds are unfolding by the stream, and the moor-hen carries a sedge in her bill as she swims beneath the arching alders of the bank?"

I had spent many hours beside this trout-reach. Here I had shared the gladsome life of the birds; here I had sought, in quiet communion with Nature, release from perplexity and care. It was a place of memories, that thronged my mind as I looked at the shining river and the peaceful valley and hill-side beyond. The trout would rise no more till the morrow, for the frail ephemerals had vanished from the stream; but I could recall out of the dim past familiar shapes and scenes, and live with them and among them in my solitude.

During my years of absence from my old village, the winter floods had altered the formation of the pool above the reach, and washed away the gravelly banks, and torn the tough alders from the leaf-mould gathered about their twisted roots. But when at first I wandered by the river, the pool was deep from bank to bank, and the favourite haunts of the salmon were close beside the alder-roots where, now, the stream ran shallow over a sandy bed, and, except when the water was clearing after flood or in the spawning season, a salmon could seldom be observed.

Two of the many adventures that gave an abiding interest to those long-gone fishing days were well remembered. I had fished up-river without success all the September day, till the

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evening was golden in the west, and a great stillness seemed to have fallen on the country-side. Disappointed, I stood on the bank, opposite a part of the pool into which poured the waters of a tributary brook. At my side was an old, grey-haired fisherman, my attendant since boyhood, my mentor and my friend, speaking words of counsel, as, weary from hours of fruitless casting, I threw my salmon fly over the inrush at the throat of the "hover."

"It's beyond me to explain, sir," he said, "but I've often noticed that a big fish isn't to be found in the same 'run' as a little 'un. A salmon's like a trout in that way. A twenty-pounder don't seem to sort well with a ten-pounder, except, maybe, at spawning time. There's many a place on this river where I've never hooked a big fish, though I've caught a botcher (grilse) in it on low water, and ten or twelve-pounders when the stream ran high. And there's many a spot where I've never known a fish under fifteen pounds to come either to worm or fly, though most every season some big chap or other would show hisself there, and give me a bit o' sport, or set me for days a-thinking and contriving of dodges to get the right side of 'n. I don't count on kelts (salmon that are dropping back to sea after spawning); they'll stay nigh anywhere; it's of the fresh-run fish, as bright as silver, that I'm thinking. They don't stay long in one spot; but, for all that, any fish of twenty pounds and upwards is more or less like that old trout we used to hook every spring by the big stone in the Tancoed reaches, till at last we hooked him once too often, and the fun of planning to catch him was over. If there's a monster salmon to be had, it's in such-and-such a place you'll come across him, and you needn't think of getting his sort in another part of the pool, or anywhere else, till you fish a run that's as like to the first as pea to pea. This pool ain't of much account in spring, and I don't think it's much use fishing it when the 'botchers' come up in June and July, but with good water, any time after grouse shooting begins, there's no better pool on the whole river. Be careful, sir,

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you're just about the place for him, and maybe he'll come sudden, like that little oodcock last October, as jumped up the minute I told you the spaniels might be smelling round the very bush for 'n."

The words had barely left my companion's mouth when my rod bent to the pull of a heavy fish. "You're right, Ianto, he's there, sure enough!" I cried, as I moved back a single step and "struck."

"Let 'n go, sir, let 'n go," urged the old fisherman; "when 'll I ever get you out of that trick of holding tight when a salmon's making up his mind to be off? There, now, that's better! keep opposite to 'n, but give 'n plenty of line till we find out his quality."

After the first slow steady movements of the fish in mid-stream, Ianto's directions seemed a mere waste of breath; "holding tight" was an impossibility. The salmon rushed madly up-stream and down, and hither and thither beneath the alders, and then, in a spot where the bushes partly screened it from my view, leaped high into the air. Afterwards, for some time, it "bored" with its snout in the gravel, trying to disengage the fly, and sulked in the deep water beneath the opposite bank. From several signs—the sounding splash with which it fell back into the water after the leap, the ease and rapidity with which it fought against the full force of the current at the neck of the pool, though at the moment line and rod were strained almost to breaking-point, and the rolling, lurching plunges with which at intervals it worked its way into the still depth towards the further bank—both Ianto and myself concluded that our fish was of unusual size. But our sport ended in disaster.

The brook joined the river by two narrow channels, leaving between them a dry stretch of gravel covered with grass and reeds. As if suddenly remembering that one chance of freedom still remained, the salmon headed straight for the deeper channel on the left of the tiny island. I could place no effective check on that impetuous rush. I tried to throw off line in hope of

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inducing the fish to imagine it was free, but the salmon moved too swiftly for such an effort to be in the least degree successful. Ianto kept silence even from good words; he could see I was doing my utmost, in holding the rod well up so that the line, if possible, might clear the reeds when the salmon passed beyond the little island. But, as the fish reached the junction of the two channels of the brook, the long and heavy line touched some obstruction on the gravel, and the gut-collar snapped. The fight was over. I reeled in my damaged tackle and Ianto and I went home. Hardly a word was spoken till we reached the village; then, as we parted for the night, the old man said: "Cheer up, sir; it's fisherman's luck you've had. 'Twould be different if you'd lost 'n through some silly mistake. For all that, he was the biggest I've seen for many a long day.'

A week had passed when, one evening, on our way homewards from trout-fishing on the moors, Ianto and I loitered in the water-meadow of an old mill beside the brook, not more than half a mile from the main river. The valley there had narrowed into a deep gorge, where all was dark and cool, though the hot September sunlight still lingered on the surrounding hills. We had come to a sequestered pool within a hundred yards of the mill, when my companion suddenly pointed to a spot beneath the trees, and said, "Did you see that thing moving just beneath the surface, sir? It was either a salmon or an otter, I'm sure. What d'you say to putting on a Blue Doctor instead of the trout-flies, and having a throw or two?"

I was not in the mood for an experiment, for I had observed nothing in the stream, and was tired. "You try, Ianto," I said, "and I'll wait here."

Glad of the rest, I lay on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep. I was awakened by exultant shouts, and, taking in the situation at a glance, hurried to the old fisherman's side. "Well, sir, here's a do! However will I kill him with such a toy of a rod as this? It's like playing a minnow with a watch-stem and a hair in a basin of water."

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It was my turn to advise. "Ianto," I said, "stick to him. We'll get enough sport for a lifetime before he's out on the bank."

"I can't exactly tell whether he's a big fish or a small one," Ianto continued, "but by the look of the boil in the water just now he ain't a 'botcher,' whatever. Will you take the rod, or will you let me play 'n for a bit?"

"He's your fish, Ianto," I replied, "I don't touch that rod till the fun is over."

The old angler, after the first few minutes of keen excitement, settled in earnest to his task, and took up a position in the shallows at the lower end of the pool, that thence, so long as the salmon remained in the rough water and the whirlpools above, he might check, to some extent, its mad rushes. For a time, the salmon seemed content to move slowly beneath the tree-roots of the further bank, hardly more than a dozen yards from the rod.

The late afternoon merged into twilight, which in turn gradually gave place to night, and then, with the coming of the darkness, the contest entered on a second stage. Without the slightest warning, the salmon tore along through the stream, passed into the neck of the pool, and gained a shallow reach beyond. Ianto, to prevent his line from running out, hastily followed. He was close to the salmon, when, suddenly, it changed its course, and dashed away down-stream into the pool and past the shallow to another reach below. Backwards and forwards, with such quickness that Ianto's agility was taxed to the utmost as he strove to keep within distance, it raved from pool to shallow and from shallow to pool, as if it scarcely felt the light strain of the rod, and was only then awakening to a sense of danger. Evidently, our only chance of tiring the fish lay in confining its movements to the pool and the rough waters immediately above and below. So we formed a plan, in accordance with which, whenever the salmon turned down-stream, I hastened to a little ford beyond the reach, and there stood ready to frighten the fish if it attempted to continue its

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flight in that direction; again, whenever it turned up-stream, I hurried for the same purpose to the end of the reach above the pool. Ianto's difficulty was to keep near the fish when it left the pool for the lower water, where, prevented by a clump of alders from following along the bank, he had perforce to enter the stream and feel his way between large, rough stones among which he might easily have tripped and fallen. We were both kept busy far into the night. The moon rose, but her light was never strong enough to enable me to see the fish, as, occasionally, it passed the spot where I stood in readiness to use the gaff. I determined, however, that no chance of ending the struggle should, if possible, be lost. My opportunity at last occurred. While standing in mid-water at the lower ford, I, abandoning previous methods, allowed the fish to approach quite close to my feet, then, splashing violently, caused it to retrace its course. For an instant, as it turned, its tail appeared at the surface, and with a single stroke I drew the gaff across between that point and the point at which the water seethed against the line. I felt, to my joy, that the gaff had secured firm hold, and at once bore my captive out into the field. The weight at the end of the gaff indicated that the fish was certainly as big as any I had previously handled. We quickly ended the frantic struggles of the salmon; and then, on loosening the fly, we discovered to our astonishment that a part of another "gut-collar" protruded from its mouth, and, also, that the fly I had lost a week before was firmly fastened to the cartilage outside the opening of the gills.

We sat awhile and smoked, and discussed the weight at which our prize would turn the scales. Then—such was our impatience—we went up to the mill, aroused the miller from his slumber, and proceeded to the store-room, to "find out exactly," as Ianto put it, "what we had to carry home." With twenty-nine pounds and a few ounces in the one balance, and the salmon in the other, the beam of the old wooden scales stood horizontal. Surely, the remembrance of the long night's sport would linger with us to the end of life.

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My memories, as I sat beside the river that day in early spring were not all so pleasant as this reminiscence of an angler's sport. I once had passed, as perhaps every sportsman passes, through a stage when, loving the gun more than the rod, I had been desirous on every possible occasion to prove my prowess—it mattered not how useless, either for food or for any other purpose, might be the innocent things that were shot. Into the shining ripples beyond mid-stream, had fallen, one summer afternoon, a crumpled bunch of feathers which an instant before had been a glad, living bird, a swallow, an epitome of all that is meant by summer, winging its way between the leafy banks. Unheeded, my victim floated past, and soon the water closed over the sodden plumage. Not a thought of my cruelty entered my mind. Why had I killed the little migrant from the radiant South, that had flown a thousand weary miles to make its home beneath the eaves of the farmstead peeping between the trees? To gratify a whim, to show my skill to a friend who had challenged its existence —that was all.

Again, one winter evenfall, on reaching the spot where I had shot the swallow, I was startled by a bird splashing out from the alder-roots almost at my feet, and flying clumsily towards the opposite bank. What bird could it be? I could not tell in the failing light; but the gun leaped to the shoulder; and my aim was true. My spaniel quickly retrieved the bird and laid it at my feet, and I found that I had shot a coot—the first and last of its kind I have ever seen on our western river, though in certain other places known to me it is well nigh as common as the moor-hen. The recollection of heedlessness in sport is often the cause of keen regret.

How strange and far distant seemed the early years of manhood, when my love of sport was almost a fever, when day after day, in winter, I roamed many long miles and explored the retreats of the countryside in search of game. But afterwards there seemed to come a time of change in my ideas of sport; while angling for trout I desired to capture the largest

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and shyest fish that only the spinning minnow could lure from their secret haunts among the rocks of some little cataract, or in dark holes beneath some shelving bank; and, while shooting, I took far greater interest in my dogs than in my marksmanship. And, more than all besides, I loved the bloodless sport of waiting and watching in the woods and fields and by the river, so that I might learn the ways of wild creatures in the hours of day and night. Yet, in my reverie, I felt a longing to live again the days of the past.

A thin blue veil of morning mist had gathered over the country-side, and, as I turned my eyes down stream, I saw through the haze, the form of the church tower dimly looming in the sky. Beneath its shadow old Ianto rested, one of a great company of dead fishermen. For hundreds of years the country folk had been borne, after life's weariness, to that garden of sleep by the river; for many generations, perchance, almost each dweller in castle and monastery, farmstead and cottage, along the valley, had been familiar with the angler's craft.

Thoughts similar, in some respects, to those that come to me while I walk along an old Roman road penetrating this western valley were mine on that morning in early spring. The Roman road seems ever to resound with the tramp of the legions of old, hurrying away to a town on the coast, or hurrying back in obedience to that last fateful summons when their own homeland was threatened by barbarian hordes. But peaceful anglers, not armed soldiers, peopled my dreams beside the river. They moved quietly, not with the clash of scabbard and shield against scale-armour. This place by the river was far away from the wide main road; it offered no suggestion of haste, and heat, and dust. To the conquerors it had probably remained unknown. But to the conquered, the people who tilled and sowed and reaped the fruitful valley fields, the lanes and byways were familiar from childhood to the grave.

My mind, however, was busied rather with an age immedi-

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ately preceding the present century—an age when civilisation, in the west, was slumbering, and not even the echoes of strife and reform resounded among the hills. The valley was then more thickly populated than now, and agriculture, easily supplying the few needs of unambitious lives, allowed considerable leisure, in summer and winter, for the relaxation of sport.

Close beside me the river bank sloped gradually towards the ford. Hither, out of my sight between tall hedge-banks fringed with hazel and thorn, led a winding path, grass-grown and deeply rutted by the wheels of laden waggons. Opposite, in the fine gravel of the little island at the mouth of the brook, the marks of occasional traffic were visible—a middle path scored by heavy hoofs, with the ruts of wheels on either side —while beyond, the road vanished among the trees by the mill. Seldom used now was the road through the river; I might linger for days in my haunt, while not a sound of a passing labourer and his team disturbed its solitude. But how often, in the past, had human voices broken the stillness! The road was one of a network connecting farm with farm, and hamlet with hamlet, and used almost hourly, in seed-time and harvest, by the country folk. Before the stone bridge, down-river beyond the church, had spanned the gorge, the ford was the nearest means of access to the village from the south bank of the stream. Perhaps, on Sunday evenings in summer, the freeholder's daughter, with her lover, had tripped along the stepping-stones on their way to church, there to join the other members of the family, who, dressed in best attire, and riding or driving, had crossed the shallows in the early morning, to worship and make quiet holiday with village friends. Perhaps the coracle fishers, in intervals of fishing, had gossiped on the bank, the village children had angled for salmon-pink in the shallows, and the freeholder had tried his home-made rod over the pool where I had hooked and lost my giant fish. Exclusive fishing rights, in those days, did not exist on our river; no Board of Conservators taxed the brotherhood of the angle; no

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ill-bred visitor, careless of the sentiments of country folk to whom the river seemed a special possession and a part of life, resorted to the inn. Fain would I believe that the conditions of farming and fishing were then Arcadian, and continued so right up to the time when the labourers moved away to great centres of industry, and wages rose, and landowners began to recognise the possibility of a slight increase in their rent-rolls if all but the wealthy were excluded from that pastime which had formerly been shared by rich and poor.

First, the bridge appeared on the river—mute sign that markets were opening to the produce of the farm. Then the winding country lane and the ford fell into disuse, and the Roman road became once more a busy highway. In the market, prices of food gradually rose, as from further and busier centres of industry the demand for food increased. Gradually prices also rose in the home village, and the labourer, forced to buy from the farmer on the terms obtainable in market, found the struggle for existence becoming harder day by day. The rural exodus began; hundreds of men, accustomed to green fields and the open air, left behind all that had been dear to them and their fathers, and among desolate eastern valleys slaved in the reeking smoke of the furnace, or in the depths of the mine, earning thus their daily bread—part of which came, perhaps, from the fertile meadows and cornfields of their youth. Many worked through weary years with one bright aim in view—to get back in old age to their familiar haunts, where, free from poverty, they might end their days in gossip and fishing. And some returned to find that old friends and relatives had departed to far corners of the world, or were resting in quiet graves amid the company of dead fishermen, and that every right of fishing had passed to strangers' hands.

I packed my rod and walked leisurely down-stream towards the bridge. The sunshine was too bright for fishing, but a single dark cloud, spreading over the sky above the tree-tops by the mill, gave promise of good sport for the morrow. The

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thrush and the blackbird still warbled occasionally in the trees; and the dream-song of the gold-crest wren came sweetly and faintly from the fir-copse on the hill. Suddenly, I heard the deep, muffled stroke of a bell; another and another stroke resounded through the valley. An old fisherman, the last of his kind in the village—almost as old as Ianto, though never so skilful as the dear friend of my boyhood—was about to join the greater company.

ALFRED W. REES.

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THE MORAL CRISIS

MORAL crises may be defined as conflicts of principles of conduct occasioned by altering conditions of society.

Such crises have been recurrent in European civilisation, and many moralists consider that the crisis through which we are now passing is one of the most acute that has been witnessed since the age of Charlemagne, when the Christian morals were being substituted for the Pagan code. Evidence of this fact is furnished by the discontent of increasing numbers with their share of the world's enjoyment; by an increase of the acquisitive desire; by a growing disposition to question or to break away from the sanctions and authority of pre-scientific times; by a perturbation in the relations of the sexes; by a struggle of national against universal ideals, and finally by the inauguration of new customs resulting from scientific discovery. Changing conceptions are causing a disturbance of the moral conscience and producing disharmonies of conduct. And as the change proceeds, as principles which were long held as sound are superseded, there occurs a loosening of obligation, a *malaise* is experienced, and society becomes aware that it is morally infirm.

Now if we consider the causes which have produced this crisis, as far as possible in the order of their importance, it will be necessary to give the first place to the desire for increased pleasure. It is to the craving for the pleasures which knowledge and enterprise have rendered abundant and exquisite,

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together with a growing sense of personal right to pleasure, that much of the present unrest is due. While pleasures were few and considered the privilege of persons in authority, and while the poor and the disinherited believed that a reward for privation suffered would be bestowed upon them in another world, resignation and a certain contentment were evinced; but now that authority is beginning to be questioned and that faith in an after life has lost much of its strength, the conditions are greatly altered. There is a wide divergence between the times when the force of arms and birth alone provided privilege, and the present when the power of wealth is omnipotent for the procurement of the amenities of life. And since the possession or non-possession of wealth determines to a considerable extent the happy or the unhappy life for great numbers who no longer practise the stoicism in which honest and laborious humility once found refuge, it seems that unless some new inducement to contentment can be found, the solicitude for wealth will grow strong enough to force into subjection all other aspirations. And as the time is relatively short during which, under the present conditions, wealth may be acquired, the struggle must grow acute between the principles of right inculcated from infancy and conduct of the kind required in many instances by modern conditions for acquisitive success. Conflicts of duty deep and poignant are experienced by the man who eagerly desires satisfactions for himself and for those whom he supports, and the temptation to fail in strict morality is great, in a period which is developing a code of moral compromise wherein evil is mingled intricately with good. The ancient precept, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is difficult of application in an age in which so many strive to wrest from others that which they would not have wrested from themselves. Equally so is that of Kant, to act in such a way that the principle of all actions may always be of universal application. If we apply this for a moment to monopolists, whose lives are passed in acquiring wealth incalculably in excess of ordinary needs, we find

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that it breaks down. But the justice of these fundamental maxims cannot change, and their infringement creates the present ill. On the one side are the laws of property which secure to the possessor the enjoyment of his wealth, and on the other a new theory of property which grants to the many the ownership of things that were previously alone possessed by the few, and the conflict of two principles so essentially opposed is a disturbing influence of considerable force. Again, the collectivist may be confronted with scruples of possession just as may the monopolist, and each at times may incline to the tenets of the other. The monopolist at the end of a career makes gifts to the community, and the collectivist at times gives way to acquisitive propensities. And in the absence of any standard by which the *social* right to property may be determined, considering the destitution which is witnessed and the prevailing ignorance regarding the ratio which should exist between population and the natural resources of countries, it is no matter for surprise that the triple problem of sustenance, property and pleasure should occupy contemporary thought. Never was the life-zest greater than to-day, yet never was the competition for the means of gratifying it more keen. Individualism bids men acquire sustenance, or sink. Collectivism assures them that as members of the human family they have a right to live whether they fail to acquire sustenance or not, and there is a perpetual antagonism between the two *régimes*. A persistent effort to subtract is opposed to a persistent strife to add; and as the object of the struggle is the means of life and of pleasurable life, the perturbation caused is necessarily great. The prospect of passing through life in poverty, or even in the many intermediate stages between poverty and ease, creates alarm, and not infrequently an irritation that human affairs should be so conditioned, and this alarm increases as education tends to impart to the lowly a sense of equality with the possessors of desired things. For a long time want of organisation and fear of the law prevented any outward expression of this sentiment, but now among many

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sections of the humble there is not only organisation, but organisation tending to alter law. The hitherto undisputed right to superfluity is challenged, and those who claim it fear that the tenure of wealth will one day be insecure, for they foresee that the votes of the proletariat may eventually prevail against them. Many also are disturbed in their sense of right, considering that all attempts to alter the ancient laws of property are vicious and predatory in principle, destructive of the sacred right of each man to enjoy the fruit of his own labour or of that of his ancestors, and these are generally unwilling to admit that even a modicum of truth can reside in doctrines which subvert what they regard as a primordial principle of social weal. Sometimes they maintain that the ignorant poor are by reason of their ignorance unfit to be entrusted with the use of wealth, but they see that as education extends its scope this objection loses weight. On the other hand, many of the poor, especially those possessing a certain education, are conscious of a sense of injustice, and seek the means of a more equal distribution of advantage. There probably never was a time, unless it was under the Antonines, when the poor were contented with their lot, but there probably never was a period when the lot of the poor was more discussed and their interests more actively pursued.

And as the issues of the struggle between wealth and poverty are enormous for each of the opponents, it is evident that the present strife must contribute greatly to the present crisis. Where the universal desire is fruition and the means of gratifying it are restricted to the few, a few desires only will be gratified, and the happiness which the gratification procures will be experienced only by a limited number of favoured individuals. But as the happiness of one class of a community is to a considerable extent dependent on that of the other so long as classifications exist, is it not clear that society generally must suffer from the contest which is taking place? The contest is not rendered less acute by the fact that many on gaining superfluity desert the principles of their original class and adopt

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those of the higher. When the power of the latter is supreme, and repression is severely exercised, a certain half-coerced contentment is produced, and the mental stress is less than when that power tends to weaken, as it does to some extent to-day.

But the trouble has been rendered more intense, especially in England, by the faulty and immoral applications to social life which have been made of the famous theory of Darwin, according to which in the process of nature the strong suppress the weak in the competition for existence. Large numbers of individualists, disregarding the universal sentiment of sympathy, acting as though morality were but a failing of the weak-minded, have persistently engaged in a remorseless competition, pursuing a rule of life which, carried out to its logical conclusion, must bring regression to the lowest barbarism, which is opposed to the moral teachings of all religions, which is contradicted by many facts of animal life, which ignores co-operation, and which is generally derogatory to human reason—a morality which, although partially exhibited in natural selection, Darwin himself would have shrunk from proclaiming as a standard for the human race.

Failing to distinguish between the animal world, which can lay little or no store of sustenance, and man, who not only can make such a store, but can also make agreements with his fellow men for its apportionment, between the quantity of force employed in the vital competition and its nature; the upholders of this system have made the error of concluding that social progress has as its end the survival of those who are the best adapted to existing conditions, rather than of those who are the best adapted to a series of ulterior conditions.

The result of the struggle for life practised *à outrance* by human beings is to banish the human sentiment of pity, and to fill men's minds with apprehension of the neighbour. It tends to reduce the free man, happy in his own initiative, into poverty or into subservience to a master; and the existence of the feeling thus created is destructive of the peace of mind

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which is essential to social happiness. We cannot conceive the life of primitive man competing for existence with wild beasts and often with his own species, ever on the alert to guard against attack, to have been a happy one. Neither can we conceive that a society engaged in a relentless competition can lead a felicitous existence. Restitutions of the result of successful competition are sometimes made, and the fact proves that those who make them are conscious of the need of clemency; but it is very doubtful whether the alleviations which these restitutions procure compensate for the misery and social discontent produced. It is certain that as long as this pseudo-Darwinism endures, fear and suspicion must be rife and society must suffer. In the weak may dwell much good and in the strong much evil, yet in the glorification of strength which characterises the present time, both the good of the weak and the evil of the strong are disregarded. The desire to triumph connotes the desire to humiliate, yet human nature being as it is, happiness cannot live with humiliation, and we see that increasing numbers of the vanquished rather than endure humiliation end their lives by their own hands. To apply to man a law said to be at work in the animal world without establishing any scientific standard of fitness and to set aside all the intellectual qualities acquired during long centuries of reflection, is to reduce man to a level above which his superior reason entitles him to rise. Yet the application of this principle during the last quarter of the last century has been responsible for a great share of the moral malady by which that period has been affected. Laws which may be true biologically may not be true ethically. The fittest to survive physically and even dynamico-mentally, is not always he whose thoughts and actions are of the greatest value to the general happiness present and future, and any society which gives itself up to the unquestioned guidance of the fittest, in this sense, must suffer as a whole. Often the men apparently most fitted to the environment of the present day are those who possess the strongest nervous organisation; but the

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strongest nerves may eventually prove inadequate to bear the strain of ever-increasing strife for gain. Already we see that insanity is on the increase in all large cities, and that this is greatly due to the anxieties of modern life is undoubted. The progress of medical science has rendered most maladies curable when taken in their initial stages, but it is almost powerless against the care which slowly but surely undermines both those that are held, according to the aberration of the day, to be the fit, and still more those who are regarded as unfit.

Throughout history the motive of the most decisive acts may be traced to have been that of material interest; but the difference which exists between the present times and those which have preceded them is, that while the acquisitive desire in its intensity was once pursued by a few forceful men assuming the right to dictate to the majority, it is now more generally pursued.

But while there are many aspirants and competitors for the fortuned life, comparatively few attain to it. Disappointment mars the existence of large numbers, and the means are sought whereby the inequalities of fortune, although dependent to some extent upon natural inequalities of aptitude, may nevertheless be decreased.

Hence we have problems of all kinds, problems of labour, of habitation, of poverty, of municipal administration, all complicated by political considerations, for many of which some kind of a solution will probably be found in the near future. Charity, of which there is much to-day, alleviates a portion of the unhappiness caused by the spirit of acquisition, but it is mainly exercised towards the destitute, and it brings with it certain unjust disqualifications which are themselves the cause of pain. Also in many cases it intervenes too late.

Next in importance as a factor of the present crisis is the opposition which is being manifested between the religions and the moral codes which they maintain and the moral code which is being slowly evolved from scientific conceptions of the world and life.

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If one body of men proclaims the truth of statements concerning the origin of things and the relation of man to a personal god, judging human actions on the assumption of free will and punishing or rewarding them accordingly in a future life, and if another body not only challenges the historical accuracy of the records on which the statements are based, but also demonstrates the physical impossibility of many of them, denying or doubting immortality, professing ignorance of any such god or only conjecturing him as an unknowable first cause and applying the evolutionary process to life and to moral conduct with no real freedom of volition; then the simultaneous exposition of the views of the two schools must have a disturbing influence. For while the theological, the moral and scientific codes do not differ in respect of the fundamental prohibitions as to theft and murder, without which social life would be obviously impossible, they do differ very materially in regard to the nature of the judgment passed upon the motives leading to such acts. Again, while the religious act rightly from a desire of spiritual reward, the non-religious do so chiefly from a desire to benefit their race. The one acknowledges a divine incentive to do right, the other only the conviction of reason to act in a way that is best for men. The "right" of the one is not always the "right" of the other. It would be unlawful for a religious person to pursue his ordinary vocation on the seventh day, but a man possessing no religious belief would not be deterred if he found it convenient to do so. A practising Christian should sacrifice himself for his neighbour, but a follower of Spencer would hold that individuals have duties towards themselves as well as towards their neighbours. Scriptural religion also, owing to the remoteness of the period when its conduct laws were made, does not mention moral defects which have grown out of civilisation, such as temptation to alcoholism and the adulteration of food, yet these are held by the scientific to be grave offences against the race. Wars in the past have been sanctioned by religion, or, at all events, not decreed as

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immoral, yet the humanitarian contingent of the scientific host considers them as such. It would be easy to multiply instances of the divergent and often antagonistic ideas which are imputable to the two sanctions. It is certain that, although having some principles in common, there is a great difference of aim between the life-conduct of the religious and that of the non-religious; and when we reflect how little divergence of opinion is sufficient to cause dissension among men, it becomes evident that from this source must come disharmony. Vast numbers still cling to supernatural belief; and the more thoughtful, when startled in that belief by the revelations of science, endeavour to react against them, either by proclaiming the bankruptcy of science on logical grounds, as the editor of a famous French review has done, or by attempting a reconciliation between two such opposites as science and religion. Hitherto these efforts have proved fruitless, and there is little indication that they will ever be successful unless the largest concessions are made by the religious, concessions which are never likely to be granted as long as the Scriptures are maintained as the fountains of authority. The danger of this conflict is that many of those who quit their ancient faith, conceiving it to be undermined by the criticism to which it has been subjected, lose the restraining influence of the religious prohibitions, and, failing to adopt others, decline in moral worth. Many of those who have received a religious training are still mentally incapable of conceiving a morality independent of religion, and when they lose their faith tend to lapse into a kind of moral incoherence. Attempts are sometimes made to construct a religion of morality, but as they have chiefly resulted in pouring new wine into old bottles, they have not been successful. On the other hand, the philanthropic work of religious institutions has received a support which far exceeds that which is granted to their religious propaganda. The time is one of opposing currents of thought and action, and the waters of conscience are perturbed. The religious

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find difficulty in accounting for the morality of the non-religious and are frequently suspicious of it. On both sides the aim is moral good; but the motives from which this good is sought are not the same, and the means employed are different. Also, what constitutes sin for the religious is in some cases mere social inconvenience for the non-religious, while sometimes it is held as harmless—and from these divergences mistrust and misunderstandings spring.

The time has passed when these misunderstandings produced violence, but they still excite sentiments of rancour which are important features of the present phase.

A certain change is noticeable in the relations of the sexes which has also a subversive tendency. Encouraged by the example of America, most European countries have admitted women to offices hitherto filled by men, and women have claimed emancipation from many of the disabilities under which they consider they have laboured in the past. As a result, there has occurred a certain competition between men and women, a decline of chivalrous sentiment, and in England a disposition on the part of women to assert superiority. But as the new occupations of women and the assertion of an exaggerated independence are incompatible with family life, the tendency has been to form the earners and the independent (mostly celibates) into a class apart from the child-bearing majority, who are physically unfitted for considerable periods for the active work of life. But as their capability has increased, women have evinced a certain distaste for the place which they have hitherto occcupied in the social scheme, and many have been undecided as to the attitude towards the other sex which they should adopt. Aberrations have been witnessed which have had the effect of withdrawing from maternity a certain number of women physically fitted to be mothers, and the disturbance in the relations of the sexes which has resulted from these causes must be expected to continue until it has been definitely ascertained to what extent women may enter the walks of men without danger to the race. A war of the

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sexes is an eventuality which cannot be considered probable; and however great may be the antagonisms of the moment, they must eventually disappear before the spirit of the species, reasserting its omnipotence.

Another cause of conflict is the internationalisation of ideas which is taking place as the means of communication become more numerous between the nations, and which is leading to conceptions of universal brotherhood and peace of a character hitherto unknown. Such conceptions, however, embrace notions of universal justice, which strike at the root of ancient systems of national interest and stir up feelings of apprehensive irritation on the part of those in whom the acquisitive spirit of the ancestors is strongest, and whom the new philosophy of mundane life has not convinced. In them patriotism is a second religion, according to which the prepotency of their own stock is the highest of ideals. They offer the strongest opposition to the progress of the pacific and fraternal doctrines which idealists of another type, but no less enthusiastic, are preaching strenuously to-day. While the former proclaim that war is an unavoidable and noble necessity of man and that might is right, their adversaries declare that war is a degradation of the human state, and that the right to the possession of the earth's surface may now be decided by certain principles of apportionment based on fundamental laws of equity. It is plain that the two attitudes of mind will conflict sorely in each nation, and will be the cause of recriminations which will disturb the course of public life. The one side will accuse the other of folly, and the other will bring the reproach of ignorance against it. There will be no surrender on either side until in the natural development of human affairs there comes a time when overwhelming weight of evidence in favour of one or other of the two conceptions decides the issue.

Again, the immense progress which has been made of late in the applications of science has had an unmistakable influence upon the manners of the peoples. The constantly increasing excellence and rapidity of the means of travel have engendered

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a restlessness and volatility which have to some extent had the effect of severing or causing interruption in social relations and dividing friends. The pleasure of velocity provided by the motor-car has actually had the effect of temporarily deadening in many of its votaries the common feelings of humanity, and of making it possible for some of them to maim and kill with unconcern.

The progress of medical science and hygiene has rendered many diseases curable which were formerly considered fatal, and thus the hope has been engendered of living to the full extent of the natural span of life, and even of attaining to a greater longevity than was considered possible before. And this new aspiration has had a not inappreciable influence on the conduct of the ailing or the old, causing both to be less inclined than formerly to relinquish the rights they hold to the younger generation. On the other hand, there has been a tendency to entrust to youth, in preference to maturity, charges and offices that the former were not previously seen to fill, and to take from age, whatever its fitness, the offices it holds. So that we have from this source a persistent effort to preserve and to prolong life along with a tendency to discredit the long-lived, and these contrary proclivities are again the cause of moral perturbation.

In vain those whose better reason revolts against the short-sighted egoism of the present phase, realising that happiness must be general to be complete, seek comfort from the teachers of the world. The ancient, those of the Renascence and those of the beginning and middle of the last century, are inadequate to offer guidance in the maze of modern life, and their works lie forgotten on their shelves. The modern are appealed to for direction, and their responses are contradictory. Comte, who gave morals the highest place among the sciences, constructed a system which was wanting in expansiveness, and which has only influenced a few. Spencer elaborated one which, if carefully pursued, would lead to greater happiness than the world now has; but his ethical writings have had no

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marked effect upon the conduct of his countrymen, who have never wholly accepted his authority. The just and prudential pursuit of pleasure is a conception which does not appeal to the short-sighted, and not all of the perplexed will find comfort in his works, which in England, at least, have not yet permeated moral education, by which channel alone they might have had a great and lasting influence. This man has taught unheeded by the many, and though his wisdom has undoubtedly been an important factor in moral evolution, yet in the present crisis it is held somewhat in suspense. It has in contradiction to it much of the teaching of the churches, to which waverers still cling.

There have been also Tolstois preaching a social stoicism and a moral self-renewal, while dramatists like Ibsen have taught a vague individualism somewhat antagonistic to it. Poet-philosophers like Nietzsche, aiding the false moral applications of the biological writings of Darwin, have inculcated a remorseless dominion of strong men opposed to the rights of other men and productive of acute imperialism. There have been others in the precincts of the academies whose abstruseness renders their works inaccessible to any but the few, and all the while there have been the moral teachings of the churches immutable in their ancient principles. But the majority of waverers perceive that no one of the systems may be practised in the present day without opposition from the others, without the possession of powers of self-restaint or energy above the common lot, or without thwarting the sustentative necessity. The return to simplicity of life and sterling virtue is marred by obstacles which a complex and half corrupt civilisation creates, and by the contagion of the current luxury. It requires efforts almost superhuman to be wholly just in a society that is not strictly just, or to be frugal in the midst of plenty, and the effort which some men make in this direction often results in mental malady. It is a hard task to oppose the trend of contemporary life, that is what those must do, however, who strive to follow in their integrity the tenets of either of these

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rival schools. And yet in times of crisis there is a realisation that something is amiss in the social scheme, that there is something wrong. And this apprehension is not illusory. Each time that conduct deflects from the line of the greatest expediency at any stage of its development, a sensation of unease and of incipient anxiety is felt. It is this which acts as a preservative against disintegration, as a corrective of the errors which human life evolves as it moves towards its unknown goal, and it is that which particularly affects the present times. What if we are using our human energy too fast? while burning the candle of egoism at both ends, taking more steps along the triple road of moral, physical and mental decadence, than we can hope to retrace by the reactive forces we possess? what if a halt were no longer possible upon the incline of extinction? Such questions are not futile. Nothing tells us that the march towards the perfectionation of our life which many signs denote as now in progress, will of a certainty be effected to its end. Nothing assures us, without the possibility of doubt, that we *must* attain that end. History has shown that there has hitherto been at work a system of compensation by which refined and tired races that have fallen below the level of efficiency, are superseded by others of a lower degree of culture, but of a more robust constitution. It may be that the process is still at work to-day, but it may be, on the other hand, that with the constantly increasing generalisation of ideas which has marked the last half-century, a time may not be far distant when the moral attitude of the whole world will be the same. There is a danger also that unless the present tendencies receive some sturdy check, the evil will grow pathological, and that society in its ceaseless strife for pleasure will count among its members an increasing number of the unfit, afflicted with those forms of nervous maladies for which physical means of cure are now acknowledged by the most enlightened medical inquirers to be inefficacious; men who are largely the victims of the conditions of their times, and whose cure itself can only be effected by

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moral self-persuasion, the quality above all in which they are deficient.

In this as in preceding crises the connection between moral and mental causes is extremely close and intricate. Neuronic disorders through stress of life may give rise to moral failings, just as moral laxity may lead to nervous ills. The dependence of the mind upon the body being intimate, it would seem that the remedy might be sought in the greater study of physical health and the greater use of bodily exercise; but it is often seen that those who employ either of these means, in these times of extreme ideas, tend to exceed the limits of expediency or prudence and to contract nervous disorders. The old ideal of a sound mind in a sound body still remains the object of attainment, but to the former must be added the possession of a moral and social bent which alone can bring the stability and harmony essential to human happiness.

The fate of the happiness of men, their continued progress towards mental, moral, and physical health, depend upon the efficient and regular working of human entities in society in such a way that the proper functions of the whole may not be jeopardised. When this is not accomplished, when the result of the activity of one section is to hinder the other unjustly, then a dislocation of some or all the parts ensues, and there results a defective social state. A quality, hard to define accurately but sufficiently understood, the quality of moral courage, is the primary necessity. If existence be accepted a fortitude must be maintained to persevere in a well-ordered life of moderated but unfailing energy, of limited indulgence of the senses, of stoicism in bodily or mental pain, with a determination to strive for others as well as self without waiting for the final proof of the wisdom or the logical necessity for such a course.

The severity of the crisis varies with the trend of national thought and with social and political conditions. Almost everywhere, however, economic or sustentative considerations

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are given precedence over all others, and the crisis is only more or less acute according to the means employed to give effect to them. Where the principle at work is that of the bird of prey, where cruelty, physical, and mental, leading to debility, insanity, or death, is freely and unflinchingly employed by the forceful, even when followed by the meagre palliation of either ostentatious or unostentatious charity, unhappiness and misery must continue to be experienced, the extent of which will depend upon the nature of the strife for satisfaction. In England, where a false and lamentable Darwinism has raised the cry of the *væ victis* the strife is especially acute, and the national morals cannot progress until this superstition is eradicated from the English mind and until the study of progressive morals occupies in every grade of education the place which it should hold.

F. Carrel.

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THE ESSENTIAL FACTOR OF PROGRESS

THERE can be no question as to the highest of all conceivable human achievements. Not to control gravitation, as M. Maeterlinck has suggested, nor to exterminate disease, nor to travel to other planets, but to ennoble our race, is assuredly the highest object that can be set before us. Accomplish this, and all other things shall be added unto us. And plainly the first question is whether this consummate achievement is practicable.

Time was when the wise believed what the foolish still repeat—that human nature is the same in all ages. But it is now more than half a century since Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" saw the light, and little less since the publication of Darwin's masterpiece. We know now that human nature is not the same in all ages, that it was once simian nature, once vermian, once lower still. The establishment of organic evolution is the establishment of the truth that progress is possible, since progress has occurred. The conceivable ennoblement of our kind is therefore not a Quixotic enterprise. The fact that it has been suggested by the descendant of the beasts that perish is in itself a proof that it is possible. What the beast has done man can do.

There are two conceivable ways in which, or by a combination of which, the improvement of any living species may be effected. Knowing, as we do, that the history and destiny of

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all living things are determined by two factors, heredity and environment, we see that these terms suggest the possibilities. It might conceivably succeed to employ the environment as the factor of progress. Sir James Simpson believed that education of a mother-to-be increased the weight of her future child's brain. Lamarck, the forerunner of evolution, believed that organic progress had been determined by "inheritance with increase," by the transmission of acquired characters, such as of the results of education. Education, I take it, is none other than the provision of an environment—a *milieu environnant*, to use Lamarck's original term—and, if acquirements were transmissible, plainly there could be no simpler and surer method of ennobling our kind, morally and mentally, than by means of well-conceived education.

But contemporary biology will have none of this. It roundly declares that acquirements are not transmissible, and it has proved its case—at any rate, in so far as our present inquiry is concerned. Sedulous training of your ear will not prevent your children from singing flat; your moral discipline cannot serve for theirs; your knowledge will die with you. Hence the possibility of improving the human stock—at any rate, directly—by means of judicious control and modification of the environment, must be ruled out of court. And we are left with heredity alone.

According to Charles Darwin, the truth of whose assertion is now questioned by no competent and scarcely any incompetent thinkers, heredity has indeed been the means by which man has travelled so far upon his infinite and apparently goalless road. The characters of all organisms tend, by reason of causes as yet imperfectly understood, to vary, whilst the variations tend to be perpetuated by heredity. Owing to the action of the principle termed by Darwin "natural selection," and by Spencer, "survival of the fittest," certain variations are chosen, and tend to be perpetuated, whilst others are left, and tend to extinction. The denial of the survival of the fittest is, as Spencer pointed out, an inconceivable proposition: the fittest

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must necessarily survive, but the fittest are not necessarily the best. Nevertheless, on the average, the fittest have been the best, since the qualities of mind and character which we term good have definite survival value, in that they make, on the whole, for fitness.

There still lives amongst us a great biologist, Mr. Francis Galton, who is a first cousin of Charles Darwin: and it is his aim to improve the race by the conscious, purposeful application of the principle discovered by his immortal relative. Of course, Mr. Galton is no pioneer, for Plato set the same object before him more than two thousand years ago; but he is the pioneer of this great idea in the age of science. A word invented by him, *stirpiculture*, is now familiar, especially in America; but he has lately substituted for it another term, *eugenics*, which literally means good breeding. In brief, he maintains that, as his cousin proved, man is the product of eugenics; and therefore that in eugenics must now be recognised the essential factor of progress—not in legal enactments nor in discovery, but in the extension and facilitation of the process which has already brought us thus far—the process which made man man. Ere we turn more closely to the problems involved, it may be of interest to note recent events in this connection. Following upon his Huxley Lecture, in which Mr. Galton—the author, be it remembered, of "Hereditary Genius"—dealt with the possibility of improving the human stock by selection, he read a paper before the Sociological Society recently founded in London. That remarkable paper and its successors were supplemented by the criticisms of many distinguished authorities, including Professors Weismann, Westermarck, Yves Delage, Karl Pearson, Sergi, and Tönnies, Dr. Henry Maudsley, and Dr. Max Nordau. (The opinions of these and of many more students almost equally distinguished are to be found in "Sociological Papers," vols. i. and ii., published for the society by Messrs. Macmillan.) Thereafter Mr. Galton presented the University of London with an initial sum of £1500, with which has been founded the

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"Francis Galton Research Fellowship in National Eugenics." The first-fruits of this Fellowship are in the press as I write. Furthermore, Mr. Galton has conducted an extremely interesting inquiry into the families of Fellows of the Royal Society of London, and has conclusively proved the existence of a considerable number of exceptional families, which lend great support to the eugenic contention. Chief amongst these, I may note, is the amazing family which numbers amongst its members Josiah Wedgwood, Erasmus Darwin, the pioneer evolutionist, Charles Darwin, three sons of Charles Darwin, all Fellows of the Royal Society on their own merits—one of whom is the present President of the British Association—and the founder of eugenics himself. Since his original communication Mr. Galton has also found time for various short writings dealing with various objections to his proposals and outlining the main immediate objects of eugenic inquiry. The Sociological Society is rightly devoting very great attention to this subject, which will occupy much of its time and its labour during the forthcoming session. And now we may return to our general consideration of the matter.

In his own writings, and in his choice of a title for his proposals, Mr. Galton has laid stress almost exclusively upon what, for myself, I prefer to call the *positive aspect* of eugenics —the selection, by means later to be considered, of the best members of the community, to do more than "their share" in the infinitely responsible task of continuing the species. But in a short paper which I published in 1904 I ventured to regard eugenics as having both a positive and a negative aspect—as including both the encouragement of the propagation of the best and the discouragement of the propagation of the worst. My illustrious friend was good enough to think well of that little paper, and uttered no protest against my inclusion of certain negative proposals within the general conception of eugenics.

Indeed, the discussion now raging in London between those who insist upon the exclusive importance of either aspect

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of eugenics as against the other, seems to me to be without a logical basis. Some say that the method of Nature is to choose the best for reproductive purposes, others that the method is simply to destroy the worst. By some the latter method is declared incapable of achieving progress, and capable merely of preventing retrogression; by others, the former method is characterised as utterly impracticable. But for the life of me I cannot see that there is any real basis for controversy. Surely our terms are relative. Surely the elimination of the worse necessarily implies the selection of the better; surely the encouragement of the better implies the relative discouragement of the worse. Complete encouragement of the better and complete discouragement of the worse would surely be identical in result. I hold, therefore, that this claiming of Nature as being definitely in favour of the one side or the other is a mere confusion of thought. In spite of the sub-title of the "Origin of Species"—"natural selection or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life"—Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, says: "The real fact of the case is that in the all-round result the inferior usually perish. . . . The way of Nature has always been to slay the hindmost. . . . It is in the sterilisation of failures, and not in the selection of successes for breeding, that the possibility of an improvement of the human stock lies." On this three criticisms may be passed: first, that the antithesis, as we have seen, is an imaginary one; second, that the sterilisation of failures cannot conceivably accomplish progress—which *has occurred*; and third, that the failures are, in any case, relatively sterile. Dr. Max Nordau is surely an authority upon degeneracy, and he has told us that the pre-eminent character and hall-mark of degeneracy is its relative inability to propagate itself.

Thus we are prepared to observe that both the negative and the positive proposals of eugenics—which, as we have seen, are not antithetic but complementary and, in principle, equivalent—are already in operation, and will doubtless continue to operate amongst us. The relative unfitness which

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is implied by disease obviously tends to its own extinction, since disease shortens life and in other ways lessens fertility. Mental inferiority also tends towards extinction, since it certainly lessens the chances of marriage. Even moral inferiority, though with many and salient exceptions, tends towards extinction, since imprisonment and other forms of punishment interfere with the possibility of fertility.

But the continued operation of the principle of selection in modern society, despite hasty assertions concerning the rapid multiplication of the unfit—as if the criterion of unfitness were not precisely its incapacity for rapid multiplication—may be well illustrated by the fallacy that marriage tends to prolong life. Readers of Spencer's "Study of Sociology" (p. 92) will remember the demonstration that married men are already—as a class—the select of their generation. The majority of men do not marry without sufficient means, and of men whose marriages depend on getting the needful incomes, those who succeed are "the best, physically and mentally—the strong, the intellectually capable, the morally well balanced." Further, the reproductive instincts and emotions, prompting towards marriage, are in general strong in proportion as the vital energy is great. Lastly, marriage is determined in part by the preferences of women. "Other things equal, women are attracted towards men of power—physical, emotional, intellectual; and obviously their freedom of choice leads them in many cases to refuse inferior samples of men; especially the malformed, the diseased, and those who are ill developed, physically and mentally. So that, in so far as marriage is determined by female selection, the average result on men is that, while the best easily get wives, a certain proportion of the worst are left without wives." We may note that the recent exact statistical inquiries of Prof. Karl Pearson have definitely led him to the conclusion that "preferential mating," as he calls it, does actually occur, as Spencer suggests that it does in the foregoing quotations.

Further, to consider one aspect of the negative proposal of

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eugenics, we may compare the method of Nature with the method proposed by man. One of the ways of Nature has certainly been to slay the hindmost. But modern humanity will not slay the hindmost—neither the consumptive, nor the deformed, nor the criminal, nor the insane. And the Nietzschean will tell us that, in consequence, we are suffering from a rapid multiplication of the unfit; that our higher duty is to ignore the promptings of the inherited weakness called sympathy, and to slay and spare not. Here we see the apparently irreconcilable opposition, as Huxley thought it, between cosmic and moral evolution. The demand of Nature is to slay, of the moral sense to spare. Already we have seen that the refusal to slay does not imply the overwhelming of the fit by the progeny of the unfit; but this we may assert whilst recognising that there are only too many amongst us for whom it would be better had they never been born. Which, then, is to go—the stern but ultimately beneficent demand of Nature, or the law of love, to sacrifice which is to rob human life of all that makes it worthy and *humane?*

As I see it, neither need go. Let us preserve and care for the unfit, certain that it is more blessed to give than to receive; but let us meet Nature's requirements nevertheless. In order that the unfit shall not reproduce their unfitness, Nature says to them, "Ye shall not live." But the advantage of human intelligence is that we do not need to slay the unworthy in order to avert their reproduction. Our demand is merely, "Ye shall not propagate. We are very sorry for you, will do our best to make life easy for you, will provide hospitals and asylums for you, but in return we expect you to refrain from burdening future generations with your infirmities."

Surely, there is nothing unreasonable, or impossible, or brutal in such a position.

If now we turn away from consideration of the definitely unfit—whose importance is, after all, self-limited—and observe the possibilities presented by the great mass of mediocrity and the exceptionally competent or moral minority, we may observe

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a special reason, of yearly increasing importance, for lending encouragement to the proposals of Mr. Galton. It is that, in general, there is an antagonism, as Spencer was the first to point out, between "individuation and genesis." In other words, the higher the individual type, the less is its fecundity. This holds true through the whole organic world, and it is equally true in human society of the present day. Society is an organism that reproduces itself from below. One cannot eat one's cake and have it: cannot write a system of philosophy, *and* successfully bring up a large family. The energy available by any one of us is finite, and if it be expended upon the race it cannot remain for the service of the individual; if expended for the individual it is not available for the race. No eugenic system will alter this fact; but it surely lends added force to the contention that, at any rate, we should do what we can by way of removing any difficulties that may affect the marriage of the worthy. The granting of eugenic certificates for marriage, the development of social opinion in the direction of added respect for the parents of worthy children, the establishment—after the fashion of the Chinese—of a Golden Book wherein will be recounted the names and achievements of worthy families—these and many other measures, some easy, others difficult, some in more or less vigorous action to-day, and others novel, will serve for that encouragement of the best which is as certainly part of Nature's method as the destruction of the hindmost.

Mr. Galton has spoken eloquently of eugenics as a factor in the religion of the future; he has declared that it must be regarded as a supremely important ethical end. To some critics who declared that men would never brook any interference with the incoercible passion which laughs at locksmiths, Mr. Galton replied with a list of the many arbitrary restrictions upon marriage which have held sway in the past, and do so o-day—exogamy, endogamy, celibacy, monogamy, totemism, tabu, caste, prohibited degrees of kinship, and so forth. The reply to this was that it was all very well for men to submit to

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restrictions which claimed supernatural sanction, but that eugenic restrictions could claim no such sanction and would therefore be ignored. But, after all, the number is daily increasing of those who recognise in Nature herself, and nowhere else, the sanctions of morality; and it is a scandalous saying that men will never submit to restrictions whose claim upon them is simply that they tend to make for the increased happiness and the ennoblement of our kind. Certainly I believe that eugenics will be a factor in the religion of the future.

My space has availed only for the mere outline-discussion of a subject which, though still ignored by the general public, is already in possession of an abundant though scattered literature. It is impossible here to deal with the numerous criticisms, some of them not without grave importance, which have been passed upon Mr. Galton's proposals, and it is even impossible for me to specify the present tentative form which those proposals have taken.

The point is that here is an aim supremely worthy: and that, if the theory of organic evolution be not a myth, it is an aim capable of attainment. By all means let it be criticised: but let us distinguish. Already eugenics has suffered from the so-called criticisms of certain professional jesters, who are never so amusing as when they pose as sociologists. The matter is too grave, too difficult, too much in need of serious attention, for us to welcome these gentlemen, whose wit is a poor substitute for wisdom. Again, there are certain literary—and even some medical—critics, unacquainted with biological truths, whose objections are directed to the very root of the proposals. They declare that heredity is quite incalculable; that Shakespeare had seven utterly undistinguished brothers, for instance, and that we had better not interfere with things. Now, since we daily do interfere, it is surely reasonable to suggest that we should do so consciously rather than subconsciously. As for the incalculableness of heredity, we certainly grant that nothing can be predicated of any individual case; living matter is too

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complex for that. But that everything can be predicated when we come to consider millions instead of units, the history of life upon the earth conclusively testifies. If the transmission of favourable variations by heredity did not occur, we should not be here to discuss it. Again, there are the critics who expend themselves against propositions of their own imagining—as that Mr. Galton desires to create a dull uniformity of type—as if this great student of heredity did not know the value of variation. Lastly, there is the very numerous and distinguished group of critics who send to the Sociological Society this sort of thing: "This seems to me an excellent idea: I am sure there must be something in it: I wish Mr. Galton all success: sorry I cannot attend your meeting, but important duties claim me." These gentlemen are the despair of some of us. The poetic aspect—a poet is literally a *maker*—of the subject has not been revealed to them. They wish Mr. Galton all success, but are not moved to strengthen his hands—not even indirectly by adverse criticism.

Yet Mr. Galton's aim is possible, and the highest conceivable! It is the old instance over again: people who accept the doctrine of organic evolution but cannot see its magnificent implication—that man is not a finished product, but is *in climax*—are like him who sets forth to tell a good story; but leaves out the point.

C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S. Edin.

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ROMAN CATHOLICS AND JOURNALISM

THE retirement of Sir Francis Burnand from the editorship of *Punch* has indirectly drawn attention to the remarkable increase in the number of Roman Catholics connected with the newspaper Press of the United Kingdom that has taken place within, comparatively speaking, the last few years.

Mixing, as I have occasion to do, with men and women of many sorts and conditions, and perhaps more especially with men and women connected with the newspaper press, I have repeatedly been struck of late years—first, by the fact that a big proportion of the men who to-day work for newspapers are men who have been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion; secondly, by the very broad-minded views the average Catholic journalist holds; and thirdly, by the sensible spirit of tolerance, the outcome of a mind free from narrow prejudices, that forms a notable characteristic of modern newspaper proprietors as a body with regard to the religious beliefs or disbeliefs of the writers employed to work for them.

"It is immaterial to me," one of the most influential of English, or perhaps I should say British, newspaper proprietors remarked some weeks ago, "what any man's religious beliefs are, provided that he does his work thoroughly and conscientiously; and I doubt if you will find any newspaper-owner to differ from me in that opinion." I have found one, ho wever

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and only one, and upon my questioning him in writing, this is what he said in reply:

. . . Personally I think it regrettable, to say the least, that the power for directing public opinion should be placed to any great extent in the hands of either men or women who sympathise with the superstitious beliefs advanced by adherents to the Roman Catholic religion. For this reason I make it a rule to recruit my staff from persons holding religious views that coincide with the teachings of the old-established Faith of this country, so far as I am aware. . . . No, I do not draw the line at either Jews or Nonconformists; but I draw the line at Roman Catholics. From my knowledge of the world, which is considerable, I believe there are but few Roman Catholics who would let pass an opportunity of advancing the interests of their religion should a favourable opportunity of doing so present itself; and, this being so, I realise to the full the inadvisability of letting Catholics get a wide footing on the newspaper Press.

The contrast between the opinions held by these two men, both men of influence in their particular spheres, both men of considerable ability, and presumably both men of integrity, is interesting to mark. That practical, in contradistinction to theoretical, Roman Catholics would in all probability not let "an opportunity of advancing the interests of their religion" pass without availing themselves of it, is very likely true; and the same can probably be said of active Protestants and of practical Jews. How often, however, do such opportunities present themselves to nine-tenths of the working journalists of this country? I have put the question to a number of practical Protestants, Catholics and Jews I include among my rather large circle of acquaintances connected with the newspaper Press, and the reply in every case has been that opportunities of advancing their own personal opinions upon any subject likely to lead to an important controversy, or create bad blood, to all intents and purposes never do arise.

It would be as unwise to argue [declares a well-known leader-writer of one of our most important daily papers] that because I personally am a "true believer," but two of the part-proprietors of the newspaper I have been connected with for the last six years are practical Christians, I ought not to be employed to work for their paper for fear that one day I might inadvertently be afforded an opportunity of furthering Jewish interests. So far as I can

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recollect at off-hand, I have only two or three times during the years that I have been on the staff of the newspaper I now work for had an opportunity of influencing public opinion on my own account in favour of Jewish beliefs.

Journalists of other denominations speak to the same effect, so that one may fairly conclude that the second of the two newspaper proprietors whose views I have quoted is, subconsciously perhaps, *ipso facto* prejudiced against Roman Catholics individually as well as collectively. For in these times of religious tolerance, and of men and women whose outlook upon life yearly grows broader, it must assuredly be a mistake to suppose that a journalist's private religious convictions can make one iota of difference to the success, or the failure, or the influencing power of the particular newspaper or newspapers he works for. It would be as unreasonable to urge that because a charitable institution, supported by voluntary contributions, had at its head a Roman Catholic, therefore no Protestant would-be inmate should apply for relief, and *vice versâ*. The days of unconscionable bigotry of that stamp are, fortunately, to all intents and purposes past—I say "to all intents and purposes," because a small but shallow-minded section of the community is, of course, still to be found scattered in remote parts of the country; but year by year it dwindles. To journalism the same remark applies. Twenty years ago, fifteen years ago, perhaps, many newspaper proprietors—I have this on excellent authority—were inclined to look askance at the Roman Catholic contributor who admitted his religious beliefs. In many instances a Catholic of ability anxious to obtain a post on the staff of an English newspaper found himself shouldered out by a Protestant of equal ability, or a Jew found himself shouldered out by a Catholic, or a Catholic by a Jew, or a Jew by a Protestant, as the case might be.

How often to-day will you hear of a Protestant, or a Catholic, or a Jew, desirous of working for a newspaper, or of joining either the editorial or the reportorial staff of a newspaper, being so much as asked what faith he professes, or if he

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professes any faith at all? In eight cases out of ten it is a matter of pure indifference to the proprietor, or to the "chief" who acts for him, what any man's religious views are; and it is for this reason that the number of Roman Catholics to be found connected with the Press of the United Kingdom is at the present time so great.

And as newspaper proprietors have grown much more broad-minded, so in probably greater proportion have the newspaper workers expanded in their ideas. Probably no calling is more calculated to widen a young man's views than the calling of journalism in some of its branches, and upon young Catholics of a certain set—a set that at one time was prone to consider many matters of universal importance from a rather restricted standpoint—this training in what may be termed the school of journalism has had a beneficial effect. Comparatively a few years ago, for instance, the idea was prevalent among Roman Catholics that no Catholic ought under any circumstances—the occasion of a christening, a wedding, or a funeral, of course, excepted—attend a service in a Protestant place of worship even out of curiosity. I believe I am right in saying that few modern Catholics remain under that impression, and assuredly an individual whose religious beliefs could be transformed or weakened through his witnessing the service of a creed different from his own, or through his listening to a sermon delivered by the minister of a religion that was not his, would have to be, to say the least, an invertebrate being. He would, indeed, be almost upon a par with fatuous Tories who pride themselves upon boycotting Opposition newspapers, and rabid Radicals who fume at the name of any journal known to express views the least Conservative in tone. "See and hear all sides" is with most journalists an unwritten maxim, and it has sub-consciously been adopted by the great majority of Roman Catholics to-day connected with the Press. In point of fact, it is a maxim that the journalist cannot afford to repudiate if he is going to succeed in his career. And this remark does not apply to British journalists only, or to

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journalists working only in Great Britain. In the many civilised countries I have had occasion to visit, and in cities such as San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, and Washington; and in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and other important cities in the Dominion of Canada, the same broad view is taken by the leading newspapers concerning matters of common interest, and the men I have met who were working for these newspapers worked in perfect harmony, though Protestants and Roman Catholics and unbelievers and atheists—in short, men of many creeds and of no creed associated daily and nightly, and though the proprietors of the journals held divers religious beliefs, or did not hold any belief at all.

What does all this tend to show? It goes far to prove, I think, that the vice—I think I may call it so—of bigotry is almost dead so far as the newspaper Press is concerned; and with a daily Press circulating its millions of copies every morning this means that bigotry of every kind, but more particularly religious bigotry, will before many more years have passed, have become virtually extinct. There are at the present time still renegade Roman Catholics, and Protestants who have apostatised, who travel about the country delivering lectures wherever they are able to get a hearing, but their bitter remarks seem to carry but little weight, and occasionally to provoke to ridicule. To some it may seem remarkable that bigotry did not die a natural death soon after the middle of the last century, when education in its higher form began to spread, and when newspapers began slowly to multiply; but throughout the land bigotry was deeply rooted, and until towards the close of the century there remained a great bulk of the population, especially in outlying country districts, that read the newspapers only at irregular intervals and that adhered to traditions that had been handed from father to son probably for several generations. Perhaps another reason so many Roman Catholics are now engaged in journalism is that Catholic schools and colleges of the better class have a curriculum very different from that of twenty years ago. The illogical text-books looked upon as

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standard works in some Catholic schools two decades ago have long since been discarded in favour of books now used in almost all public schools. Then, the feeling of pity, bordering upon self-complacency, for non-Catholics, that was unconsciously fostered in three at least of the principal Catholic schools of this country, has "gone down" before the modern method—I may be allowed to call it the journalistic, the legal, the only just method—of never pronouncing judgment before hearing all sides.

Though newspaper proprietors, well-known journalists, members of the Bar, and others have favoured me with their views upon the subject of this article, I have been unable to obtain any expression of opinion from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Catholic Bishop of Newport, the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, and many other distinguished Church dignitaries to whom I have applied, the majority pleading pressure of work as their reason for not entering into the question, while others tell me they make it a rule never to express an opinion for publication—a matter for regret, seeing that their opinion would upon many occasions carry considerable weight. The Archbishop of York, however, admits that he "considers that the subject is of considerable importance." From information that has now reached me from a trustworthy source, I have reason to believe that an eminent ecclesiastic of the Established Church proposes to deal at length with the question whether it is or is not advisable for what he terms "the Roman Catholic element" to continue to creep into journalism, and possibly he may have done so before these lines are in print. Dealt with from the pulpit or from the public platform, the question should arouse considerable interest; for these are days of strong opinions, and a small section of the public will most certainly be discovered that holds retrogressive views. Yet in spite of all that may be urged in disfavour of the Roman Catholic religion, as a religion, the fact remains that some of the best newspaper work that has been done during the last few years has come from the pens of Catholics, practical or otherwise. Under the circumstances it would be

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invidious to mention these gentlemen by name. The names of several have become almost household words in connection with thoroughly trustworthy newspaper reports of the leading events of the day, while the names of others at once recall to mind some of the most finished of our latter-day fiction. One name only I feel justified in mentioning, for through the death, quite recently, of Mr. Henry Harland, at the early age of forty-four, we lose a polished man of letters who was a Catholic. Probably the turning-point in Mr. Harland's literary career was his assumption of the editorship of *The Yellow Book*, but he had done much good work before then, and many years will pass before his "Cardinal's Snuff Box" and "My Friend Prospero" fade into oblivion, to say nothing of several of his other brilliantly-written stories.

The question may be asked by some Catholics, What of the articles headed "The Green Sphinx" that appeared recently in *The Daily Mail*—or rather of the articles in that series that dealt with Catholicity in Ireland? The series was written by a well-known Catholic journalist, and though some of his remarks created indignation in certain Catholic circles, in the main his statements were correct. I have never met the writer, and so speak quite impartially, but there can be no doubt that because he had the courage to write up to his convictions with reference to the condition of affairs in Ireland at the time he travelled there as special correspondent, and because he described things as he saw them, and not as he would have wished to see them, he brought down upon himself a storm of abuse wholly undeserved. Many similar instances could be quoted that would help to demonstrate that Roman Catholic journalists, considered collectively, set aside private and personal considerations when "on duty" and write as fearlessly as the most prejudiced of non-Catholics could wish them to do, even though it may not be to their immediate advantage to do so. This being so, it is to be hoped that we shall in the future read less about "the regrettable fact that both Roman Catholics and Jews are getting a firmer footing upon the Press than they have

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ever succeeded in obtaining before"—the quotation is from an advance copy of a brochure, "Should Newspapers Admit Contributions from Persons of all Denominations? With Remarks on the Roman Catholic and the Jewish Peril," by "True Catholic," that has come to me anonymously. Personally I think it more regrettable that the writer of the brochure should have concealed his identity. For though much in his book is sound sense enough, his sense is so closely leavened with prejudice, and so bound up with openly expressed aversion from all that has to do, has ever had to do, or probably ever will have to do, with both Catholics and Jews and their respective beliefs, that the world would like to know who the writer is who dictates to it with such self-assurance, telling us what we should read, and what we ought to avoid.

As I prepare to conclude this paper, a gratifying letter comes from a clergyman of the Church of England, whose intellectual ability is admitted by men of all creeds.

I am extremely happy [he writes] to be able to reply at length to the questions you have put to me. . . . I am quite of your opinion that it is high time men and women of all denominations came to realise the monstrous absurdity of supposing that the members of this or that or the other creed should be debarred from associating upon terms of equal intimacy with their acquaintances who hold religious beliefs different from their own—for what you refer to practically amounts to that. But men of extremely narrow mind will, I fear, be with us always, like the poor; with this difference, that we pity the latter, whereas the former stir up all that is bad in us—I speak for myself on this point! . . . I have many Roman Catholic friends, and though some are less broad-minded than I could wish them to be, I certainly always find them ready to give one's views a just hearing. And that, after all, is the thin edge of the wedge that is going to expand their minds. . . . I wish you success with your article upon "Roman Catholics and Journalism," and hope that you will succeed in dispelling an idea that is more prevalent than it ought to be, namely, that the influx of Catholics into the arena of journalism may prove a menace to the Faith of this country. That is a theory that was advanced thirty years ago by men of the narrow type you speak of, and when journalism was comparatively in its infancy. . . . I will ask you to be so good as to omit my name if you should decide to quote from this letter.

Here we have the opinion upon the subject of a brilliant scholar and ecclesiastic, who is, in addition, a man of the world

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in the best sense of the term. Other clergymen, also priests, have spoken to the same effect, though some there are who still cling closely to the narrow views inculcated, possibly, by their parents. Upon the whole, however, the generous opinion prevails, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, it is among the small body of the clergy that seems rather to take pride in circumscribing its range of intellectual vision that the dislike to reading either books, or newspaper, or magazine-articles, admittedly emanating from the pens of Roman Catholics, is still deeply rooted. It is proverbial that prejudices can be eradicated only with difficulty. What are mis-named religious prejudices can, as a rule, be extirpated only very gradually. The public Press of the world has of late years done much to stamp out many of the religious prejudices that had existed for centuries in one form or other, and that might be deemed pitiable were they less grotesque. Progressing thus favourably at the rate we are progressing now, thirty years hence religious bigotry should be extinct, while by the middle of the century it will in all probability be looked back upon with as much wonderment as the skeleton of the diplodocus, that strange creature in the South Kensington Museum, is looked upon to-day.

BASIL TOZER.

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THE CANALS COMMISSION

THE proposal of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission on Canals will be welcomed as the recognition of the recent revival of public interest in a subject which has been repeatedly pressed on the attention of Parliament, but to very little purpose, during half a century.

The development of our waterways as a counterpoise to the railway system was first suggested by two Committees, respectively appointed by each of the two Houses of Parliament in 1846, and has been successively recommended by the Railways Commission, 1865, the joint Select Committees of 1872 on Railway Amalgamation, and of 1882 on Railway Rates and Fares, and the Commission of 1886 on the Depression of Trade. It was also almost unanimously advocated by the numerous witnesses examined by the Select Committee of 1888 on Canals, which, however, as it was not reappointed, was unable to publish its conclusions regarding a mass of valuable information contained in its Report with respect to the extent, condition and financial position of our waterways, which has since been supplemented by two important returns issued by the Board of Trade. The only result of these numerous recommendations has been the passing of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888, prohibiting railway companies from acquiring any canal interest without express statutory provision, and requiring canal companies to furnish the Board of Trade with the information respecting their condition

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supplied to it by railway companies since 1840; and as the railway companies had then already acquired more than one-third of our inland navigation system, and a large proportion of the canal companies had been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, this belated measure has been practically a dead letter. Despite this, however, public belief in the value of water transport has continued to be evidenced by the success of the Manchester Ship Canal, the continued prosperity of some of the principal of the older waterways, such as the Aire and Calder and Weaver, and a recent tendency towards amalgamation among some of the less important ones; as well as by various "canal projects," such as that suggested by Mr. Lloyd in 1885 for a "national canal," capable of accommodating steam barges, between the Thames and Mersey. The subject has been discussed at conferences organised by the Society of Arts in London in 1888, and by the Institution of Mining Engineers in Birmingham in 1895, and at a series of International Congresses, one of the more recent of which was held in Manchester, and has also led to the publication of various important technical works, and—only last year—of a "Bradshaw's Canals and Inland Waterways of England and Wales," for the use of manufacturers and traders. Lastly, the growth of opinion among the mercantile community during the last six years has been shown by the passing by the Association of Chambers of Commerce—which, as early as 1882, presented a memorial to the President of the Board of Trade, urging that "railways should be entirely emancipated from railway control"—of a series of resolutions advocating that "all inland waterways of the United Kingdom should be acquired by the State or by a suitably constituted National Trust," and by the introduction of a Canal Trusts Bill, designed to give effect to the latter part of this resolution, in the closing Session of the last Parliament. It may therefore be useful, in view of the appointment of the proposed Commission, to examine how far these proposals are calculated to promote the improvement and development of our inland navigation system.

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1. The total extent of the waterways of the United Kingdom, as given in the Board of Trade Return, 1898—which, however, does not include various English and Scotch tidal navigations—is 3906 miles, of which 3167 miles are in England and Wales, 153 miles in Scotland, and 586 miles in Ireland. The English portion of this system provides thirteen through routes, with subsidiary branches, uniting the principal ports and industrial centres of the Kingdom; London being connected by three through routes with Liverpool, with Hull by two, and with the Severn ports by four; Liverpool with the Severn ports by two, with Hull by three, and with the Staffordshire mining districts by two; and the Staffordshire mining districts with the Severn ports by three routes. The most important of these waterways traverse the northern and midland counties, and a large proportion of the total traffic is concentrated on a small group, of which Birmingham forms the centre. Owing to the small size of most of its rivers and the mountainous character of the country inland navigation has been much less developed in Scotland, where the bulk of traffic is carried by the Forth and Clyde, uniting the estuaries of its two principal rivers, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canals; the only other waterways of importance being the Caledonian Canal, traversing the Kingdom diagonally from the Atlantic to the North Sea, and the Crinan Canal, which enables fishing- and trading-vessels from the Western Isles to avoid the long and dangerous voyage round the Mull of Cantire. In Ireland, which possesses special advantages in its numerous inland lakes, the Shannon, which occupies an almost central position between the East and West coasts, forms the main artery of the inland navigation system, and is united with the northern districts by a line of waterway running north-east from Carrick-on-Shannon through Loughs Erne and Neagh to Coleraine on the Bann, and with Dublin and other important places in the Midland and South-Eastern counties by the Royal and Grand Canals, joining it at Tarmonbury and Shannon Harbour, and the Barrow, which joins the

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last-named canal at St. Mullins. It will therefore be evident that we possess an extensive and well-designed system of inland navigation, which has been in existence for considerably over a century; but, owing largely to the sudden transfer of the capital on which it was dependent to the railway system, a large proportion of the waterways of which it consists have been rendered almost valueless as a means of intercommunication through their defective management and antiquated construction.

2. The management of 2208 miles of the English and Welsh waterways is shared between some fifty-seven companies, owning canals which they work for their own profit, and some fifteen conservancy authorities, whose earnings are devoted to the maintenance of river navigations which they own, as trustees for the public, solely for that purpose, both classes of bodies being under the general supervision of the Board of Trade, which may, where necessary, order the abandonment or transfer to a local authority of derelict waterways. In Scotland, the Caledonian and Crinan Canals, with a united length of 69 miles, are the property of the State, and under the management of the Commissioners of the first-named canal. In Ireland, two waterways, with a united length of 150 miles, are also State property, and managed by the Commissioners of Public Works; while another, 32 miles long, is vested in local trustees; and four others, with a united length of 308 miles, are owned by canal companies, which, as in England, are apparently controlled by the Board of Trade. Lastly, this complex system of administration is still further complicated by the fact that the remaining 1139 miles of our inland navigation system is managed, under the supervision of the Board of Trade, by eighteen railway companies, thirteen of which own forty-four of the English waterways, with a united length of 959 miles; two, three of the Scotch canals, with a united length of 33 miles; and one, an Irish waterway, 95 miles long.

It must be pointed out in fairness to the railway com-

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panies that the transfer to them of this extensive canal property was mainly effected during the railway mania, when they were still a group of ill-organised and competing bodies, incapable, had they desired it, of carrying out the sinister design, sometimes attributed to them, of thus "strangling the whole of the inland water traffic"—a scheme which the Parliamentary influence of the canal companies, then wealthy corporations, paying in some cases dividends of 25 and 30 per cent., would easily have enabled the latter to frustrate. It appears to have been due partly to the eagerness of the canal companies—who, in many cases, put pressure on railway companies to purchase their undertakings—to transfer their capital to railway enterprise; and partly to the neglect of Parliament, which acquiesced in if it did not encourage the transaction, to regulate the competition between the two classes of bodies, by either prohibiting such sales, or by imposing the obligation of maintaining their canals on the railway companies. Be this as it may, however, the fact remains, that where a railway company owns an entire canal it is able to regulate the traffic for the benefit of its railway, and where it owns only portions of one to fetter the traffic on those portions; and that the ownership of one or more links on almost every through route has, according to the evidence of numerous witnesses before the Committee on Canals, enabled railway companies to impede the transfer of goods by such routes by charging excessive tolls, neglecting to repair their canals, and offering bonuses to traders to send cargoes by special lines.

Apart, however, from these results of railway influence, the value of water transport is no less injuriously affected by the number of competing canal companies and navigation trustees controlling the various links of which each through route is composed; and, while the management of the 24,455 miles of our railway system is vested in some thirty-eight companies, each of which controls an entire through route, that of the 2768 miles of independent waterways is divided between double that number of competing bodies. There are twenty-

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six of these on the three routes between Liverpool and London, twenty-seven on the four between London and Bristol, and ten both on the three between Bristol and Birmingham and on the three between Hull and Liverpool; and, while each canal is managed by the company to which it belongs, the Thames and Shannon are the only navigable rivers controlled throughout their entire course by a single conservancy authority. While only 42 of the 200 miles of the Severn and 73 of the 176 miles of the Trent are under conservators, and the conservancy of the Mersey, Tyne, Usk, Clyde, and other rivers is limited to the tideway, the 69 miles of the Medway and the 73 miles of the Warwick Avon are each managed by two, the 87 miles tidal portion of the Nen by eight, and the 90 miles of the Witham by seventeen different authorities.

This multiplicity of governing bodies has produced a corresponding variety both in the rates and tolls payable on each through route, and also in the dimensions of constituent waterways, a large number of which are still practically enlarged ditches, liable from their construction to a continuous variation in depth, and frequently too narrow for boats to pass each other properly. While 1240 miles of the independent waterways in England and Wales are only adapted for barges carrying from 18 to 30 tons and 2040 miles for those carrying from 40 to 60 tons, the mileage of those which, like the Aire, Calder, and Weaver, have been sufficiently improved to accommodate boats carrying from 90 to 350 tons, is only 230 miles. In addition to this there are scarcely two canals on any through route on which either the sectional area or the gauges of the locks are the same; and it is, therefore, not surprising to find from the Board of Trade Return of 1898 that the goods traffic of the railway companies was then seven times and their capital thirty-two times as great as those of the canal companies, and that no less than forty-four navigations were carried on at a loss. The facts, however, that even under these adverse conditions the traffic on British waterways in that year exceeded that on those of France, Belgium, and Germany, and that two-

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thirds of the net profits earned on them was made by some seven companies, show how remunerative they might prove were they freed from railway control and rendered as effective throughout as the best of them already are, and were each through route placed under a single authority and adapted for boats of 300 to 350 tons propelled by steam or electricity. As, therefore, our railway freight charges are the highest in the world, and far greater difficulties have been overcome in the development of our railway system than are likely to arise in the execution of these improvements, there appear to be ample grounds for undertaking them.

8. It would appear to be an essential preliminary to the establishment of any system for this purpose that a survey of our waterways should be made by a committee of experts in order to determine the approximate cost of developing those which would best repay such expenditure; fixing a maximum scale of dimensions and a minimum scale of rates for adoption throughout the system, and ascertaining what sources of water supply are available for its maintenance. While these sources are already subject to a large and increasing demand for domestic and industrial purposes, they are also being seriously depleted by the waste entailed by pumping operations in mines and factories, the wholesale and indiscriminate appropriations of water companies and municipalities, and the neglect of any system of storage of flood and surface water; and it may be noted, as regards this point, that a survey of the water-supplies on all watersheds throughout the kingdom has already been suggested by the Salmon Fisheries Commission, 1902.

Assuming these points to have been settled by such a preliminary investigation, there appear to be three methods of providing for the execution of the necessary administrative reforms.

As the Board of Trade has already been constituted a Central Authority for waterways, the simplest of these would be to empower it to provide for the adoption of a prescribed standard of dimensions and scale of freights throughout our

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inland navigation system, to appoint a governing body for each through route composed of representatives of the various authorities controlling its component waterways, and to arrange for the compulsory sale to each of these bodies of any railway-owned links of canal on the through route. This, coupled with the adoption of the prescribed dimensions and charges on railway-owned waterways not forming part of any through route would go far to remedy the evils of railway influence; and, were the permissive provisions of the Railway and Canal Traffic Acts with respect to a clearing system for canals made compulsory, and the enforcement of the Board's regulations entrusted to a staff of inspectors, the canal companies would be able to carry out for themselves any improvements as regards boats, steam-haulage, &c.

This scheme may perhaps be regarded by the advocates of Canal Trusts as being too dependent on private enterprise to allow of the development of water transport on broad lines; and this objection could, certainly, not be raised with respect to Trusts framed on the lines proposed in the Canal Trusts Bill, 1905, which provided for the incorporation of twenty-nine trustees, representing three Government Departments, four Port Authorities, the Chambers of Commerce, Agriculture, and Mines, and the Railway and Canal Traffic Association, for the acquisition of some fifteen waterways providing communication between London, Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol. The administrative capacity of a system comprising several such Trusts, each controlling an independent group of waterways, would, however, be obviously impaired by the want of cohesion between them, and also by the size and number of different interests represented on each; and as each would, like the London Water Board, be a *quasi* Government Department, their establishment would practically be a partial, and therefore less effective, method of "nationalising our waterways."

The advantages to be derived from the adoption of the latter system are, on the other hand, clearly demonstrated by

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the successful results of the administration of inland navigation by the State throughout Europe—where France has spent seventy and Germany thirty-four millions on its development—as well as in India and the United States. Heavy as the expenditure entailed by its introduction in this country must necessarily be, it would, moreover, be incurred for a really national object, providing a new field both for the investment of capital and the employment of labour; and, having regard to the impoverished condition of many of the canal companies, and the facts that all river navigations managed by trustees are practically public property, and that the State already owns two Scotch and four Irish waterways, it may probably prove to be considerably less than is usually assumed. The purchase and improvement of the system might also be effected by degrees, while the number of through routes connecting all the important centres would enable the State to reserve one or more for temporary working while improving another. The regulation of the internal communications of a country, which unite its principal cities and traverse it in every direction must be generally admitted to constitute quite as appropriate a subject for State management as that of the postal, telegraph, and telephone services, all of which yield a handsome revenue. This is equally the case as regards the regulation of the water system of the United Kingdom on which our waterways are dependent, and with respect to which the Sewage Disposal Committee, 1898, and the Salmon Fisheries Commission, 1902, have recently concurred in recommending the creation of a Central Authority, with subordinate watershed boards, for the preservation of fishery and the prevention of the pollution and injurious abstraction of water. Were such a Department established, and were it also entrusted with the control of our inland navigation system, it would possess all the powers and information necessary for the concurrent development on scientific principles of the three great branches of water conservancy.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

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COVENTRY PATMORE:

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES: WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

THERE are two portraits of Coventry Patmore by Mr. Sargent. One, in the National Portrait Gallery, gives us the man as he ordinarily was: the straggling hair, the drooping eyelid, the large, loose-lipped mouth, the long, thin, furrowed throat, the whole air of gentlemanly ferocity. But the other, a sketch of the head in profile, gives us more than that; gives us, in the lean, strong, aquiline head, startlingly, all that was abrupt, fiery, and essential in the genius of a rare and misunderstood poet. There never was a man less like the popular idea of him than the writer of "The Angel in the House." Certainly an autocrat in the home, impatient, intolerant, full of bracing intellectual scorn, not always just, but always just in intention, a disdainful recluse, judging all human and divine affairs from a standpoint of imperturbable omniscience, Coventry Patmore charmed one by his whimsical energy, his intense sincerity, and, indeed, by the childlike egoism of an absolutely self-centred intelligence. Speaking of Patmore as he was in 1879, Mr. Gosse says, in his admirable memoir:

> Three things were in those days particularly noticeable in the head of Coventry Patmore: the vast convex brows, arched with vision; the bright, shrewd, bluish-grey eyes, the outer fold of one eyelid permanently and humorously drooping; and the wilful, sensuous mouth. These three seemed

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ever at war among themselves; they spoke three different tongues; they proclaimed a man of dreams, a canny man of business, a man of vehement determination. It was the harmony of these in apparently discordant contrast which made the face so fascinating; the dwellers under this strange mask were three, and the problem was how they contrived the common life.

That is a portrait which is also an interpretation, and many of the pages on this "angular, vivid, discordant, and yet exquisitely fascinating person," are full of a similar insight. They contain many of those anecdotes which indicate crises, a thing very different from the merely decorative anecdotes of the ordinary biographer. The book, written by one who has been a good friend to many poets, and to none a more valuable friend than to Patmore, gives us a more vivid sense of what Patmore was as a man than anything except Mr. Sargent's two portraits, and a remarkable article by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, published after the book, as a sort of appendix, which it completes on the spiritual side.

To these portraits of Patmore I have nothing of importance to add; and I have given my own estimate of Patmore as a poet in an essay published in 1897, in "Studies in Two Literatures." But I should like to supplement these various studies by a few supplementary notes, and the discussion of a few points, chiefly technical, connected with his art as a poet. I knew Patmore only during the last ten years of his life, and never with any real intimacy; but as I have been turning over a little bundle of his letters, written with a quill on greyish-blue paper, in the fine, careless handwriting which had something of the distinction of the writer, it seems to me that there are things in them characteristic enough to be worth preserving.

The first letter in my bundle is not addressed to me, but to the friend through whom I was afterwards to meet him, the kindest and most helpful friend whom I or any man ever had, James Dykes Campbell. Two years before, when I was twenty-one, I had written an "Introduction to the Study of Browning," now out of print. Campbell had been at my

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elbow all the time, encouraging and checking me; he would send back my proof-sheets in a network of criticisms and suggestions, with my most eloquent passages rigorously shorn, my pet eccentricities of phrase severely straightened. At the beginning of 1888 Campbell sent the book to Patmore. His opinion, when it came, seemed to me, at that time, crushing; it enraged me, I know, not on my account, but on Browning's. I read it now with a clearer understanding of what he meant, and it is interesting, certainly, as a more outspoken and detailed opinion on Browning than Patmore ever printed.

My dear Mr. Campbell,

I have read enough of Mr. Arthur Symons' clever book on Browning to entitle me to judge of it as well as if I had read the whole. He does not seem to me to be quite qualified, as yet, for this kind of criticism. He does not seem to have attained to the point of view from which all great critics have judged poetry and art in general. He does not see that, in art, the style in which a thing is said or done is of more importance than the thing said or done. Indeed, he does not appear to know what style means. Browning has an immense deal of mannerism—which in art is always bad;—he has, in his few best passages, manner, which as far as it goes is good; but of style—that indescribable reposeful "breath of a pure and unique individuality"—I recognise no trace, though I find it distinctly enough in almost every other English poet who has obtained so distinguished a place as Browning has done in the estimation of the better class of readers. I do not pretend to say absolutely that style does not exist in Browning's work; but, if so, its "still small voice" is utterly overwhelmed, for me, by the din of the other elements. I think I can see, in Browning's poetry, all that Mr. Symons sees, though not perhaps all that he fancies he sees. But I also discern a want of which he appears to feel nothing; and those defects of manner which he acknowledges, but thinks little of, are to me most distressing, and fatal to all enjoyment of the many brilliant qualities they are mixed up with.

Yours very truly,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Campbell, I suppose, protested in his vigorous fashion against the criticism of Browning, and the answer to that letter, dated May 7, is printed on p. 264 of the second volume of Mr. Basil Champneys' "Life of Patmore." It is a reiteration, with further explanations, such as that

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When I said that manner was more important than matter in poetry, I really meant that the true matter of poetry could only be expressed by the manner. I find the brilliant thinking and the deep feeling in Browning, but no true individuality—though of course his manner is marked enough.

Another letter in the same year, to Campbell, after reading the proofs of my first book of verse, "Days and Nights," contained a criticism which I thought, at the time, not less discouraging than the criticism of my "Browning." It seems to me now to contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about that particular book, and to allow for whatever I may have done in verse since then. The first letter addressed to me is a polite note, dated March 19, 1889, thanking me for a copy of my book, and saying "I send herewith a little volume of my own, which I hope may please you in some of your idle moments." The book was a copy of "Florilegium Amantis," a selection of his own poems, edited by Dr. Garnett. Up to that time I had read nothing of Patmore except fragments of "The Angel in the House," which I had not had the patience to read through. I dipped into these pages, and as I read for the first time some of the odes of the "Unknown Eros," I seemed to have made a great discovery: here was a whole glittering and peaceful tract of poetry which was like a new world to me. I wrote to him full of my enthusiasm; and, though I heard nothing then in reply, I find among my books a copy of "The Unknown Eros" with this inscription; "Arthur Symons, from Coventry Patmore, July 28, 1890."

The date is the date of his sixty-seventh birthday, and the book was given to me after a birthday-dinner at his house at Hastings, when, I remember, a wreath of laurel had been woven in honour of the occasion, and he had laughingly, but with a quite naïve gratification, worn it for awhile at the end of dinner. He was one of the very few poets I have seen who could wear a laurel-wreath, and not look ridiculous.

In the summer of that year I undertook to look after the *Academy* for a few weeks (a wholly new task to me) while Mr.

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Cotton, the editor, went for a holiday. The death of Cardinal Newman occurred just then, and I wrote to Patmore, asking him if he would do an obituary notice for me. He replied, in a letter dated August 13, 1890:

I should have been very glad to have complied with your request, had I felt myself at all able to do the work effectively; but my acquaintance with Dr. Newman was very slight, and I have no sources of knowledge about his life, but such as are open to all. I have never taken much interest in contemporary Catholic history and politics. There are a hundred people who could do what you want better than I could, and I can never stir my lazy soul to take up the pen, unless I fancy that I have something to say which makes it a matter of conscience that I should say it.

Failing Patmore, I asked Dr. Greenhill, who was then living at Hastings, and Patmore wrote on August 16:

Dr. Greenhill will do your work far better than I could have done it. What an intellect we have lost in Newman—so delicately capable of adjustment that it could crush a Hume or crack a Kingsley! And what an example both in literature and in life. But that we have not lost.

Patmore's memory was retentive of good phrases which had once come up under his pen, as that witty phrase about crushing and cracking had come up in the course of a brief note scribbled on a half sheet of paper. The phrase reappears five years afterwards, elaborated into an impressive sentence, in the preface to "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," dated Lymington, May 1895:

The steam-hammer of that intellect which could be so delicately adjusted to its task as to be capable of either crushing a Hume or cracking a Kingsley is no longer at work, that tongue which had the weight of a hatchet and the edge of a razor is silent; but its mighty task of so representing truth as to make it credible to the modern mind, when not interested in unbelief, has been done.

In the same preface will be found a phrase which Mr. Gosse quotes from a letter of June 17, 1888, in which Patmore says that the reviewers of his forthcoming book, "Principle in Art," "will say, or at least feel, 'Ugh, Ugh! the horrid thing! It's alive!' and think it their duty to set their heels on it accord-

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ingly." By 1895 the reviewers were replaced by "readers, zealously Christian," and the readers, instead of setting their heels on it, merely "put aside this little volume with a cry."

I find no more letters, beyond mere notes and invitations, until the end of 1898, but it was during these years that I saw Patmore most often, generally when I was staying with Dykes Campbell at St. Leonards. When one is five and twenty, and writing verse, among young men of one's own age, also writing verse, the occasional companionship of an older poet, who stands aside, in a dignified seclusion, acknowledged, respected, not greatly loved or, in his best work at least, widely popular, can hardly fail to be an incentive and an invigoration. It was with a full sense of my privilege that I walked to and fro with Coventry Patmore on that high terrace in his garden at Hastings, or sat in the house watching him smoke cigarette after cigarette, or drove with him into the country, or rowed with him round the moat of Bodiam Castle, with Dykes Campbell in the stern of the boat; always attentive to his words, learning from him all I could, as he talked of the things I most cared for, and of some things for which I cared nothing. Yes, even when he talked of politics, I listened with full enjoyment of his bitter humour, his ferocious gaiety of onslaught; though I was glad when he changed from Gladstone to St. Thomas Aquinas, and gladder still when he spoke of that other religion, poetry. I think I never heard him speak long without some reference to St. Thomas Aquinas, of whom he has written so often and with so great an enthusiasm. It was he who first talked to me of St. John of the Cross, and when, eight years later, at Seville, I came upon a copy of the first edition of the "Obras Espirituales" on a stall of old books in the Sierpes, and began to read, and to try to render in English, that extraordinary verse which remains, with that of S. Teresa, the finest lyrical verse which Spain has produced, I understood how much the mystic of the prose and the poet of the "Unknown Eros" owed to the "Noche Escura" and the "Llama de Amor Viva." He spoke of the Catholic mystics

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like an explorer who has returned from the perils of far countries, with a remembering delight which he can share with few.

If Mr. Gosse is anywhere in his book unjust to Patmore it is in speaking of the later books of prose, the "Religio Poetae" and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," some parts of which seem to him "not very important except as extending our knowledge of" Patmore's "mind, and as giving us a curious collection of the raw material of his poetry." To this I can only reply in some words which I used in writing of the "Religio Poetae," and affirm with an emphasis which I only wish to strengthen, that, here and everywhere, and never more than in the exquisite passage which Mr. Gosse only quotes to depreciate, the prose of Patmore is the prose of a poet; not prose "incompletely executed," and aspiring after the "nobler order" of poetry, but adequate and achieved prose, of a very rare kind. Thought, in him, is of the very substance of poetry, and is sustained throughout at almost the lyrical pitch. There is, in these essays, a rarefied air as of the mountain-tops of meditation; and the spirit of their sometimes remote contemplation is always in one sense, as Pater has justly said of Wordsworth, impassioned. Only in the finest of his poems has he surpassed these pages of chill and ecstatic prose.

But if Patmore spoke, as he wrote, of these difficult things as a traveller speaks of the countries from which he has returned, when he spoke of poetry it was like one who speaks of his native country. At first I found it a little difficult to accustom myself to his permanent mental attitude there, with his own implied or stated pre-eminence (Tennyson and Barnes on the lower slopes, Browning vaguely in sight, the rest of his contemporaries nowhere), but, after all, there was an undisguised simplicity in it, which was better, because franker, than the more customary "pride that apes humility," or the still baser affectation of indifference. A man of genius, whose genius, like Patmore's, is of an intense and narrow kind, cannot possibly do justice to the work which has every merit but

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his own. Nor can he, when he is conscious of its equality in technical skill, be expected to discriminate between what is more or less valuable in his own work; between, that is, his own greater or less degree of inspiration. And here I may quote a letter which Patmore wrote to me, dated Lymington, December 31, 1893, about a review of mine in which I had greeted him as "a poet, one of the most essential poets of our time," but had ventured to say, perhaps petulantly, what I felt about a certain part of his work.

I thank you for the copy of the *Athenæum*, containing your generous and well-written notice of "Religio Poetæ." There is much in it that must needs be gratifying to me, and nothing that I feel disposed to complain of but your allusion to the "dinner-table domesticities of the 'Angel in the House.'" I think that you have been a little misled—as almost everybody has been—by the differing characters of the metres of the "Angel" and "Eros." The meats and wines of the two are, in very great part, almost identical in character; but, in one case, they are served on the deal table of the octo-syllabic quatrain, and, in the other, they are spread on the fine, irregular rock of the free tetrameter.

In his own work he could see no flaw; he knew, better than any one, how nearly it answered almost everywhere to his own intention; and of his own intentions he could be no critic. It was from this standpoint of absolute satisfaction with what he had himself done that he viewed other men's work; necessarily, in the case of one so certain of himself, with a measure of dissatisfaction. He has said in print fundamentally foolish things about writers living and dead; and yet remains, if not a great critic, at least a great thinker on the first principles of art. And, in those days when I used to listen to him while he talked to me of the basis of poetry, and of metres and cadences, and of poetical methods, what meant more to me than anything he said, though not a word was without its value, was the profound religious gravity with which he treated the art of poetry, the sense he conveyed to one of his own reasoned conception of its immense importance, its divinity.

It was partly, no doubt, from this reverence for his art that Patmore wrote so rarely, and only under an impulse which

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could not be withstood. Even his prose was written with the same ardour and reluctance, and a letter which he wrote to me from Lymington, dated August 7, 1894, in answer to a suggestion that he should join some other writers in a contemplated memorial to Walter Pater, is literally exact in its statement of his own way of work, not only during his later life:

> I should have liked to make one of the honourable company of commentators upon Pater, were it not that the faculty of writing, or, what amounts to the same thing, interest in writing, has quite deserted me. Some accidental motive wind comes over me, once in a year or so, and I find myself able to write half a dozen pages in an hour or two; but all the rest of my time is hopelessly sterile.

To what was this curious difficulty or timidity in composition due? In the case of the poetry, Mr. Gosse attributes it largely to the fact of a poet of lyrical genius attempting to write only philosophical or narrative poetry; and there is much truth in the suggestion. Nothing in Patmore, except his genius, is so conspicuous as his limitations. Herrick, we may remember from his essay on Mrs. Meynell, seemed to him but "a splendid insect"; Keats, we learn from Mr. Champneys' life, seemed to him "to be greatly deficient in first-rate imaginative power"; Shelley "is all unsubstantial splendour, like the transformation scene of a pantomime, or the silvered globes hung up in a gin-palace"; Blake is "nearly all utter rubbish, with here and there not so much a gleam as a trick of genius." All this, when he said it, had a queer kind of delightfulness, and, to those able to understand him, never seemed, as it might have seemed in any one else, mere arrogant bad taste, but a necessary part of a very narrow and very intense nature. Although Patmore was quite ready to give his opinion on any subject, whether on "Wagner, the musical impostor," or on "the grinning woman, in every canvas of Leonardo," he was singularly lacking in the critical faculty, even in regard to his own art; and this was because, in his own art, he was a poet of one idea and of one metre. He did marvellous things with that one idea and that one metre, but he saw nothing

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beyond them; all thought must be brought into relation with nuptial love, or it was of no interest to him, and the iambic metre must do everything that poetry need concern itself about doing.

In a memorandum for prayer made in 1861, we read this petition:

> That I may be enabled to write my poetry from immediate perception of the truth and delight of love at once divine and human, and that all events may so happen as shall best advance this my chief work and probable means of working out my own salvation.

In his earlier work, it is with human love only that he deals; in his later, and inconceivably finer work, it is not with human love only, but with "the relation of the soul to Christ as his betrothed wife:" "the burning heart of the universe," as he realises it. This conception of love, which we see developing from so tamely domestic a level to so incalculable a height of mystic rapture, possessed the whole man, throughout the whole of his life, shutting him into a "solitude for two" which has never perhaps been apprehended with so complete a satisfaction. He was a married monk, whose monastery was the world; he came and went in the world, imagining he saw it more clearly than any one else; and, indeed, he saw things about him clearly enough, when they were remote enough from his household prejudices. But all he really ever did was to cultivate a little corner of a garden, where he brought to perfection a rare kind of flower, which some thought too pretty to be fine, and some too colourless to be beautiful, but in which he saw the seven celestial colours, faultlessly mingled, and which he took to be the image of the flower most loved by the Virgin in heaven.

Patmore was a poet profoundly learned in the technique of his art, and the "Prefatory Study on English Metrical Law," which fills the first eighty-five pages of the "Amelia" volume of 1878 is among the subtlest and most valuable of such studies which we have in English. In this essay he praises the simplest metres for various just reasons, but yet is careful to define the

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"rhyme royal," or stanza of seven ten-syllable lines, as the most heroic of measures; and to admit that blank verse, which he never used, "is, of all recognised English metres, the most difficult to write well in." But, in his expressed aversion for trochaic and dactylic measures, is he not merely recording his own inability to handle them? and, in setting more and more rigorous limits to himself in his own dealing with iambic measures, is he not accepting, and making the best of, a lack of metrical flexibility? It is nothing less than extraordinary to note that, until the publication of the nine "Odes" in 1868, not merely was he wholly tied to the iambic measure, but even within those limits he was rarely quite so good in the four-line stanza of eights and sixes as in the four-line stanza of eights; that he was usually less good in the six-line than in the four-line stanza of eights and sixes; and that he was invariably least good in the stanza of three long lines which, to most practical intents and purposes, corresponds with this six-line stanza. The extremely slight licence which this rearrangement into longer lines affords was sufficient to disturb the balance of his cadences, and nowhere else was he capable of writing quite such lines as:

> One friend was left, a falcon, famed for beauty, skill and size,
> Kept from his fortune's ruin, for the sake of its great eyes.

All sense, not merely of the delicacy, but of the correctness of rhythm, seems to have left him suddenly, without warning.

And then, the straightening and tightening of the bonds of metre having had its due effect, an unprecedented thing occurred. In the "Odes" of 1868, absorbed finally into "The Unknown Eros" of 1877, the iambic metre is still used; but with what a new freedom, and at the summons of how liberating an inspiration! At the same time Patmore's substance is purged and his speech loosened, and, in throwing off that burden of prose stuff which had tied down the very wings of his imagination, he finds himself rising on a different movement. Never was a development in metre so spiritually significant.

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In spite of Patmore's insistence to the contrary, as in the letter which I have already quoted, there is no doubt that the difference between "The Angel in the House" and "The Unknown Eros" is the difference between what is sometimes poetry in spite of itself, and what is poetry alike in accident and essence. In all his work before the "Odes" of 1868, Patmore had been writing down to his conception of what poetry ought to be; when, through I know not what suffering, or contemplation, or actual inner illumination, his whole soul had been possessed by this new conception of what poetry could be, he began to write as finely, and not only as neatly, as he was able. The poetry which came, came fully clothed, in a form of irregular but not lawless verse, which Mr. Gosse states was introduced into English by the "Pindarique Odes" of Cowley, but which may be more justly derived, as Patmore himself, in one of his prefaces, intimates, from an older and more genuine poet, Drummond of Hawthornden.

Mr. Gosse is cruel enough to say that Patmore had "considerable affinities" with Cowley, and that "when Patmore is languid and Cowley is unusally felicitous, it is difficult to see much difference in the form of their odes." But Patmore, in his essay on metre, has said,

> If there is not sufficient motive power of passionate thought, no typographical aids will make anything of this sort of verse but metrical nonsense—which it nearly always is—even in Cowley, whose brilliant wit and ingenuity are strangely out of harmony with most of his measures;

and it seems to me that he is wholly right in saying so. The difference between the two is an essential one. In Patmore the cadence follows the contours of the thought or emotion, like a transparent garment; in Cowley the form is a misshapen burden, carried unsteadily. It need not surprise us that to the ears of Cowley (it is he who tells us) the verse of Pindar should have sounded "little better than prose." The fault of his own "Pindarique" verse is that it is so much worse than prose. The pauses in Patmore, left as they are to be a kind of breathing, or pause for breath, may not seem to be everywhere fault-

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less to all ears; but they *are* the pauses in breathing, while in Cowley the structure of his verse, when it is irregular, remains as external, as mechanical, as the couplets of the "Davideis."

> Whether Patmore ever acknowledged it or no, or indeed whether [says Mr. Gosse] the fact has ever been observed, I know not, but the true analogy of the "Odes" is with the Italian lyric of the early Renaissance. It is in the writings of Petrarch and Dante, and especially in the "Canzoniere" of the former, that we must look for examples of the source of Patmore's later poetic form.

Here again, while there may be a closer "analogy," at least in spirit, there is another, and even clearer difference in form. The canzoni of Petrarch are composed in stanzas of varying, but in each case uniform, length, and every stanza corresponds precisely in metrical arrangement with every other stanza in the same canzone. In English the "Epithalamion" and the "Prothalamion" of Spenser (except for their refrain) do exactly what Petrarch had done in Italian; and whatever further analogy there may be between the spirit of Patmore's writing and that of Spenser in these two poems the form is essentially different. The resemblance with "Lycidas" is closer, and closer still with the poems of Leopardi, though Patmore has not followed the Italian habit of mingling rhymed and non-rhymed verse, nor did he ever experiment, like Goethe, Heine, Matthew Arnold, and Henley, in wholly unrhymed irregular lyrical verse.

Patmore's endeavour, in "The Unknown Eros," is certainly towards a form of *vers libre*, but it is directed only towards the variation of the normal pause in the normal English metre, the iambic "common time," and is therefore as strictly tied by law as a metre can possibly be when it ceases to be wholly regular. Verse literally "free," as it is being attempted in the present day in France, every measure being mingled, and the disentangling of them left wholly to the ear of the reader, has indeed been attempted by great metrists in many ages, but for the most part only very rarely and with extreme caution. The warning, so far, of all these failures, or momentary half-

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successes, is to be seen in the most monstrous and magnificent failure of the nineteenth century, the "Leaves of Grass" of Walt Whitman. Patmore realised that without law there can be no order, and thus no life; for life is the result of a harmony between opposites. For him, cramped as he had been by a voluntary respect for far more than the letter of the law, the discovery of a freer mode of speech was of incalculable advantage. It removed from him all temptation to that "cleverness" which Mr. Gosse rightly finds in the handling of "the accidents of civilised life," the unfortunate part of his subject-matter in "The Angel in the House;" it allowed him to abandon himself to the poetic ectasy, which in him was almost of the same nature as philosophy, without translating it downward into the terms of popular apprehension; it gave him a choice, formal, yet flexible means of expression for his uninterrupted contemplation of divine things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE BLOOD-RELATIONSHIP OF MAN AND APES

JUDGES and Government medical experts have, quite conceivably, always taken the greatest interest in forensic blood analysis. It is clear that if a crime or an offence such as murder, manslaughter, severely wounding, poaching, &c., has left bloody traces at the place where it was committed or on the perpetrator himself, the certain authentication of this blood must be exceedingly important evidence which may be of fundamental value in throwing light on the affair and in ascertaining the truth.

Chemical research has furnished us with excellent methods which enable us to prove with absolute certainty the presence of blood as such, but hitherto no process has been known whereby it could be ascertained with any degree of probability whether the blood was that of a human being or of an animal.

The blood which pursues its life-giving course through our veins is a fluid familiar enough to us all. It is an albuminous solution in which an immense number of red and white corpuscles, visible only with the aid of a microscope, are suspended, one cubic millimetre containing five million red and from six to eight thousand white corpuscles. Blood drawn from the veins of a human being or of an animal becomes, through inherent fermentation, a firm mass, the so-called clot, from which a clear, bright yellow fluid known as serum

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gradually exudes. It is in this condition that it is easy for any layman to recognise blood as such, but when the blood is dried it might be taken to be paint or other such substance. Chemical methods have then to be applied.

One of the most important reactions enabling us to identify blood as such is the Teichmann blood-test, so named after its discoverer. If a trace of fresh or dried blood is mixed with a grain of kitchen salt and a few drops of vinegar, and the whole slowly warmed over a flame, tiny microscopic crystals, shaped like rhomboid staffs, the so-called Teichmann blood crystals (Haeminkrystalle), are formed, and their appearance proves with absolute certainty the presence of blood. The investigation by means of the well-known spectrum apparatus is equally reliable. If a thin fluid containing blood is placed before such an apparatus, characteristic dark lines, the so-called absorption streaks, can be observed in the projected spectrum; these differ in accordance with the changes the blood has undergone. In practice, however, blood is rarely identified as simply as here described, for if the blood be very old or putrified these tests generally fail, and the Government medical expert is able to pronounce only a "non liquet."

But the judge is also not satisfied with a mere proof of the presence of blood; he wishes to know exactly the origin of the blood; he wishes to be in a position to check the statements of the accused, who may, for example, assert that the blood on his clothes is not the blood of a murdered man, but that of a slaughtered pig. Numerous endeavours have been made by the medical experts to arrive at a decision concerning this difficult question.

As, practically without exception, only dried blood is dealt with in forensic practice, efforts were made to revive this old blood. Recourse was had to the most varied supplementary fluids with the object of restoring the shrivelled red corpuscles, the characteristic elements of blood, to their original form, in order to draw conclusions from their shape and size as to the species of animal from which the blood proceeded. For it is

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a fact, known since the discovery of the red corpuscles by the gifted Leuwenhook (1673), that the red corpuscles of men and animals differ in certain respects.

The blood corpuscles of human beings and of animals generally are round, coreless formations, whereas those of birds, amphibious animals, reptiles, and fishes are oval, and contain a core. There are also slight deviations in their length, the diameter of the blood corpuscles of human beings being 0·0077 millimetres, of the ox 0·0058 millimetres, and of the sheep 0·0045 millimetres.

Only in rare cases, *i.e.*, when the blood is still quite fresh, is it possible to restore to the corpuscles approximately their original shape and size, and the Government medical experts have consequently shrunk from giving a definite opinion, and even after a most careful, microscopic measurement of the blood corpuscles, have refrained from making the fate of the accused dependent on the thousandth part of a millimetre.

As we have seen, however, blood contains still other characteristic substances—the albuminous materials. Should it then transpire that these albuminous substances are different in the various sorts of blood, and should there be a method of proving this difference even after the blood has dried up, the difficult problem of differentiating blood would be solved. *This problem may, as a matter of fact, now be regarded as solved.*

My investigations are based on the biological serum research which, on the threshold of the twentieth century, we greet as the youngest, most promising child of our bacteriological science. The epoch-making discovery of Behring gave us doctors a preventive against and a remedy for the murderous plague, diphtheria, and he thereby opened up entirely new, unsuspected paths to the investigation and combating of infectious diseases. This remedy is the serum of horses which have been treated with the poison generated by diphtheria bacilli. If a certain quantity of this poison be injected into an animal, the latter sickens and dies. If, however, quite small

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doses are employed, the animal overcomes the illness, and once it has overcome the illness, increasingly large quantities can with impunity be injected into it. The animal resists the influence of the poison by producing a counter-poison. This poison accumulates in the serum of the animal in question, and can easily be obtained by bleeding it.

By admixing the same with the poison the latter can in the re-agent glass be rendered inefficacious; in a like manner this serum, when injected into the body of a human being, is able to develop the same poison-neutralising influence with healing or protective effect.

Specific substances are thus produced in the animal's body. Specific *immune* sera, as antidotes against other vegetable and animal poisons, have been produced in the same way; for example, against *ricin, abrin,* and *crotin,* against the poisonous *eel-serum,* and against the deleterious snake-poison.

When animals are treated with bacteria, *e.g.*, with the germ of the dreaded cholera, they do not succumb to small quantities of the bacteria, the animal's body, as it were, sets up a defence against them, and produces in its serum substances which collect these bacteria in clusters and decompose them. And, as a matter of fact, this influence is exerted only on the cholera bacilli used in the injection, not on other micro-organisms. On the other hand, animals into which typhus bacilli have been injected produce substances which collect and decompose only typhus bacilli. Again quite a specific reaction.

If, instead of such a deposit of bacteria, a deposit of blood is introduced into the animal, exactly the same substances make their appearance. The corpuscles are collected and decomposed by the serum of animals so treated. Moreover, substances were discovered which, when added to the serum freed from blood corpuscles, produced a sediment (præcipitine) in the former. Bordet found further that also, after injecting cow's milk into the serum of rabbits, sediments are formed which cause cow's milk to yield its albumen (casein). This reaction was strictly specific, so that Wasserman was able to

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distinguish the different kinds of milk. This strictly specific method induced me to institute investigations with a view to discover whether it were not possible in this way to distinguish the albuminous substances of different birds' eggs.

After numerous experiments I ascertained that the serum of rabbits, injected at intervals of several days for a lengthy period into a solution of the albumen of hen's eggs, produced, when added to such an albuminous solution, strong flaky sediment, but not in solutions of other kinds of albumen. On the basis of the proved specificalness I further succeeded in distinguishing with certainty between the *albuminous substances of different birds' eggs*, except in the case of birds nearly allied in species. This observation was so exceedingly interesting, and was specially important, because it had hitherto been impossible to differentiate these albuminous substances by chemical means.

I was also able to show that all chemical albumen-reactions could not compete with the fineness of this biological reaction, for the proof was possible with an albuminous solution of one gramme of albumen to 100 litres of water, whereas the chemical albumen-reactions utterly failed with a solution of one gramme of albumen to 100 litres of water.

In view of the specificalness and the extraordinary fineness of this biological reaction I wished now further to ascertain whether the albuminous substances of the hen's egg could in the same way be distinguished from those of hen's blood. To settle this question I injected hen's blood into rabbits; the serum of the rabbits so treated produced when added to a solution of the albumen of hen's eggs, a slight turbidity only after a considerable period, whereas in a thin varnish-coloured solution of hen's blood it at once produced a strong sediment. This experiment proved that it is actually possible to establish certain differences of the albuminous substances in hen's blood and hen's eggs. Simultaneously, however, another extremely important fact was established by this experiment. The serum referred to produced a sediment only in a solution of hen'

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blood, while all other solutions of the blood of the most varied kinds of animals remained perfectly clear.

The groundwork was thus provided for the method of distinguishing the different kinds of blood.

By now treating rabbits in an exactly similar manner with the blood of oxen, goats, or pigs, I was able always to obtain sera which produced a sediment only in the blood solutions used in the treatment.

A rabbit treated with human blood yielded a serum which produced precipitation only in human blood.

The process I have defined has finally solved the question of the differentiation of blood also from the standpoint of the Government medical expert, for it occurred with constant regularity that the serum of rabbits into which human or animal blood had been repeatedly injected produced a sediment only in solutions of the blood used in the treatment, *even when the blood had been dried up for decades past.* This forensic blood-proof was introduced by me into practice, and I have elaborated and developed it in several works. I produced the most different kinds of serum, in order to be ready immediately to ascertain in forensic cases not only human blood, but also other kinds of blood found on any object whatsoever.

I was also the first who succeeded in identifying, not only dried blood but blood that had become putrid, and blood mixed with the most various chemicals in the most varied circumstances, in sand, in earth, in water that had been used for washing, &c.

The best, most incontestable proof of the practical utility of the process was furnished by myself. The Prussian Minister for Justice placed at my disposal numerous objects, preserved from criminal trials long since concluded, on which were blood-stains of whose origin I had no knowledge whatever. My reports, containing the result of my investigation of these blood-stains, were compared with the official records, and in every single case it was found that my diagnosis, whether it was a question of human blood or of the blood of some animal, was

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correct. The method, which obtained general recognition, has already contributed very largely towards elucidating many trials, and has thus become an effective weapon of justice. The process has been introduced into forensic practice in Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria, Roumania, Egypt, Holland, and also the United States of America. The manipulation of the method demands, of course, the utmost care and conscientiousness, and exact prescriptions drawn up by me must be followed. These prescriptions and the official enactments by virtue of which my method has been introduced into the various countries are given in full in my book, recently published by Gustav Fischer, at Jena, price 8 marks, entitled: "Das Biologische Verfahren zur Erkennung und Unterscheidung von Menschen und Tierblut sowie anderer Eiweissubstanzen und seine Anwendung in der forensischen Praxis" ("The Biological Process of recognising and distinguishing the Blood of Human Beings and of Animals and other Albuminous Substances, and its Application in Forensic Practice").

In this book, also, are published a large number of expert opinions which I have given in actual criminal trials. Limits of space prohibit me from dealing at length in this place with these opinions. I will give two examples: A man demanded the annuity paid by the Government to workmen who are no longer capable of earning a living, stating that he was suffering from hæmorrhage. The doctor who was called in found him in bed befouled with blood, but could discover no reason for the hæmorrhage. The blood-stained sheet was forwarded to me to examine, and I was able to ascertain that the blood on it was that of an ox. The inquiries thereupon instituted resulted in the discovery that with the object of deceiving the authorities the man had obtained a bottle of blood from the slaughter-house, and poured this over himself as he lay in bed. Such a deception recalls the story of Joseph's coat (Genesis xxxviii.), which his brothers had dipped in goat's blood in order to make their father believe that something had happened to Joseph, that: "an evil beast had devoured him."

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Such deceptions are no longer possible, as a pupil in school here remarked recently on hearing the story related.

In other cases the innocence of the accused was established. A man on whose clothes blood was found was arrested on strong suspicion of having committed a murder. His story was not credited, however, until I proved the correctness of his statement by means of a biological examination of the blood. He was at once released from custody.

The study of blood differentiation has led to still another practical and very important result. It seemed at once probable that this specific reaction might be turned to account in determining the origin of animal organs. There has hitherto been no method that would enable us, especially in these times of dear meat, to discover the truth of reports that certain noble animals, after a severe struggle for life, complete their earthly course in a finely-minced condition in the cooks' shops. This is now an easy matter. If the serum of a rabbit treated with horse's blood be mixed with the suspicious specimens of meat, we can at once discern, by the turbidity which ensues, that it is horseflesh, and it is immaterial for the result of the experiment whether this is in the form of minced meat or sausage, or is in a pickled or smoked state.

But it is not only in the case of comparatively fresh organs that I was able to prove their origin; I have determined with certainty the mummified organs, thirty to forty, even sixty to seventy years old, of men and animals. As, therefore, age seemed to play no essential *rôle* in the investigation of such material, I resolved to conduct exhaustive experiments with the oldest organs at our disposal, viz., mummies. Some time ago I applied the biological reaction to a mummy several thousand years old, but with an absolute negative result.

Hansemann and Meyer recently announced that, without being acquainted with my earlier experiments, they have succeeded in determining the origin of two mummies, between 3000 and 5000 years old, with the aid of the reaction; they claim that their positive results proved that the praecipitin-

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reaction loses nothing of its efficacy even with material several thousand years old, and that thus mummy material can be proved by means of this biological method to be of human origin.

This assertion led me to resume my investigations in this direction, and I experimented with thirty Egyptian and Germanic mummies, but in no case, even by employing the strongest sera, did I obtain a positive result. I cannot, therefore, but maintain that, regrettable as it is in the interest of anthropological investigation, it is as yet impossible to determine the origin of such thousand-year-old mummies. It may be that age has destroyed the reactionary capacity of the albuminous substances in the mummies.

Besides these results of biological experiments with serum, of such an exceedingly practical importance for forensic medicine, another of intense interest in natural science has been obtained, viz., *the proof of blood-relationship among animals.*

As in the case of my investigations with egg albumen, I observed when experimenting with the object of distinguishing between the various kinds of blood that the serum of a rabbit treated with a particular kind of albumen produced a sediment also in the body albumen of nearly related animals, and the idea occurred to me to make use of and to propose the *biological reaction for the study of congenital relations among animals.* I was able to demonstrate in the re-agent glass the blood-relationship between horse and ass, between pig and wild pig, dog and fox, and between sheep, goat, and ox. The reaction produced was almost quantitatively proportionate to the degree of blood-relationship. What undoubtedly was of the greatest interest from the standpoint of natural science was the proof of the blood-relationship between man and apes, for, like Wassermann, I was able to determine that the serum of a rabbit treated with human blood produced a somewhat weaker but nevertheless distinct sediment in a solution of ape's blood, it did not produce sediment in any other kind of blood.

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A further step was now taken, it being resolved to submit to experimental examination, biologically, the blood-relationship between mankind and apes. These investigations were carried out by me and by the Englishman Nuttall.

In order to form a correct estimate of the results of all these investigations, it appears to me advisable, for the sake of clearness, to discuss briefly the systematic position which zoological science assigns to man in his congenial relations to the apes, and what must be supposed to be known concerning the classification of the apes themselves. Linné, as early as 1735 had, in his "Systema Naturæ," placed man at the head of the mammals, and classified him with apes and half-apes as anthropomorphes; he afterwards named mankind the lordly animals, or primates—"the lords of creation." As man possesses all the bodily characteristics of the mammals, no dispute has ever arisen concerning his inclusion in this class. On the other hand, different views prevail as to the place which man has to take in one of the mammal classes. Blumenbach and Cuvier (1817) created for man a special class of Bimana (two-handed), in opposition to apes and half-apes as quadrumana (four-handed). The classification could no longer be maintained when Huxley, in 1863, showed that it was based on an anatomical error, and that apes were in reality as much two-handed creatures as men.

The "Primates" are generally subdivided as follows:—1, half-apes (Prosimiæ); 2, apes (Simiæ); 3, mankind (Anthropi). Other zoologists permit man only the rank of a family in the ape class. The group of genuine apes, so rich in forms, falls naturally into two divisions which are geographically quite distinct, and have developed absolutely independently of each other in the western and eastern hemispheres: the apes of the old world and the apes of the new world.

The apes of the old world (Eastern apes), inhabiting Asia and Africa, have, without exception, the bridge of the nose narrow, so that the nostrils are close together and directed downwards, as is the case with man. Hence they are also

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termed narrow-noses (Catarhini). They have a long, bony acoustic duct and a set of thirty-two teeth, like man. The family is divided into two sub-families: (*a*) anthropoid apes; and (*b*) dog-apes. To the anthropoid apes belong the gibbon, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla.

These are notoriously so closely related morphologically to man that in no very distant times they were regarded as forest-men; it is extremely significant that the view prevails even to-day among the negroes of Africa that the gorilla is in reality a "wild-man," who avoids human beings and refuses to talk merely from fear of being made to work.

The tailed dog-apes belonging to the second sub-family, which are frequently characterised as "repulsive caricatures of the human race," are considerably further removed from man; to them belong the long-tailed monkeys (Cercopithecus), baboons, the slender apes (Semnopithecus), and the macacus.

The second great group includes the apes of the new world, the American or Western apes. They have all the bridge of the nose broad, so that their nostrils are directed to the sides, hence their appellation: flat-nosed (Platyrhini). In other respects also they differ essentially from their Eastern relatives; they have a set of thirty-six teeth, and in most cases a characteristic tail, longer than their bodies, which is frequently adapted for seizing hold, and which they use as a fifth and primary hand. To them belong the prehensile-tail apes (Cebides), the howling monkeys (Mycetes), the sapajous (Ateles), and the slack-tails (Pithecidæ).

A small special family, whose development is much lower than that of the above-mentioned apes of the new world, are the clawed or squirrel-monkeys (Hapalides). These have a long, bushy tail; their fore-hands have become transformed into imperfect squirrel-like paws with claws, and only on the hind limbs is a thumb, with a flat Kuppenhagel, that can be directed against the fingers.

The apes of the new world are thus far behind those of the old world.

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Utterly distinct, even from the apes, are the half-apes (Prosimiæ), the spectre-like lemurs, which, it is true, are included by Linné among the genuine apes.

Nowadays the half-apes are entirely separated from the apes, and regarded as forming a distinct family.

This sketch of the natural system within the Primates class drawn up by the zoologists is the expression of the racial affinity of men and apes, and if we desire to define it more accurately we accept the fundamental principle adopted by Huxley. The critical comparison of all the organs, with their modifications, of the ape species, leads us to one and the same result: the anatomical differences which distinguish man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as the differences which separate these anthropoid apes from the lower apes.

If we examine more closely this racial affinity in the light of biological research, and combine with this examination the results of my own and Nuttall's investigations, we arrive at the following interesting conclusion: The serum of a rabbit treated with human blood added to thirty-four different kinds of human blood produces in all cases a strong sediment.

The same serum mixed with eight kinds of blood of anthropoid apes (orang-outang, gorilla, chimpanzee) produced in all the eight cases a sediment almost as strong as in human blood.

The reaction produced by this serum in the blood of dog-apes and long-tailed apes was weaker; of thirty-six different kinds of blood in this group, only four gave a complete reaction, in all the other cases an evident turbidity, which was a long time in appearing, was noticed.

This is the result with the apes of the old world. With the apes of the new world the reaction was still weaker. In this case the same serum added to thirteen kinds of blood of apes belonging to the Cebides group produced no complete reaction, there was no sediment, and only after a considerable time was a slight turbidity noticeable. The same result was obtained with four claw-apes (Hapalides).

The blood of two lemurs did not, according to Nuttall,

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react at all. The result of my investigations, however, was that a slight reaction occurred also in solutions of the blood of lemurs.

If, as we have seen, it must be regarded as a scientifically proven fact that visible expression is given to the blood-relationship among animals by means of the biological reaction, it follows that this universally applicable principle will apply also to relations between man and apes.

As it is an established fact that the serum of a rabbit treated with human blood produces a sediment, not only in human blood, but also in ape's blood, but in no other kind of blood whatever, this is for every scientifically-thinking investigator an absolutely sure proof of the blood-relationship between man and apes. It must, on the basis of the experiments under discussion, in view of the quantitative differences in the result of the biological reaction, be further admitted that there are various close or distant degrees of relationship between man and apes. The anthropoid apes (gorilla, chimpanzee, &c.) in particular are also biologically nearest to man, and the apes of the old world are nearer to man than are the apes of the new world. Nuttall has followed up these congenial relations to the lowest apes of the new world; I have followed them only to the lemurs.

Although the conclusion is not to be drawn from these investigations that man is descended from the anthropoid apes with which we are to-day acquainted, a blood-relationship between man and the apes is certainly proved. This biological proof of the blood-relationship between man and apes is worthy of being placed side by side with all the other proofs yielded by palæontology, comparative anatomy, and the history of evolution; it might, indeed, be justly regarded as the most remarkable and startling proof, as it can be demonstrated to any one *ad oculos* in the re-agent glass.

The doctrine of evolution, as propounded and elaborated by such investigators as Lamarck, Darwin, and Haeckel, thus finds a firm and visible support in biological serum research.

Interesting as these so-called affinity-reactions may be

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from the standpoint of natural science, they are, as it may be imagined, exceedingly embarrassing to forensic medicine. If, for example, the expert is called upon to distinguish between horse's and ass's blood, between sheep's and goat's blood, between human blood and ape's blood, insuperable difficulties present themselves, for we have seen that, *e.g.*, a rabbit treated with human blood yields a serum which produces a sediment also in ape's blood. Although this distinction between human blood and ape's blood plays no *rôle* forensically with us, it might become important in countries where apes are plentiful.

Efforts have been made, hitherto in vain, to discover an incontestable solution to this problem. On the basis of numerous experiments which I have conducted during the present year, and the results of which I have just communicated in a paper read before the seventy-seventh meeting of German Naturalists at Meran, I have succeeded in accomplishing the task in a very simple manner. My investigations proceed from an expert opinion which I was requested to give by the public prosecutor. Early in this year a poacher's walking-stick, on which were blood-stains, was forwarded to me. The man, to whom it belonged, was suspected of having killed a deer and a smaller animal—a hare, rabbit, or fox—and of having carried them away on his stick. He asserted, however, that the stains on the stick were caused by goose's blood. His mother, he said, had killed and hung up several geese; the stick happened to be standing underneath them, and so the blood had dropped on to it. The serum of a rabbit treated with goose's blood when mixed with a solution of the blood on the stick produced no sediment; it was, therefore, not goose's blood. In the same way I proved that it was certainly not deer's or fox's blood. It now remained only to be seen whether it was hare's blood. I must premise that the view has hitherto prevailed that nearly related animals do not re-act on a mutual injection of their blood with the formation of sediments. If, consequently, I desired to prepare a serum to prove the presence of hare's blood I must not use a rabbit,

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which is, of course, closely related to the hare, but an animal in no way related, *e.g.*, a hen. I injected hare's blood, therefore, into hens. These animals now yielded a serum which produced a sediment in hare's blood, but also in rabbit's blood, thus showing the affinity reaction. A distinct reaction also appeared in a solution of the blood from off the stick, but, for the reason just mentioned, I was still unable to decide whether this was hare's blood or rabbit's blood. In spite of the prevailing view that closely related animals do not re-act on a mutual injection of their blood, I now injected hare's blood into rabbits. And these rabbits yielded a serum which reacted only in hare's blood, but not, as could only be expected, to rabbit's blood, *i.e.*, blood of the *same species*. Thus I was then able to establish the fact that the blood on the stick was hare's blood and not rabbit's blood.

By means of these experiments I have discovered a method of distinguishing closely allied kinds of blood. In a similar way I then succeeded in distinguishing hen's blood and pigeon's blood. I was able also to distinguish human blood from ape's blood, by treating apes with human blood. The apes yielded a serum which produced a sediment only in human blood, but not in ape's blood.

We can, therefore, console ourselves with the knowledge that there are fine differences in the composition of the albumen of the blood of men and of apes ; a fact which the opponents of Darwin will most probably turn to account without troubling to criticise. These experiments incite to further research, with a view to ascertaining whether proof cannot be found of the finest distinctions in the albumen of the blood of the various races of animals and of men. I am engaged on such investigations, and hope they will produce results of interests to anthropological research.

PAUL UHLENHUTH.

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MARRIAGE IN THE EAST AND IN THE WEST[1]

THE question of marriage is the one overwhelmingly burning question of womanhood all over the world. It is briefly the one question to which every woman who has ever been born into our world must have given *some* serious consideration at any rate.

Indeed, if we think of the countless generations of women who have been utterly absorbed by the contemplation of marriage, its duties, its pleasures, its general outlook, we are driven to confess that it is surprising how indefinite the conclusions are at which we have arrived. Nearly every nation in the world regards marriage in a different, and often a conflicting, light.

There are a thousand answers to those four words, "What is marriage." But for the purpose of this article let us take it in its legal sense—that is, "the union of man and woman in the relation of husband and wife, as the same may be defined by local law and custom." It is needless to say that this definition can be applied to any connection between the sexes which are approved of or permitted by the immediate environments of that man and woman. Marriage, therefore, has nothing to do with polygamy, polyandry, or monogamy. It is the contract according to custom, and any change in that custom will be reflected in the contract.

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How the primary idea of marriage—that is, of a more or less binding tie in sexual connections—arose, has ever been a puzzle to me, though scientists appear quite satisfied with their own explanations. We are taken back to marriage by capture and bidden to observe various interesting survivals of theft even in our own ceremonies. We are told to go back further still and imagine primitive semi-animal man in a state of sexual promiscuity, and then we are told to watch the gradual upspringing of the idea of marriage through the jealous rage of the males, each eager to keep his prize. As proof of this the learned men point to the jealous rage of the animal world at present. But an instant's consideration will show us that there is no possible parallel between the human and the animal world in sexual matters. In all other life but ours the male only fights for the possession of the female at stated, and often widely separated, seasons. In the intervals he leaves her severely alone. He desires, he has, nothing but a passing claim on her.

In order, therefore, to make this passing claim into a permanent one, something must have occurred in human society to differentiate it from animal society. Jealousy must be made permanent before it could suggest a permanent tie. Therefore we are driven back to still more primitive ages for an explanation.

I have none to offer. It only seems to me far more likely that female jealousy of rivals for whom in the course of nature she was deserted should have suggested to the woman some means of securing permanency; a permanency which, of course, had to be paid for in kind by a voluntary lapse from the sexual rest, which to this day all female animals save woman enjoy.

Such a first step as this is easily deducible from promiscuity. We have but to imagine a remembrance of past freedom, a cavilling against natural restraints, an envy of others more fortunate, and the deed is done. We have a woman permanently attaching a man to herself in defiance of the then known law of nature. We have her—to revert to the

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old legend of all lands—giving him the fruit of the tree of knowledge to eat, by forfeiting the reserve of sex, and so bringing down on her own head the curse of Eve. The curse, so curiously inept viewed in any other light than this—the curse of over-production, of consequent helplessness and dependence, of pain and suffering far beyond the normal, of all the trouble and disease inherent in our over-sexualisation; for permanency could not be reached without undue stimulation of sexual organisation. This, woman brought on herself. And on the world?—the sweat of the brow, the labour of millions who should never have been born.

Many will doubtless disagree with this; but at least, if the second chapter of Genesis is read with this thought in the mind, that thought will bring light to many dark places, and help to account for the universal dread of female influence which is to be found everywhere in human society.

There are many corroborative proofs of this view to which I might draw attention, but I am dealing now with but one result of this deliberate disregard on the woman's part of the law of reserve which is still part of the law of increase amongst animals. I could point out the curious inversion of veto by which man's growing conscience sought solace; I could adduce the well-known periodicity in the birth-rate—even after these untold centuries of licence—which still points to a spring and an autumn season for child-bearing; but I am dealing only of marriage, comparing the Eastern and the Western view of it, and seeking in these two views the ideal element of both.

To begin with, much as we hear of Eastern children married almost before they are born, of Western children brought up absolutely asexual with their brothers, I am inclined to doubt whether the idea of marriage enters more into the one life than the other. It seems to me that this idea of marriage enters quite unconsciously into the life of every girl-baby all over the world from her very birth. She plays with her dolls, she imagines herself a fairy princess, she feels an attraction towards household work. On wet days she can amuse herself while

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her brothers are kicking their heels. In fact, deep down I believe most girl babies at three are even as I was—that is, when in a conclave of children choosing professions, I was asked mine, I replied, "I 'spose I shall be some gemplemin's wife."

And wherefore not? Of course, if we are going to look on marriage as a purely personal pleasure, if love is to be a delirious yielding to enjoyment and personal satisfaction, in either mind or body, the ambition to be some "gemplemin's wife" may not appear to be a very high one. But if marriage is to be a profession, what then? And marriage is a most—*the* most—honourable profession in the world for a woman, and it has this advantage. It is a close profession for women. Man cannot enter into it. There is no profession of married man. As he was before marriage, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, clergyman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief, so he remains after it. He may tack the epithet "married" before his name if he choose, but marriage can never be to him what it is to the woman; for marriage is the cradle of the race, and woman rocks that cradle.

But is this estimate of marriage the one which obtains in our western society of to-day? Scarcely. I do not indeed believe that this view of it is ever put plainly before our young girls. So far as I can see their education is—perhaps it is rightly so—absolutely asexual. The only point of cleavage comes about fourteen years of age, when, out of school hours, the girl turns instinctively to love stories and the boy to tales of adventure.

Of course, at this period it is quite inevitable that Nature should be awakening in the girl thoughts and desires which are not exactly the same as those in a boy's mind; yet, so far as I am aware, we pay no attention in our education to this fact, but leave the young aspirant to womanhood to find such guidance as she may need in the pages of books *pour la jeune fille*. Books, that is, in which love is a mysterious, scarcely to be spoken of, divinity, where kisses are plentiful, and the not impossible resulting infant is left out of the equation altogether

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as being in some occult way indecent. Such is our education for those who, if the right man only turns up, will *without one exception* leave other professions gladly to follow the ancient woman's calling of wifehood and motherhood. What does she know about either? Nothing!

She has never been taught to inquire of herself simply and, naturally whether the man whom she proposes to marry is likely to play his part well to the race. Yet that should ever be the very first question in marriage. "Will he be a good father to his children?" contains practically the whole duty of man and woman in marriage; that is, if we consider marriage in its legal aspect. And I must confess that I see no reason at all why any other meaning should be attached to it. Spiritual affinity, mental companionship, friendship, any tie you choose, may exist in marriage, but marriage is independent of such ties.

In the West, therefore, the marriageable girl has, as her ideal of women, a human being of equal rights with man; mistress of her own sex as he is master of his. She is therefore free to use that sex as she chooses. She holds it in fee simple, and has a right, if she wishes, to go down to the grave unmarried, though by doing so she withholds from the world its immortality, and perhaps limits its vast possibilities. The message which the angel of the Annunciation brought to the Divine Mother finds no echo in her ears. She is not instinct with the thought that by her a Saviour may come into the world. For it must not be forgotten that, if we believe in evolution, the greatest poet, painter, musician, statesman, teacher—the greatest man or woman, in short, has still to be born.

She has been taught also from her babyhood that she has a right to monopolise the whole body and soul of the man she marries. She can claim his entire love. Now I am not going to attempt to define this love. It is a mysterious something over and above mere sexual attraction, over and above mere friendship, over and above approbation, and over and above

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duty. She has been taught (chiefly, I admit, by authoresses like myself) to consider this love the sole sanctifier of marriage. I have conscientiously tried to find out from the contemporary literature generally read by the Western girl of, say, eighteen to discover the teaching in regard to the advent of this mysterious something. It is varied and somewhat conflicting. Being pulled in a dripping state out of a pool appears to be efficacious in inducing love; on the other hand, being snatched as a brand from the burning is equally provocative. On the whole, one may predicate that, having your life saved in any way, renders you liable to the infection. Young men who turn up unexpectedly, who run against you in the street, or pick up your purse, are also highly infective. Those who quarrel with your papa or inherit a vendetta against your blood relations are also distinctly dangerous. But the persons who snub each other at first sight, and continue to do so for three parts of the book, until towards the end they lapse into kisses, are the most numerous of all.

We may take it granted, then, that it is safer to begin with a little aversion. Once, however, love has come, all writers agree that any attempt to combat it is not only wrong but useless. It is a fine thing to defy prudence and marry the man of your heart. After all, you have only yourself to please. Armed with this conviction, the Western girl of eighteen keeps her weather eye open for love. Nothing but love will induce her to give up her freedom: without it, marriage is for her no marriage at all. If she is a good girl she will aim high. She has been taught that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and she will tolerate no lower standard of morals than her own in the man she is prepared to love. She may, she often does, live on for years—perhaps for ever—unsatisfied, for she never finds the man whom it will give her personal rapture to marry.

When she does find him, especially if she finds him young, there are still many other things which contribute to her pleasurable anticipations for the new life. The husband, of

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course, stands first as an agreeable novelty, but the new house, the new position, the new liberty, run him very close.

She goes to that house full of high hopes. She has herself chosen everything, she has even been consulted as to the colour of the bridegroom's tie. She is eager over her household duties, especially the little dinners and lunches at which her efforts will be admired; she looks forward to endless outings with "her boy," and if in these latter days there lurks deep down a vague hope that motherhood may not come over soon to interfere with these pleasures one can only be thankful—that it is not frankly on the surface!

She goes briefly to marriage as she would go to the theatre, expecting to be happy, interested, amused.

It is rather instructive, meanwhile, to consider how flatly Western law denies this attitude of the Western woman.

She proclaims love to be the only real tie in marriage, *it* asserts that, so long as the mere sexual contract is binding, love may go by the board.

She may refuse to be companion, helpmeet, friend; she may neglect her husband's house, his children, and play skittles with his money and his reputation; she may even refuse to be the mother of children, and he has no redress. She stands immune on the rock of her sex. So long as that contract is unimpaired all the other grievances are nothing worth.

It is a curious antagonism between faith and works, and it is responsible for much that is unsatisfactory in Western marriages. Lucky is it that pure affection follows on marriage in most normally healthy folk, else the Divorce Court would be fuller even than it is. Father is occasionally very trying, especially when the cook is under notice or the girls want new dresses, but—after all—he is father, and so, contrary to teaching, contrary to faith and belief, the Western marriage assimilates itself to the Eastern one.

For from the very beginning this idea of fatherhood consecrates the Eastern bride to the service of the race. I concede, at once and unreservedly, that the Eastern woman falls as far

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from her ideal of marriage as the Western one rises above it, but as I have tried to give fairly a sketch of what that Western ideal is, I will try to do the same for the East.

From the very first, then, the girl-baby is brought up sexually—that is to say, if her sex permits her to live at all! I will give in female infanticide—it is one way of avoiding the spinster peril, but it is not, on the whole, a desirable way. This girl-baby then is married, or rather betrothed, before she can talk, and is thereinafter taught to lisp curses on any one who shall supplant her in her future husband's affection. But all this, though very shocking, is not, I would point out, in the bond. The *swayambara*, or maiden's choice, only lingers, it is true, in the ancient literature of India, but there can be no doubt that it forms an intrinsic part of the Indian ideal which can scarcely be understood without this public choice. It must have been a pretty sight, this *swayambara*, with the girl's wise eyes frankly criticising her accredited suitors, of whose standing and character she had already satisfied herself. Only the personal choice remained, and that was made simply, unashamedly.

This choice, however, does not now obtain, and the bride seldom sees her future husband till the betrothal, which is as binding as the marriage, is over, though I am bound to say that the custom works out exceedingly well in practice. Indeed, before we condemn it utterly as wantonly cruel, we must take into account the ideal of perfect womanhood which has been set before the girl from her very birth, and which I will now try to explain. I must begin by saying that it appears to me a very high one indeed.

The ideal, then, of the East is that true woman is not the equal of man. She cannot, indeed, be so, since the man and the woman together form the perfect human being to whose guardianship is entrusted the immortality of the race. She cannot either claim to be mistress of her own sex, or say that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,

Her chastity, she sees, is of infinitely greater importance to

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the home, the family, than is man's, and she accepts this limitation, thereby recognising the supreme importance of her own position.

To the true woman marriage is a necessity, a duty. Not to marry, is wilfully to murder the possibility of life. But to her there is no question of love or monopoly. The sole sanctifier of her union is the resulting child. The real tie between husband and wife lies in their fatherhood, their motherhood. Therefore it follows that if she has no children she has one of two courses open to her.

She must either follow Sara's example and bring a more fortunate handmaiden to her lord, and, unlike Sara, cherish the children as her own, or she must live apart, yield up her first place in hearth and home, in prayer and offering, thereby ending that close spiritual union with her husband, which is in itself a sufficient proof of the ideally high position accorded to women, in theory at any rate, by Hinduism. For neither the prayer nor the offering of a man is complete without his wife taking her part in it.

Marriage has never been presented to her as a personal matter—still less as a personal pleasure. It is a duty to the unborn; a duty which involves much self-restraint on both husband and wife. To the wife, because she voluntarily dedicates her sex to the race; to the husband, because he is taught that the woman who is handing on his immortality, stands in the same relation to him as his mother, and must be treated with absolute respect.

Thus, while the Western bride goes to her husband's house as she would to a theatre, expecting to be interested and amused, the Eastern one goes as a nun goes to the cloister—voluntarily self-dedicated to duty. For her there is no new freedom; the rather a restriction of liberty. There is not even a new house, a new position. Her sole gain is the extremely doubtful pleasures of a husband whom she has not chosen, perhaps not even seen! Of a mother-in-law who may, for all she knows, be a hard task-mistress. It does not sound exactly exhilarating

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to Western ears, but then, as I have mentioned before, Eastern marriage is no question of personal liking or disliking, no question even of spiritual affinities, mutual companionship, monetary convenience, jolly chumship, or anything of that sort. It is simply a question of the race, its purity, its preservation. To this end also the whole complex structure of caste has been designed; for caste may be called a table of affinities. With us this table forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister; in India it enforces forbearance in regard to many people's sisters; for a man may not, cannot, marry any one he fancies.

Now, if we come to compare these two ideals of marriage, the Eastern and the Western, even if we do not approve, we must at least admit that the former claims the greater amount of self-abnegation. It lies altogether on a higher plane, so far at least as marriage *qua* marriage goes—that is the legalised union of man and woman.

But it will be said this is only the ideal. What is it in practice? Are Indian wives happy?

As a rule, I should say they are. It is not exactly what one would expect to find. But then who would expect to find a Great Moghul building that eighth wonder of the world, the Taj, to the memory of a wife who died in giving birth to her thirteenth child? But behind this question of happiness which, to us, appears so very important, lies the fact that—to, at any rate, the ideal of the East—personal happiness is *not* an integral part of marriage. I wish to insist on this, because it will show at a glance how impossible it is for us to apply our own notions of what things *should* be to the lives of those who have a different standpoint altogether.

Without asserting or predicating right or wrong, the fact remains that—until Western ideas began to creep in to their education—a very large majority of Indian women were quite content to accept a husband whom they had never seen.

This may seem in itself a terrible proof of their slavish subjection, but I am by no means sure whether they would

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not also find terrible proofs of our slavish subjection in our social custom. It is conceivable, indeed, that if some few hundred Eastern mothers-in-law of the uttermost utmost type, were to descend on England with a view to its conversion in a similar manner to the way our unmarried Mission ladies do on India—that is, full of sympathy born of their own needs, full of reprobation born of their own ideal—they would find quite as much, say in London, at which to hold up holy hands of horror as we do, say, in Calcutta and Bombay. While were they to go into our country towns and villages, they would find far more to deprecate than we can possibly do in rural India, where life remains singularly pure, singularly simple.

The intolerable indignity of a woman's position generally, prey as she is to familiarities, to coarse words in the streets, to gigglings and screechings in corners, even to her husband's or lover's public endearments, would shock them utterly. For there is nothing of that sort to be seen in India. Vice may thrive, but it is silent. Except in the bad-character bazaars, and even there but seldom, there is nothing to suggest sex in an Indian city. The horse-play of hooligans, the open challenge of Tam-o-Shanter girls, the ticklings and titterings of 'Arry and 'Arriet, are alike unknown. There is outward decency at least, and that is great gain.

Then the flaunting abroad of girls claiming attention by their dress, ready to rouse elemental passions in all and sundry —if all and sundry are foolish enough to be so roused—while they smile securely, amusing themselves, would be terrible.

That is not the woman's portion. If she spends hours over her dress it must be for the father of her children, to attract him. The drunken husbands, slatternly wives, miserably neglected children would all be an offence indeed, while the fact of a bride having often to work hard instead of being set free from care would seem real cruelty. Last, but not least, the solitude of home life, and the husband's incessant claim on his wife, would be great hardships.

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To us, on the other hand, it seems horrible to be screened, secluded, shut out from all outside pleasure; and, above all, only to share a husband with other wives.

This is the crucial point. It gives the final thrust home to all opponents of Eastern marriage, for there is supposed to be no parry to it.

Theoretically there may be none to us; to the Eastern woman there is this. She has never been taught to attach so much importance *per se* to her sexual relations with her husband that a loss of monopoly should strike her as a degradation.

In practice, moreover, polygamy is not the rule but an exception, and amongst certain races a very rare exception. To begin with, it is a most expensive luxury; for the first wife can claim to live in a separate house. She can even claim her dower in some cases, and so get quit of her husband altogether. Then, though it may seem strange that this should be so, the tie between an Eastern husband and his wife is often a most sentimental one. I have known a man send hundreds of miles to his wife's home in the far-away hills for a bunch of fragrant polyanthus narcissus to present to his sick wife, after the custom of his country on New Year's day, and I have seen many a husband and wife, after bearing the heat and the burden of the day of child-bearing and child-rearing, and money-earning was over, leave all this behind them to the younger generation, and go forth, mentally at any rate, into the wilderness hand in hand, there to meditate and pray and spend the remainder of their lives in austerities. For take it as you may, admit many terrible fallings away from the ideal, that ideal remains, that the Hindu husband and wife are together the perfected human being.

This is an ideal which polygamy does not touch. As I have said, except in the case in which marriage fails to bring children, it is extremely rare to find more than one wife even in rich houses, and even when this is so, the first wife's position remains as it was. The very ceremony of a second marriage is different; practically it is a marriage, theoretically it is not so.

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And where there are no children? What then? One can but speak from one's own personal feelings, one's own personal experience, and I feel that I would far rather have the look I have seen on many a childless woman's face in India—a look of perfect peace, content, confidence, affection, as she watches her husband playing with the children which her unselfishness has honestly given into his life, than I would have the look on many an English wife's, who, childless herself, is beset by fears lest solace might be found elsewhere, or who is at least jealous and miserable at every glance of kindness her husband may cast at a child.

That, however, is only a personal feeling, which may largely be due to the fact that I have had experience of many happy households where she who is practically the wife is not the mother of the children. I admit that I cannot imagine the system answering in the West. We are monopolists by nature and education, so sexual jealousy is spiritual as well as corporeal. Our husbands may not even seek mental relaxation in another, we must have them body and soul.

Such is not the ideal of the East. And yet the woman lacks no power thereby. As every one by this time is aware, her legal position is in many ways a better one than that of her Western sister. We had to pass a Married Women's Property Act. In India from time immemorial the marriage of a woman has brought no right over her goods and chattels. Her very position as a widow remains inviolate. Then her personal power is great, in some cases overwhelmingly so.

The men of India are—poor souls!—the most henpecked in the world. They, especially the Mahomedans, make a brave show; they may even, should they have some slight knowledge of English, stigmatise their women-folk as "poor ignorant idiots"; but once behind the purdah in the women's apartments Bob Acres' courage is stable in comparison with theirs. I know no more pitiable object on this earth than an elderly Turk having his beard dyed blue by his female relations! Fatma and Ayesha wink at each other while the other wives

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look on, and when the farce is over they retire to the cupboard and lock themselves up and give him the key with strict injunctions to be home punctually and not to look in at the club! Of course, there are exceptions, but the general form of home rule is feminine despotism veiled by a slavish subserviency in trivial details. How far this may go towards pure power few have any conception. A houseful of Indian women —the idle women of the towns, for in the country they do a lion's share of the field work beside their husbands and brothers— is simply an engine for the production of what the men-folk call helplessly "woman's law"; that is a code of conduct, ceremony, etiquette, observances to comply with which would tax the resources of a Japanese General! The wretched men-folk of such houses, ere they go forth, or when they return, have to submit to pattings and sprinklings, tying of knots and smearings, and may count themselves lucky if, concealed about them, they have not to carry to office or workshop as a talisman for luck the most incongruous and sometimes revolting things, such as the half-chewed morsel of dough cake on which baby has cut his first tooth.

Western marriage does not reduce men to such straits as this, despite its monopoly. But in this vein I could point out some advantages in polygamy. It must be a distinct relief only to have to order the dinner in turns, and the idea of giving cook notice when you were off duty is distinctly attractive.

There is one point, however, which in the West is nowadays bound up in marriage to which I have not alluded as yet. I mean divorce. With our yearly lengthening lists in the court we, at least, cannot afford to ignore it! How stands the case in India? Amongst two-thirds of the approximate 800,000,000 divorce is impossible. The Hindu religion forbids it—or rather does not take it into consideration. It is beyond practical politics. Marriage is no transitory tie. It is one for everlasting. Amongst the remaining one-third divorce is possible, but rare. The fixing of a high dowry at

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the time of marriage, which dowry has only to be paid by the husband in the event of a divorce, has a very sobering effect—upon the husband. And a man can, if his wife annoys him, always console himself legally. I have in my own experience known a dowry of, roughly speaking, £200 fixed when the bridegroom was only in receipt of some £6 a year. And as the right to this *huk mahar*, as it is called, is one that can be enforced in our courts, it is naturally conducive to good conduct. It is briefly, a heavy fine which the wife has always the right to impose. In addition to this, as I have mentioned before, in the case of another wife being brought into the house, the first one has a right to claim a separate establishment.

Now, in this comparison between marriage in the East and the West, I hold no brief for the former. My aim has been to point out that its ideals, even its practice, cannot, or ought not to, be dismissed as unworthy of our consideration. With a lengthening divorce list, a diminishing birth-rate, some of us Western women, at any rate, are beginning to ask ourselves if our marriage can be the ultimate dictum on the vexed question of union between the sexes. Is mere sexual attraction—for whether we look on love as divine or as some mysterious chemical transmutation of particles which should go towards the making of a new compound, love resolves itself to this when considered in the light of marriage—a sufficient safeguard of the race, or are the contracting parties bound to consider the resulting children as the first, almost the only, point to be considered?

Not long ago, I was expounding my views to a very charming young woman—a wife and a mother—who laughingly replied: "That would not suit us. My husband and I are looking forward with delight to leaving the children with their nurse for two months while we enjoy ourselves quite alone together abroad."

Now I do not know what the Western woman may call this; but no Eastern woman would dream of calling this

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marriage. She would quietly, simply, and without emotion, call it quite another name, which, pleasant enough in its way, has nothing to do with the self-renunciation of sex which is the true woman's portion in this world, but by which her immortality is carried on from generation to generation.

F. A. Steel.

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DO OUR GIRLS TAKE AN INTEREST IN LITERATURE?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION

I AM convinced of the fact that there is at this moment no reasonable person living who will dispute the statement that for a fight to be fair there should be two evenly matched opposing forces. That is to say, apparently evenly matched, since, the fight being over, one side is bound to prove itself the superior, unless, as in rare instances, neither side gains upon the other and a tie is proclaimed.

As a general rule, the British public is very ready to fight and loves above all things to show what it is pleased to call the "party spirit" in any particular matter on which its interest is aroused. We have but to watch a football match, a university boat-race, a polo match, or such a momentous affair as a "general election," to see at a glance how it loves to take its respective "sides" and to champion them at all costs.

Our newspapers realise to the full this national trait, and to please their reading public they vie with one another in starting a continuous series of discussions, varying from a question of such depth as "Do we Believe?" to something as purely ephemeral as "Are our Daughters better or worse Housewives than our Grandmothers were?" Their readers are delighted and each one who is capable of penning a readable letter rises to the bait, and gives forth through the medium of his favourite organ, be it the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*, his views upon the

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matter in question, wherewith he hopes greatly to impress all who dare to entertain contrary ideas. Of course he fails miserably; no person was ever yet influenced by reading a letter from his opponent in any matter, but this does not hinder the discussion, and it continues and flourishes, until, from sheer want of new ideas, it dies a natural death, probably having first passed through a chequered life of at least two months, having done no one any good, no one any harm, beyond arousing many vain fits of impotent rage, and having at least served the purpose of affording several hours of real amusement to those persons sufficiently logical as to refrain from taking part in it.

It sometimes happens that a discussion of this kind is manifestly unfair and one-sided. What, for instance, is to occur when an indignant parent begins such an argument as "Do Games take up too much of the time of our Public School Boys?"

In this case, the people interested are usually the various parents of the kingdom, and the boys themselves, the latter backed up by a few tutors and schoolmasters, who often find themselves too busy and too superior to take up an argumentative pen.

The average British parent is nothing if not wordy—I will not say eloquent—and on a subject of this kind he will write both lengthily and vehemently. With the son the matter is different. He is usually incapable of continuous, logical thought, and even if he can say what he means, he cannot often write it in English sufficiently like Webster or Nuttall to make, the editor of the paper in which the discussion is running take notice of his loud appeal to justice. Occasionally, of course, an eloquent sixth-former rises into the glory of print and thus voices his woes, but his case is rare indeed, and more often his cause dies an unchampioned death, and paterfamilias says his say uncontradicted and therefore arrogantly.

Now, if the British schoolboy is incapable of fighting on paper, his sister is even more so, so that when attacked she is

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in a peculiarly defenceless and annoying predicament. It is to attempt to voice some of the speechless indignation of the schoolgirl, and her continuation into the youthful damsel of to-day that I now take up my pen. For years her wrath has been simmering, fed by constant taunts and exasperating one-sided treatises, until now it has reached the limit of endurance, and, to continue the metaphor, is veritably boiling over.

This is the cause of her righteous indignation. She is told in a variety of magazines and newspapers, from some humble and comparatively unknown one, to that tower of greatness, *The Nineteenth Century*, that she "reads chiefly rubbish and does not know her Standard Authors." And all this because she has no champion, and because only one side of the question, as far as I am aware, has as yet been touched upon.

I have no desire to contradict anything that has been said. I am certain that the writer in *The Nineteenth Century* is perfectly correct in all her statements, and that even more deplorable cases of ignorance than those she has cited could be disclosed by the thousand if one took the trouble to look for them. I say the same for all the other writers who have bemoaned the degenerate taste in literature of the British Maiden, but I must add this fact, they have studied but one side of the question and left the other entirely alone; and, because of this, are we to sit still and imagine pessimistically that our future trainers of the generations that are to continue our glorious Empire are nourished and fed upon *Home Chat*, *The Family Herald*, *Answers*, or the latest sensational, melodramatic, third-rate novel?—all doubtless suitable from their own points of view, but inadequate as diet for the mind, as would be an unvaried feast of *méringues*, or *éclairs* to the physical body. Certainly not, so let us put on our optimistic spectacles and take a survey of the girls who do not read only rubbish, and who, after all, form an astonishingly large percentage of our juvenile, feminine community.

Now, I consider that the most unsuitable argument brought

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forward by the other side to my own is that, "our girls do not read the Standard Authors."

"Standard Authors," what a term is this! embracing as it does Voltaire and Charlotte Young, Tolstoi and Dickens, Maeterlinck and Lamb, Thackeray and Ibsen, Milton and Rossetti (I have purposely chosen pairs of opposites so as to show the illimitable differences contained in this term). How can the average girl be expected to take an interest in all?; even if time enough were at her disposal, can we suppose that her individual tastes would allow her to take pleasure in the perusal of the varied works of such a multitudinous throng? Certainly we cannot, and it is to the ignoring of individual tastes in authors that so much misunderstanding on this matter of efficiency in literature is due. We are all, schoolmistresses in particular, so fond of drawing up schemes of literary courses to be gone through, and favourite authors to be studied by our girls, that we overlook the fact of their likes and dislikes almost entirely.

I remember only recently listening to the complaints of an estimable, but illogical lady—a B.A. by the way—who keeps a large private school. "Their ignorance is appalling," she declared sadly, "and they" (speaking of her particular schoolgirls) "do not seem even to want to learn. Would you believe it, I read them Lamb's essay on 'Roast Pig' last Saturday, at the same time noting the beauty of his style as an essayist. When I had finished I asked Gladys how she liked it—you know she generally is very outspoken. Her answer astonished me."

"I think it is disgusting," she said quite rudely, "and I can't understand why Lamb wrote such rubbish."

I smiled. This little contretemps gave me such insight into my friend's methods. She had entirely forgotten the fact that Gladys was a vegetarian, as were all her relatives, and that the essay in question could but annoy the child. Furthermore, had she taken the trouble, as I did myself afterwards, she could have discovered that Gladys knew all "Macaulay's

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Lays" by heart, that her most treasured possession was a volume of Tennyson's Poems, and that her favourite novel was "The Caxtons."

"I love Milton," said a girl of sixteen to me one day. "'Paradise Lost' is better than anything I ever read before."

"Why?" I asked quickly; I wished to hear her reasons.

"Because," continued Marion blushingly, "you know when I went in for the 'Senior Cambridge,' we took 'Kings' for 'Old Testament Scripture,' and I got honours in it. Well, Milton mentions all about those old kings of Israel and Judah, and he is so beautifully correct."

Now listen to the reverse of this taste.

"I can't stand Milton's longer works. How any one can read them I don't know!" said another girl to me, a delicate, pretty maiden of nineteen.

"Why?" I asked again. I was all agog and thirsting for information on this opposite side to the question.

"Why! Because he writes blank verse, and can't manage it well like Shakespeare does, he is so unpoetical. Now, listen, this is what I like."

She drew from a shelf near at hand a volume of Keats, and opening its well-worn pages, read slowly and sweetly the first verses of the immortal "Ode to the Nightingale." "They cannot be equalled," she said as she closed the book again. "They are just perfect."

I agreed that indeed they were.

Now, in all common justice, can these girls be called illiterate? Gladys, who dislikes Lamb, and this one who hates Milton? Most certainly not. They have merely shown their own individuality of taste, and for this they should be praised, not blamed.

A young friend of mine has just had the good fortune to accompany an uncle on a voyage round the world. She has not a reputation for being clever, and yet she is an omnivorous reader, and her mind is well stored with many choice gems from her favourite authors.

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She took me to see her pretty new clothes before packing them for the voyage. I admired them duly. They were very sweet, and I knew how charming she would look in them. As I lifted some dainty muslin blouses to examine them more closely, I was astonished to find some hard, solid substances folded within them.

"My books," said my friend smilingly. "I could not leave my pets behind for so long."

Then she drew them out and showed them to me.

"Dear old 'Bacon!' I love his essays. 'Emerson,' he's a bit high-flown, but I am getting to understand him. 'Keats' and 'Shelley?' I like 'Keats' best, he's younger in his style, but I love 'The Ode to the Skylark.' 'Omar Khayyam,' I know him all by heart, at least this edition. Don't you think the various translations are muddling? I do, but I adore Omar, he's so human. 'Robert Browning.' I like 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' tremendously, don't you? And all his short poems. I am afraid I don't know the long ones properly."

"Elizabeth, Browning, she's very sweet, especially her sonnets. I like sonnets."

And this, if you please, is what our pessimists would have us believe is non-existent in our decadent age! Small wonder that the fury of the British maiden is excessive when she smarts under the grossly unjust accusations that are brought against her.

Of course, I am not speaking now of children under the age of fifteen. They, I agree, are totally ignorant of the worth of "Standard Authors" beyond a few stray volumes read in the holidays and learned with diligence at school, but then they are intensely occupied with other things. It is impossible to soar to excessive poetry while you are mastering the intricacies of analysis, or the harrowing details of recurring decimals, and even "The Last Words of David," exquisite though they be, lose much of their literary value when you remember, in learning them, that every syllable uttered wrongly means a loss of one mark and consequent descent in your class. No, I fail to

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see how a literary sense can be cultivated until a firm foundation of knowledge has been laid whereon to build, and I tremble to think of the result of an enforced diet of "The Canterbury Tales," "The Faerie Queen," and "Marmion" upon a class as yet ignorant of the elements of English composition.

The average girl, I find, will turn with avidity to the joys of literature, when once she has a foundation to build upon, but not before. Then it is a relief to her, but before it would have merely added to her sense of mental congestion.

In a wisely conducted school well known to me, only girls of certain attainments are allowed to enter the Literature Class. True, they have learned some half-dozen of Shakespeare's plays thoroughly, mastered most of Scott's poems, and been grounded in elementary knowledge concerning such people as the Venerable Bede, Dean Swift, Addison, and others of like fame, but of real literature they know nothing. Suddenly a new world bursts upon them and they revel in it. They find limitless pleasures in "The Idylls of the King," "The Ring and the Book," "Religio Medici," "John Inglesant," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Endymion," and a hundred other favourites. And in this wisely taught school none is, having arrived at years of discretion, forced to read authors she has no sympathy with. Does a girl dislike Tennyson, she is asked to study Browning; if he be not to her taste she is told of the beauties of Matthew Arnold, of Southey, of Longfellow. She need not despair because she does not like one; she will like others, and she finds she does. Among some of the girls of this school there is a ceaseless rivalry for literary knowledge.

"I will bet you half a crown," says one enterprising damsel to another, "I can learn 'In Memoriam' all through before you can."

"I won't take it," says the other laughing, "you're such a terror for learning, but I'll take it on 'The Grammarian's Funeral.'"

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"Done," says the first. "We'll begin at once, I can learn some while I brush my hair to-night; it won't take long to finish it."

I may add that bets of this kind are so common that frequently six or seven poems a term are learned in this enthusiastic fashion, and well remembered for quoting purposes afterwards.

Usually every school has a few authors it dislikes with an almost religious fervour. In my own school days the following came under our ban and remained there: Jane Austen, Scott, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Milton, George Eliot, Coleridge, Charlotte Young.

This may seem a curious list, but we had our reasons for disliking the authors, and those reasons may amuse not a few, therefore I set them down, so as to remind the grown-ups of the excessively strong feelings schoolgirls may entertain on literary matters.

Jane Austen was hated because her heroines were given to fainting, and her books dealt with such humdrum experiences.

Dickens, because of the vulgarity of his language. It was our lot to be obliged to read aloud from one of his works during our drawing lesson, and to the shy and modest mind of a young girl this was frequently an exceedingly unpleasant experience which necessitated many blushes.

Milton was disliked on account of his incessant allusions to classical persons of whom we knew nothing, and on the subject of which we could not always obtain satisfactory information.

Coleridge came under the ban of our displeasure on account of his indifferent treatment of his wife and family, and also because "The Ancient Mariner" had caused us many a nightmare in our youth.

Scott did not interest us, since we were none of us fond of history, though geography was our great joy. Doubtless, had his romances dealt with discoveries on the face of our planet we should have loved them.

Thackeray, I confess, we were grossly unfair to. Having

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read "Vanity Fair," and conceived an intense dislike for the character of Becky Sharp, we unanimously refused to peruse any more of his works.

George Eliot harrowed our impressionable feelings so seriously with the description of the woes of Hetty, that we refused to entertain the idea of a further acquaintance with her works.

Charlotte Young we disliked for various reasons, one being that her religious views seemed to us peculiarly narrow! I may add that our excellent principal had always inculcated the broadest of religious views into our own minds and we had the greatest horror of anything approaching narrowness.

Enough has been said of school-girls and their attainments. Let us now turn from them for a moment to the girls who have left school, and who are still quite young.

In front of me lies a small, black note-book belonging to one such, and in it is written a list of books read by her during the year. Listen to it, ye who have lost faith in the perceptive power of the British girl, and withdraw your accusations! The list is too long to be given in detail, but I give a portion of it here.

Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; "Pelléas et Mélisande," by Maeterlinck; "Les Aveugles," by Maeterlinck; "La Vie des Abeilles," by Maeterlinck; "L'Intruse," by Maeterlinck; part of "The Odes of Confucius"; part of "The Egyptian Book of the Dead"; "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," by Victor Hugo; "The Ring and the Book," by R. Browning; Life of Balzac; Life of Voltaire; Life of Beaumarchais; Life of Burne-Jones; Life of William Morris; Rossetti's Poems; "The Bhagavad Gîtâ": S'ádi's "Rose-Garden"; "Omar Khayyam"; "Nathan der Weise," by Lessing; "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," by Schiller.

I need not continue. Many more are in the list, which astonishes me by the varied assortment it contains. I asked my young friend if she never read light literature.

"Oh yes," she said. "I love to be made to laugh. I

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revel in 'Punch,' and 'The Just So Stories,' and Jerome's books, and 'Alice in Wonderland,' and anything really funny."

"But how did you come to want to read some of these books I see mentioned here?"

"Oh, I heard of them, and I wanted to read them and not be ignorant; one is always hearing of things. For instance, I went to see *Man and Superman*, and you know the clever chauffeur in the play mentions Beaumarchais. I had never heard of Beaumarchais, so, when I went home I got his 'Life' out of the library, and read all about him. I am reading 'Le Barbier de Seville' now. It is so amusing."

"But do you never read novels?"

"Oh yes, a few, just those I feel interested in. I read the reviews. The man who reviews for the *Daily Telegraph* has just my taste, and if he likes a book very much I try and get it."

"Which of the recent novels do you like best?"

"I think 'The Garden of Allah' is perfect. It is as good as 'John Inglesant' and 'Notre Dame de Paris,' and they are my favourites of all. Then I like 'Vivien' and 'The Secret Woman' very much, they are so well written."

I must confess that when I continued my questions I found that this girl had never seen a book by Jane Austen, only read one of Dickens' works, did not like Scott, was not aware of any such person as Mrs. Gaskell. So that had she been set to answer the questions in literature mentioned in the *Nineteenth Century* article, she would have fared badly. Yet think of all those valuable works she had read, and with which she was unusually well acquainted, and you will see that her knowledge of literature was no farce, but was deep and well grounded.

I know of one girl who saved her meagre pocket-money for a whole term in order to buy a cheap edition of "Paradise Lost"; of another who buys "Somebody's Encyclopædia" out of her very inadequate dress allowance, so that she may gain much coveted knowledge; of yet another—and she is

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only ten—who performed an astonishing amount of sustained work in order to possess a copy of some of Tennyson's poems, including "The Lady of Shalott," which poem she declares to be her "favourite out of everything."

When I think of these and many others, I feel decidedly cheerful concerning the outlook for literature in our schools, and I earnestly hope there are many others who also can honestly view this side of the question.

Of course there are very, very few girls who, without any encouragement or telling, will study standard authors; but on the other hand, I have scarcely ever found one who could not be interested and made to love real reading. I believe that the hunting up of similar passages in different authors is one of the best exercises for creating a love of literature and awakening the perceptive powers.

I well remember a dear old master, whose class I was privileged to enter when about sixteen, and he used this method greatly. He would read a passage; one in particular I recall. We had been going through a course on "In Memoriam," and he had been pointing out to us some of Tennyson's ideas on death. At the close of the lesson he read slowly:

> And from his ashes may be made
> The violet of his Native Land.

"Now girls, I want you to find me a similar idea in any of the works of any other author."

This meant work, but we determined to do our best, and our excitement when we found anything suitable was tremendous. I know that I was the fortunate discoverer of the passage in *Hamlet*,

> From her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring,

and my joy did not subside until I had had the pleasure of detailing this find to the master himself at our next lesson.

Before I close, I should like to mention another accusation that is brought constantly against the modern girl—that her conversation is all of dress and nothing else.

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This is by no means true. That she likes dress, and very rightly, there can be no doubt, but she does not confine her conversation to that subject. Far from it!

A few weeks ago, while travelling on the North London Railway from Hampstead Heath to Richmond, I had the pleasure of overhearing a conversation which made me long to possess a phonograph, so greatly did I desire that it should be recorded for the benefit of my pessimistic literary friends. The conversers were two young, nicely dressed girls of—I should judge—about twenty-two years. As they sat near me and talked away happily, careless of listeners, I could not help being interested.

"Wasn't it nice of father to give me 'Shelley'?" said the one, beginning the conversation.

"Very. I want him myself badly. I have a 'Keats,' you know, and I learn bits of him by heart. Don't you like 'Isabella' immensely? And, of course, the 'Ode to the Nightingale'?"

"Yes, rather. Now, can you tell me how those lines go on, 'Where but to think is to be full of sorrow——'"

The other repeated the entire verse.

"Ah, I knew you could. They have been worrying me all night. Now I think I can say them myself."

She repeated them slowly, and with pauses, while the other smiled and was ready to correct.

"Now, that is right. I like those lines, and do you know Browning's 'Epilogue to Asolando'? because I want to say a bit of it to you if you do."

"Yes, go on."

Again the lines were repeated, and quite correctly; the friend looked pleased, and said so, then their minds wandered. The first began again.

"Do you remember how we quarrelled about Omar? You said he was a Sufi; you had read it somewhere. I knew he wasn't, and Hugo agrees with me."

Ah, here was a new interest! Who was Hugo, I wondered? But the second girl answered, and I listened.

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"I think all the different translators make poor old Omar's religious views to vary," she said meditatively, "and it pleases me to think he was a Sufi. I like the Sufis immensely."

I cannot continue this fascinating dialogue, but all I can say is, that it lasted till the train entered Richmond Station, and it was entirely literary from beginning to end, with the exception of the last sentence. "Oh, by-the-bye," said the taller and better-looking of the two girls, as she left the train, "mind you try and match the lace for me at So-and-so's next time you are there."

"Of course, I will," said the other somewhat plaintively. "Do I usually forget?"

"No dear, never."

At this I found myself walking away from my interesting companions. True, they had had their bit of dress to finish up with, but very little, and the rest of the conversation had been worthy of a Paris salon.

With them let us leave the subject, and rest assured that at least some of our future women are not as foolish and uneducated as many would have us believe, and let us all exert ourselves to the utmost to see that the more stupid ones may profit by their good example.

MARGARITA YATES.

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PLANT-GROWING WITH ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

ALTHOUGH prophesy is proverbially unwise, it is safe to say that this twentieth century will eclipse all past ones in the advancement of human civilisation. Little more than half a decade of the hundred years has slipped away, yet this short time has been so crowded with triumphs of discovery and invention that one can only dimly wonder what the future may have in store. The wildest dreams of yesterday are matters of common occurrence to-day; so in like manner the seeming impossibilities of the present time may be the realisations of to-morrow.

Some of the most interesting achievements of the age have been in connection with natural things. By patient investigation mankind has found out much concerning the ways of the great mother Nature; and armed with this knowledge the skilful experimenter has been able to modify and direct her doings to serve some special end for the welfare of the human race. Not the least of these victories has been won in the world of horticulture. In all departments of the garden the improvements have been so remarkable that the growers of a few generations back would hardly recognise our splendid productions as the outcome of the insignificant varieties which they cultivated. Our vegetables are immeasurably more prolific, our fruits more finely flavoured, our flowers more delightful in colour and fragrance, than was the

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case formerly. Also by means of skilfully contrived glass-houses it is possible to force all kinds of crops to come to maturity much earlier than is naturally the case, so that the season of any one kind is much extended. Further still, about ten years ago a momentous discovery was made which is known as retardation, opening up hitherto unheard-of possibilities in the culture of plants. As this treatment has a direct bearing upon the subject of the present paper, it will be of interest to outline the methods of plant retardation as practised at the present time.

It is a well-known fact amongst gardeners that whilst it is possible to force a plant to flower or fruit a certain period in advance of its natural time, yet once this is past the plant will require a resting period ere it can be induced to start a fresh growth again. So that while the gardener could produce his crops a good deal earlier than the proper season, he could not do so later to any extent. Some one, the name of the individual is not known, noticed that in a state of nature plants were retarded from growth by means of cold without any harmful results. In fact, this is a frequent occurrence in the early months of the year, when keen frost or bitter winds hold vegetation in check for some weeks. It was realised that if an artificial degree of cold could be maintained, plants might possibly be kept in a dormant condition for some period after their natural starting time without injury to their wellbeing. This has actually been accomplished with a good many varieties of flowering plants; these are stored away in dark refrigerators in the autumn some while before they would naturally commence growth, and by this means are kept in an inactive state for months past their ordinary blooming time. As soon as required, the plants are removed out into the light and warmth, when they burst into a wealth of leafage and flower, no matter what the season of the year. Thus, for instance, it is now possible to have lilies-of-the-valley (an essentially spring flowering plant) in bloom in August. Numerous other kinds of plants have been treated with the

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system of retardation, including the various Japanese lilies, azaleas, spiræas, lilacs, &c.; so that as far as these varieties are concerned the gardener may be said to be quite independent of the seasons—he can have them in flower almost whenever he may fancy.

Of course the introduction of the method of retardation as described above was a very great advance, and the system as it stands is doubtless capable of extension. But the gardener is handicapped in one very important direction. It is all very well to retard your plants, but this is quite purposeless if you cannot grow them because of the lack of sun, which is such a constant feature of the English winter. Whilst a certain number of plants, as mentioned above, are able to bloom under the influence of artificial heat alone even in the sunless days of midwinter, many varieties could not do this. Moreover, such a thing as the ripening of fruit would be quite out of the question without the aid of the genial rays of the solar orb. It is conceivable that an apple-tree might be retarded from growth in the spring and allowed to put out its foliage and develop its buds in the autumn. Perhaps under the rays of the declining sun the blossoms might expand and the fruit set. But this would be all, for, with the increasingly dull days, the fruit could never mature and ripen; the small apples would fall off, and all the grower's labour would be in vain. Thus it is seen that a sufficiency of sunlight is not only desirable for the wellbeing of the plant, but is an absolute necessity if the performance of certain phenomena is to be carried out.

As may be imagined, the discovery of the system of retardation has awakened a great deal of interest in the problems surrounding the effect of light upon plants. By means of the spectrum analysis, we have been enabled to find out a good deal concerning the composition of sunlight; in later years other and more subtle elements have been detected, in addition to the seven coloured rays demonstrated by Newton. It is asked, and with a good deal of reason, seeing that we are now so conversant with the composition of light, Is it not possible to

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reproduce the rays of the sun artificially? If this could be accomplished our horticulturists might ripen their crops at any time of the year—typically summer fruits be gathered ripe and red at Christmas. Yet, despite a great deal of experimenting, this horticultural millennium is a tantalising prospect still very much in the future; nevertheless, one would not wish for a moment to discount the fact that a great deal of valuable work has been, and indeed is still being, accomplished, without doubt bringing us step by step nearer to a momentous discovery.

Light, as is well known, is essential to the green plant. In some mysterious way, which is not yet very clearly understood, it is only under the influence of the sun's rays that the elaboration of the vital chlorophyll—the green matter in the leaf-tissues—can take place. Keep a plant perpetually in the darkness; its foliage becomes yellow and drooping, and after a brave struggle, during which every source of energy is called into requisition, the specimen dies. Light also plays a very important part in the transpiration of the plant; it has been demonstrated that it is only under the influence of light that the fixation of carbon can be accomplished. Reference has already been made to the fact that the white light of day is a combination of various rays, some of which become visible when split up by their passage through a prism. For the perfect maturity of most plants the ordinary light of day is insufficient; the intensified rays of the sun are essential. This is readily evident to the most ordinary observer, for with the diminished amount of sunshine in winter, vegetable activity ceases to a remarkable extent.

In the year 1894 some interesting experiments in connection with plant life were conducted under the direction of M. Flammarion, the great French astronomer. These took the form of a series of attempts to discover the effects of the various coloured rays on vegetable life. A number of small glass-houses were erected, each being glazed with sheets of a different colour, so that specimens inside should only be sub-

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jected to those particular rays. The results were most instructive, as indicating the value of the different rays in their effect on vegetable life. It was found that the blue rays had the effect of retarding the growth of all plants to a marked degree. Specimens kept in a blue light for a lengthy period seemed to fall into a semi-dormant condition; so much so that sensitive plants (mimosa) almost entirely lost their irritability. Exactly opposite was the effect produced on plants exposed to the red rays, for under these conditions the rate of growth was abnormally increased, and all kinds of plants grew with a much greater rapidity than would have been the case under the influence of ordinary daylight. Sensitive plants became unusually active—always a sign of great growing activity on the part of this plant. Other colour values were tried on various plants, but in no other instances were the effects so definite as in the case of the red and the blue. Throughout the whole of the experiments it was found that the blue rays have a stunting effect on vegetation; on the other hand, the red rays tended to promote rapid and vigorous growth. Now this is very remarkable when we remember the special properties of the two rays in question. It has been found that a thermometer exposed to the influence of the red rays of the spectrum will rise materially, evidencing the presence of heat. On the other hand, there is little or no heating power in the blue rays, these being essentially the light-producing elements. It will be readily seen that an artificial light which is to be of any use at all in the growing of plants must have the red rays to a marked degree. Yet here there is need for moderation, for plants subjected to these rays alone grew too quickly and soon exhausted their strength: seemingly the presence of the blue rays and their allies serve to keep a wholesome check upon growth and development. It is rather strange that in all the experiments conducted, the specimens managed in each case to produce green leaves. The foliage, of course, as would be naturally expected, was the greenest in the case of those plants grown under the blue, or light, rays. But still, even the specimens in

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the red greenhouse were able to elaborate their chlorophyll sufficiently to make the leaves a good bright green colour. This only serves to show how exceedingly complicated is each one of the seven colour rays which are revealed to us by the spectrum.

A series of experiments has been recently carried on in America with a view to discover the effect of electric light on plants. As is well known in the case of the various electric lamps, the values of the rays are widely different. Thus in the mercury-vapour lamp the blue and allied rays are in predominance, and on this account the form is of special value to photographers; its deficiency in red rays, however, causes the light to be unsuitable for domestic purposes. It has been definitely established that vegetable life subjected to the rays of arc lamps throughout the hours of natural darkness show signs of accelerated growth. The particular experiments under consideration have been conducted more with a view to find out whether it would be possible profitably to shorten the time of production necessary for the marketing of certain crops: whether the time thus saved would be sufficient to warrant the outlay involved in the cost of the current for light. Up to the present it has not been shown that the electric light, as it is known at the present time, would fulfil the offices performed by the sun's rays.

Far more sensational are the experiments which are being conducted at the present time at the Cornell University, U.S.A., with acetylene lamps. This illuminant has a greater penetrative power than either electric light or gas, and that the quality of the rays from an acetylene lamp approximate very nearly to sunlight was proved some time ago by means of spectrum analysis. Within the past few months this fact has been yet further demonstrated in a startling way at the laboratories of the university referred to above. One definite instance may be of interest in this connection. A crop of thirty-seven radishes grown with ordinary daylight during the daytime and under the influence of acetylene rays at night

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aggregated in weight one hundred and thirty-seven grains. As against this, thirty-eight radishes produced under the natural conditions of alternate light and darkness only weighed sixty-one grains—less than half. These results were, of course, obtained in the same time, and, apart from the light treatment, under identical conditions. All the experiments up to date serve to show that the rays from an acetylene lamp very closely resemble diffused daylight in their effect upon vegetation. Was it possible to intensify these to a considerable extent, it seems likely that something very nearly resembling real sunlight might be obtained. More amazing still than the case of the radishes mentioned above, fairly well developed specimens have been grown entirely under the influence of the acetylene light. These plants have never seen the sun during the whole course of their existence. One could hardly wish for a more convincing proof of the effect of acetylene light upon vegetation.

In this country a very decided effort is to be made to discover the relations between plant-life and the different artificial lights. The Royal Horticultural Society has decided to erect an experimental station, a large section of which is to be set aside for the investigation of this special subject. It is proposed to make a most exhaustive inquiry into the whole matter, keeping the commercial aspects of the case more particularly in view. After all, it will not be of the slightest practical use to supply the gardener with a light by means of which he may grow his plants if this is too costly for it to be possible to adopt the system with profit. As the Royal Horticultural Society has made a special appeal for funds to meet the costs of building and equipment of the station, it is much to be desired that the work shall not be hampered for financial reasons. This society has already done much good work for the common weal, and here is an excellent opportunity for the public to make an acknowledgment of services rendered; in so doing the way will be paved for yet further benefits.

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In reviewing the question of the sum total of our knowledge bearing on the matter of the effect of sunlight on vegetation, one is left with the impression that this does not include all that there is to be known. There is surely some vivifying element in sunshine which has hitherto eluded all our analyses. Perhaps it is that something which makes even the oldest of us feel young when basking in the glow of the spring sunshine; an influence which is something more than light and heat, and seems to rejuvenate the very fountains of life itself. It is possible that the sun may have more to do with the mysterious phenomenon which we call life than has been generally supposed. But the experimenter of to-day is not ready to admit defeat, and the time may not be far distant when an exact reproduction of the sun's rays will be an accomplished fact.

S. Leonard Bastin.

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ON THE LINE

Memoirs of Archbishop Temple. By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co., 1906.)—The method, which has been adopted in writing the Life of Archbishop Temple, is open to obvious disadvantages. Overlapping and repetition, for example, are inevitable, when seven friends sit down to describe detached portions of a man's career. But in every biography there is one indispensable requirement, which outweighs everything else in importance. Its presence condones any number of literary defects; its absence renders worthless all literary perfections. Does this biography present a living picture of the man? We think that it does, and that fact silences all inclination to be critical.

For years Archbishop Temple was one of the most familiar figures in London. The whole man, as he swept past the ordinary loiterer in the streets, seemed cast in a larger, stronger mould than that of his fellows. His strongly marked rugged face, his powerful frame, his vigorous stride, conveyed an impression of purpose, energy, determination, self-reliance. His voice was similarly suggestive of the man. Virile, vigorous, it had decision in every accent: its harshness implied his capacity for sternness, the angles, and superficial roughness of his nature; its softer note revealed the tenderness and feeling which he seemed almost at pains to hide: its ring of passionate earnestness betrayed the depth and sincerity of the spiritual

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convictions which were the source and the strength of his life-long devotion to duty.

Many harsh judgments were formed of Temple's conduct; yet few opponents did not live to recognise their misconception of his character, and no one, even in the bitterness of controversy, ever attributed to him a self-interested motive. Patience, labour, thoroughness, distinguished all his work. Simple himself, he hated ostentation. Sincere in everything he said, he never spared insincerity in others. Frank in thought, and outspoken in language, he sometimes forgot the courtesies of life; but we regret that the seven friends should have recorded a number of stories, of doubtful authenticity, which only exemplify rudeness without wit or humour. It is more to Temple's honour that he never credited opponents with bad motives, never exaggerated a truth, never supported a cause by a clap-trap argument. Great as was the work which he did for Christianity in this country, the most valuable legacy that he left behind is his character. It is because the seven friends have brought this out with striking force that their biography is a genuine success. "Your archbishop," said one of the American bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference of 1897, "is a real man; you don't have to blow any froth off him." To an ardent advocate of temperance the metaphor may be unpalatable. But it is an effective summary of the impressions with which the reader will rise from a perusal of the "Memoirs of Archbishop Temple."

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A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER XIV

ROPES OF SAND

Not for your beauty, tho', I confess, it blows the first fire in us.
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.
Not for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman.

JOHNNIE KEATS dined with the ladies at the château, and did not return to Pont-Aven till a late hour. Carne was sitting in his studio, smoking, when the Satellite came in, flushed of face and slightly inarticulate, intoxicated with joy.

"She's taken me," he said. "It sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?"

"I knew she would," said Carne.

"There's no accounting for tastes," Johnnie added. "Mandarins prefer eggs a hundred years old; but when it comes to women swallowing freckles and bald heads——!"

Carne laughed. Then he congratulated Johnnie warmly, and listened with sympathy to his story; but on his face was a look of expectation, as if he were waiting for something of

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keener interest to come. When Johnnie paused at the end of half an hour, Carne said:

"You mentioned Yannik?"

"You bet!"

Carne nodded. He kept to himself what Yvonne had told him, wondering whether Téphany had any inkling of the story. Then he flicked the ash from his cigarette as he asked lightly:

"What did Miss Lane say?"

"Nothing, not a word; but she must have thought a lot."

"Oh!" The look of expectation deepened, turning into a satisfied smile as Johnnie added: "I gave Mary"—he blushed—"details. We talked a heap about you, old man. Mary thinks what you have done is big—stunning."

"Ah!"

Carne shrugged his shoulders, and threw away his cigarette.

"You must go to bed and dream of your Mary," he said smiling.

"This day has been for me what to-morrow will be to you, Clinton."

"Perhaps," said Carne.

The Californians walked to Ros Braz together next morning. Carne wondered whether they would pass Michael and his easel. Turning up the path through the furze-bushes, he frowned slightly, expecting to see the familiar white umbrella; but Michael was not visible. Then Carne knew that Michael had selected this not particularly attractive spot with no purpose other than that of waylaying him. The epitaph fluttered to his lips:

"Poor devil!"

"Eh!" inquired Keats.

"Did I say anything, Johnnie?"

"You said 'Poor devil!' Were you alluding to me?"

"I had no idea that I spoke aloud. Alluding to you, certainly not. But I was thinking that luck was a queer thing."

"One can't win through without it," said Johnnie oracularly.

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Carne did not answer. Keats, glancing at his friend's handsome face, was struck by an unusual expression upon it. Carne, the ever sanguine, looked slightly depressed. And as he walked he cut viciously at the flowering gorse with the cane which he always carried, using it as a mahl-stick when he was painting.

"You mustn't do that," said Johnnie. "Mary tells me that the souls of dead Bretons, who have died unshriven, come back to the gorse. You may be seriously annoying Yannik's relations."

"Hang Yannik's relations!"

Carne did not speak again till they reached the cottage. The old woman was knitting as usual: Yannik was away washing. In a few curt sentences Carne stated the object of their visit. Mère Pouldour's small, deep-set eyes sparkled furiously.

"Ah! the little fool! If you will be patient——"

"I have given up all idea of painting her, I tell you."

"Yes, yes; I know, I know."

"How the devil do you know?" interrupted Carne angrily. He looked at Johnnie. Had Miss Machin forestalled them?

"Monsieur Ossory promised me that he would speak to Yannik. Well, she refuses absolutely—the obstinate little pig."

"Oh!"

"But I can make her change her mind. And the money will be very useful——" she mumbled on, her thin wrinkled hands opening and shutting as if she were clawing at the fat five-franc pieces.

"Let the child be!" said Carne. "Come on, Johnnie."

"If Monsieur will leave the matter to me, if——"

"Come on, Johnnie."

They left the old woman scowling and muttering to herself.

Mary Machin received the visitors with blushes. She explained that Téphany was painting near the château.

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Johnnie appropriated all the blushes, but Carne divined that one or two were for him. Obviously, Téphany was willing to give him a chance. As a matter of fact, Téphany—as we shall soon discover—had not thought of herself or Carne; she wished Keats to find Machie alone, nothing more. When Machie whispered the tremendous news, it never struck Téphany that the Californians, so to speak, were acting in concert—that the first proposal might be a prearranged introduction to a second. And when, after Johnnie had bade them "Good night," Machie kissed her, and stammered out something about another man being made happy in the not too remote future, Téphany smiled, and Mary, blinded by Cupid, saw no derision in her smile.

Bearing this in mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that Machie managed to whisper something to her Johnnie, and that a minute or two later Keats made a mysterious sign to his friend.

"It's O.K." he muttered into Carne's ear. "Miss Lane is down by the river, below the village. You can wade right in. To-night there's going to be a celebration. Yes, sir, we'll paint this little burg a delicate shrimp pink. We must wire for fireworks."

At this moment, Téphany was wondering what her life would be like without Machie, who had grown to be not the least part of it. It is curious and instructive to notice how well the world wags on when merely clever men leave it, and how the same world flags and drags when the kind women drop out. Téphany was most miserably sensible that Machie's gain would prove an immeasurable loss to herself—immeasurable because she had been trying for some twelve hours to measure it, and had failed.

She looked at the Aven hurrying to the ocean beyond, and shivered. A wind blew freshly, and the ruffled surface of the river had assumed the grey livery of the clouds above. August had just begun, but from air and earth and water came a hint

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of autumn and winter. The roar of the waves breaking upon the iron rocks beyond Port Manech brought back the poignant memory of the great storm at Concarneau. Upon that day she had rushed weeping from childhood into womanhood.

The bitter moment passed. Téphany was so constituted that she could never forget the rough and cruel and disappointing experiences of life, although she had schooled herself to look beyond them. Even now, quite unconsciously, she began to paint in the leaden-coloured skies above her with pigments bright and luminous in themselves. The brilliant yellow of cadmium, the rosy madders, the pure, transparent cobalt lay side by side on her palette. Mixed, they became grey and seemingly opaque.

She was staring at her palette, absorbed in reverie, when she heard the sound of a man's step upon the path which led from the château. She looked up to see Carne rapidly approaching.

Instantly she divined his errand: he had come to ask her to be his wife. Escape was impossible. He had known that she was painting here; choice of time and place had been his. With a certain shock of dismal conviction, Téphany realised that the young man was quite sure of himself and her. Under other circumstances, she might have admired and justified his eager assurance, his smiling confidence in his powers, his masterful stride which was likely to carry him so far on the world's highway. But now an absurd futile rage possessed her. He was about to shatter these sweet silences; he would force her to speak, to give reasons upon which he would try to trample; a simple *No* would not suffice such a man as he.

At this moment, too, she felt that essentially feminine weakness which accounts for thousands of preposterous marriages. She knew why many women yield to the spell of strength, yield tamely, with humiliation, because violence of speech or action is so hateful, because so often resistance includes the tearing down of barriers, because denial means the infliction perhaps, of appalling pain.

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She greeted Carne with the ghost of a smile.

"I have come," he began, impetuously.

Téphany, palette in hand, lifted the brush she was using.

"Yes," she interrupted, "and—and before you say anything more, don't you think you had better go away?"

He frowned, taken aback; then he smiled, misinterpreting the woman's protest. Of course, like so many fascinating creatures, she courted procrastination. Her blushing face, her quivering lips, her heaving bosom told a pretty tale.

"No," he replied, standing before her, fixing his bright ardent eyes upon hers, "I shall not go."

Then, if he had been able to read the signs aright, he would have known the truth. At his sharp "No," Téphany's nervousness vanished, giving place to a self-possession which amazed her. It was as if the man's strength and confidence had deserted him and passed to the woman. Her ready acquiescence befooled him.

"Very well," she said simply.

He threw himself upon the soft moss at her feet.

"Are you afraid of being told that I love you?" he asked.

"Not now."

"You knew—you guessed——?"

"Yes."

Looking up at her, he smiled. Téphany felt grievously sorry for him; and the fact that she was above him, that he lay at her feet, that she must hit him when he was down, increased her pity, although a minute before, when he had looked down with the air of a conqueror upon her, she could have struck him. The thought came that the ebb and flow of feeling is as mysterious as the ebb and flow of the tides. Carne raised himself, leaning upon his elbow, staring up into her face.

"You are the most adorable woman in the world."

She made no reply, engaged in the quest of the word, the phrase, which might hurt him least. But when he tried to capture the hand that had just laid down the palette, it evaded his clasp.

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"I know your secret," he continued softly.

"My secret?" She blushed.

"That you are Mademoiselle de Lautrec, the singer."

"Oh!"

The expression on her face puzzled him, but he continued quickly: "I am at the foot of the ladder which you have climbed, but I shall climb too, believe me. But it is not because you are a famous singer that I love you; it is because you are Téphany Lane. And I am not asking you to sacrifice your great position. Your success shall be dearer to me than my own. Together we——"

"Mr. Carne, please, please stop!"

"I love you madly, madly, I say."

"But, unhappily I do not love you."

The words, not the ones she had chosen, burst from her with a force which brought Carne to his feet.

"But you will—I mean, that in time——"

"Never," said Téphany with inexorable emphasis.

For the moment he was stunned, confounded; then she saw him collect himself.

"You have heard about Yannik?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" His voice thrilled with hope. "And you blamed me?"

"Very much."

"What I have done—I should say what I meant to do—seemed an abominable sort of sin to you—didn't it?"

She nodded gravely.

"Unpardonable?"

"Yes."

"I'm trying to look at it with your eyes. I wonder whether it would be possible for you to look at it with mine." Taking her silence to mean permission to state his case, he continued: "I'm going to tell you the outrageous truth. Six weeks ago, I had one consuming ambition. I thought night and day of the big picture I meant to paint. What I have

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done is not bad; I've been lucky, but I don't think my success, such as it is, has made an ass of me. I was able to measure the distance between myself and the giants. Then I came here. The atmosphere of this place touched me. I had the feeling that my chance would come, here. Then I met you."

His voice softened, and the somewhat rigid lines of his figure relaxed.

"I was painting—do you remember?—in the Bois d'Amour, and you came strolling up the river. I was struggling with the form of the weeds under the water, and I had told myself that the difference between artist and artisan lay in the power to capture and hold just such ephemeral things as the movement of those weeds, the ripples on the water, the glint of light upon leaves—all the things which vanish directly you see them."

"I liked your enthusiasm."

"Because you are an artist. It takes an artist to understand an artist," he added shrewdly.

"So far as art is concerned, perhaps."

"Miss Lane, the sight of you produced a revolution. Within a week my cherished theories were crumbling, within a fortnight they had ceased to exist. Till I met you I had put art first; after I met you my art became nothing more than a means to an end—you."

He paused, awaited a word, a gesture of encouragement. Téphany sat still, playing with the lace upon her bosom. Carne's voice was harsher as he continued:

"I found out that you were the famous singer. Who was I to ask you to share my life? The thought that I was so near to a triumph of my own drove me wild. Then I saw Yannik." He spoke more quickly, more naturally. "When I saw her, I knew that I had found my opportunity. One always knows. I became wild to paint her, because I wanted you. Do you believe that?"

"I believe it now."

"Keats will tell you, and so will Ossory, that my best, I

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may say my only chance, of making a hit is with the nude. There may be Anglo-Saxon prejudices against undraped figures, but the fact remains that, of all things, they are the most difficult to paint. And the man who paints them successfully is at once acclaimed by those who really know."

"I see."

"Yes; I'm sure that I've said enough about that, and as for these peasants——"

"Peasants!"

He perceived that he had blundered. Her tone was sharper: sympathy had gone out of it.

"Because you have Breton blood in you, I must be careful what I say. All the same, you can't imagine that Yannik shares your sensibility and delicacy of feeling? That is absurd. Her scruples were overcome easily enough." He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and laughed, continuing defiantly: "In fact, I have asked for nothing that she was not willing to give—for a consideration."

"My opinion remains unchanged."

"I know, I know, and therefore am I not entitled to some reward for deferring to it?"

"You gave up Yannik on my account?"

"To please you, for no other reason, I have abandoned the hope of painting a big picture this summer."

"Oh, I'm so glad—so very glad. You have behaved very generously, Mr. Carne. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"I want more than thanks," he said quietly.

"And if—if that is—impossible?"

With a lithe movement, he seized her hands in his.

"Why impossible?" he whispered tenderly.

"Please let me go!"

"I ought to have given you more time." His pertinacity began to alarm her. "Yes, I've been too hasty. I'll leave you now, but I'm only repulsed, Miss Lane, not defeated. Of course, pardon me, if you are engaged to another man——"

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"I am not," said Téphany.

"Then I am confident that my love will kindle a response in you. I have distressed you, made you suffer—forgive me."

He lifted his hat and went away, retreating through the trees as swiftly as he had come.

Alone, Téphany tried to reduce her thoughts to order. She asked herself peremptorily if she had raised in Carne false hopes. No. He had interested her. His vitality, his impulsiveness, his temperament—these had appealed to a not dissimilar temperament and character.

Thinking of Carne first, she inevitably thought of Michael an instant later. Michael, doubtless, had spoken to Carne: had warned him. What had he said? What arguments had he used? Obviously, the ethical aspect of the case, however finely presented, had left Carne cold. Honestly he admitted that he abandoned a cherished ambition for the sake of something nearer and dearer. What lever had Michael applied? She recalled Carne's expression of assurance and confidence, as he came swiftly towards her. And the man was no fool. To him victory, not defeat, seemed certain. Why? Since she, on her part, felt equally certain that she had given him no encouragement.

Suddenly, the truth rose out of the mists in her mind and confronted her. Michael had told Carne that the sacrifice of one ambition meant the achievement of the other. Michael had sent this man to her.

When her blushes faded she realised that she was very angry. A passionate desire to see Michael, to see him at once, to rebuke him, overmastered her. Very hastily, she put together her painting things and slipped unobserved into her room. From the window she could see the lovers upon the lawn. They were sitting together; a glow illumined their plain faces; Téphany turned sharply from the window.

Then she reflected that Carne would return to Pont-Aven by the path which skirted the Aven. If she wished to avoid

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him she must take the road, or else postpone her interview with Michael. Immediately she decided to ride her bicycle.

She was ascending the steep stairs which led to the studio when an incident happened fraught with significance to herself, little as she divined it at the time. Upon the landing in front of the studio lay a silver coin, a Crimean medal; Téphany picked it up, thinking that it must belong to Michael, who occasionally bought such wares. She came into the studio with the coin in her hand, but Michael was not there. In his place stood Furic. The man's appearance struck her as striking and peculiar. Their eyes met. Then the man uttered a cry and pointed at the medal in Téphany's hand.

"It is mine," he said harshly.

"Yours!"

"Mine, Mademoiselle. I must have dropped it."

She gave it to him; he took it with a certain haste and almost violence, slipping it into his pocket, while regarding Téphany with hostile, defiant eyes. It seemed to Téphany then—and afterwards, when she was able to analyse her impression with greater detachment—that the fellow resented her presence.

"You look as if you had heard Lantec," she said. Lantec, it will be remembered, was Furic's *patron*, who had been drowned. According to Breton superstitions he had become one of the innumerable, unshriven, unburied dead—a Bugul Noz.

Furic started.

"It is not Lantec who mocks me," he answered. Then he hooted in imitation of the uneasy spirit:

"Iou—iou—iou!"

"You heard an owl," said Téphany calmly.

"An owl, Mademoiselle! No. It was—no matter. Bugul Noz mocks me, but if I mock in return I shall be strangled."

Téphany nodded. Furic seemed to be curiously excited. Téphany endeavoured to soothe the savage creature.

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"You know, Furic, that Our Lady will not permit a spirit of evil to hurt you."

"Our Lady cares nothing for me," he growled, melted a little by the sympathy in her voice, but regarding her still with hostile, glowering eyes. Then he said quickly, "You wish to see Monsieur?"

"Naturally, since I'm here."

"You like him?"

"We are very old friends," she answered. And then, without reason—as she told herself—she blushed furiously, scarlet to the tips of her ears. Some subtle, uncanny interrogation in the man's voice had produced this extraordinary blush. *Like*, of course, is rendered *love* in French, and Furic had emphasised the word, almost as if he had meant it to be translated as "love." Feeling his piercing eyes almost burning her face, she said confusedly, "When does Monsieur return?"

"He went to Barbarin's to buy a tube of white paint."

"Please go and tell Monsieur that I am here."

The man nodded sullenly and obeyed. As he reached the door he turned. Téphany was looking out of the window. Furic's expression changed. A curious light flamed in his deep-set eyes; the sullen look gave place to an eager, amazed expression, as if he had divined a secret hitherto unsuspected. Then he smiled slowly, showing his teeth in a snarl that may be seen when a hunted fox faces the pack, knowing that the end has come, but determined to set his fangs in one at least of his pursuers. Had Téphany seen this strange, almost insane grin, she might well have wondered what she had done to provoke it. She disliked Furic instinctively, and, because of this sense of repugnance, had been the more careful to disguise her feelings with kind words and glances. The man withdrew noiselessly. He was in his socks, his big sabots were lying outside.

Presently, Téphany turned from the window and glanced round the studio. A new study of Furic was on the easel, still unfinished, but displaying Michael's wonderful technique and his Velasquez-like power of portraying character. Furic

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was striding into a mist, but looking back over his shoulder, presenting features convulsed by terror—the terror of one who knows that, however fast he may move, what is pursuing will move faster. The mist about to swallow up this wild creature seemed to have magnified his proportions. Furic appeared colossal; a giant flying from a power greater than himself.

"This is really magnificent," said Téphany to herself, but she shuddered as she gazed at it.

She walked back to the window, and looked out upon the pretty glade beneath. Her cheeks grew warm again as she recalled Furic's question, and forced herself to answer it.

Yes; *she loved Michael.* Not with the virginal love, sweetly sentimental, of a maid in her teens—no! She loved the new Michael, but she felt that she could hate him. She realised that she did hate the woman who had come between them. . . .

Michael's step on the stair aroused her from reverie. She turned to see him standing in the doorway, scrutinising her with a curious, indefinable expression of sadness.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Téphany."

Without any greeting, without offering to shake hands, she said abruptly:

"Mr. Carne has given up the idea of painting Yannik."

"He told you so this morning?"

"Yes. You asked him to do so, Michael?"

"I did."

"You must have used strong arguments."

"They were strong enough."

Téphany, looking down, went on hesitatingly:

"I think you might have left my name out."

"Was it not natural to tell him that, if he wished to keep your respect, he must put an end to his visits to Ros Braz?"

Téphany faced him bravely enough.

"But you encouraged him to believe that, as a reward for staying away from Ros Braz, he might expect something more than respect. How dared you let him believe that?"

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"Then it's not true?"

"True? It never could have been true. Never—never!"

"He is a good fellow."

"If he were the prince of good fellows, what would it matter to me? You have caused him and me a lot of unnecessary pain."

"I am sorry. As a matter of fact, I don't care a rap for Carne. I wished to do something for *you*."

The sincerity of his tone disarmed resentment. Notwithstanding, how humiliating to reflect that Michael might have taken it into his head that she had worn the willow for his sake; that, on this account, it had behoved him to "do something," to make an effort to find her a husband!

"If you really believed that I—" she broke off confusedly. Then, half laughing, half angrily, she said: "Fancy you as a matchmaker! Perhaps you are not alone to blame; that dear foolish Machie—Oh, Michael, she is going to marry Mr. Keats!"

"And you will go back to the stage?"

"The stage?" she gasped. "Who told you?"

"Carne let it out. He made certain that I would know. Why didn't you tell an old friend?"

"Did an old friend ask a word about my past, when we met?"

"I didn't; that's perfectly true. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart."

Téphany hesitated. With a faint smile, she nodded her acknowledgments, adding quickly:

"Did Mr. Carne tell you that I had strained my vocal chords, and that, perhaps, I shall never sing in public again?"

"No. Is that true? My poor little Téphany!"

He had approached her impulsively; then, as he was almost within touch, he stood still, the light fading in his eyes. For an instant man and woman read each other's hearts. Then Téphany moved to the door.

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"You are going?" said Michael heavily.

"We breakfast at twelve. Won't you come back with me? I have my bicycle, and you have yours."

"Really, I——"

Pride flashed upon her face.

"If you have a better engagement——"

"Furic is coming."

"Put him off."

"I am tempted to do so."

"Suppose I offer to pose for you?"

"You, Téphany?"

"Why not? I have posed for you many times. Make a study of my head, and give it to me."

He stared at her; then, with singular awkwardness, tempered by an unmistakable gratitude, he said confusedly:

"I have not painted a woman's head for years. I don't believe I—I could do it."

"You are not going to be so churlish as to refuse to try?"

"I couldn't do it; it is impossible. But I'll accept your invitation to breakfast."

In silence they descended the stairs, and wheeled their bicycles down the street. At the bottom was a *buvette*, and outside it, unkempt, ragged, eyeing all foot-passengers with fiery, blood-shot eyes, stood Furic. He looked savage when Michael told him he would not be wanted till the morrow.

"I don't like that man," said Téphany. "I am afraid of him."

"He's a Breton to the core," said Michael carelessly. Then, seeing a certain incredulity in Téphany's face, he added: "You will be, perhaps, surprised to learn that Furic has been on a pilgrimage to some pardon in the north. That's what took him from Pont-Aven. He returned half starving. I discovered that the money I gave him for posing went to buy a railway ticket to Tréguier and back."

"To Tréguier? Why Tréguier?"

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"As you say—Why Tréguier? It's mysterious. For the man comes from Morbihan. He has no desire to go to Iceland, and, besides, this is not the time of year. He puzzles me, does Furic. But I half gathered that he had made a vow to Saint Yves, his patron saint."

"I'm really afraid of him," repeated Téphany.

. . . . . .

They crossed the bridge. At the same moment Carne was approaching the hotel from Trimour. The Californian saw Téphany and Michael talking together with animation—nothing more—yet instinctively he divined part of the truth. He withdrew into one of the narrow alleys which lead to the Aven, and waited till they had mounted their machines and turned the sharp corner above the inn. Then, seized with a passion of jealous rage, he went to his room, to pass the bitterest hour of his life. He was sensible, for the first time, that he was alone, face to face with himself—with his very Ego, the soul and spirit of him, hitherto shadowy and ill-defined, now of a sudden incarnate, solid, a tremendous personality from whom escape was impossible. He recognised this transformed self as something evil, repellent. He hated Michael; he was conscious of an irresistible desire to injure him, to make him suffer as he himself suffered. Téphany's word infuriated him—the emphatic, disdainful "Never!"

CHAPTER XV

WIE EINST IM MAI

> Donnes moi en sourires pendant ma vie, ce que vous me donnerez en souvenirs après ma mort.

During the next two days, Carne debated the question whether or not he should accept "Never" as final. In his misery he took Machie and Keats into that confidence. Such balm was poured upon his wound as: "Your declaration must

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have been premature," or (this from Johnnie), "You always get there in time, Clinton." Being young, sanguine, and with an agreeable sense of his own strength of will, Carne rubbed in the ointment with a hopeful spirit. He had "rushed things" a bit, he told himself, and, after all, Téphany was a personage not to be wooed or won like a milkmaid.

Moreover, when man and maid met, such awkwardness as was inevitable became tempered by Carne's admirable manners. Smarting with defeat, tingling with resentment, he seemed to accept disaster with the smile, slightly disconsolate and therefore the more winning, of the gallant gentleman. Machie said to her Johnnie: "I'm sure the Cavaliers, after Naseby, looked just like poor Mr. Carne"; whereupon her lover replied, with unpoetic discrimination: "All the same, Mollie, inside I'll bet you he's feeling as mad as a wet hen." Then he added, rather nervously: "It must be a cold and clammy experience, being refused by the woman one loves. You know nothing of that."

Machie answered nervously: "I suppose a woman feels just as cold and clammy when the man she cares about doesn't give her the chance of refusing to marry him."

"I don't think that happens often in these days, my dearest."

"Oftener than you would suppose."

"What a romantic creature you are!"

The lady admitted as much by blushing softly.

"So am I," murmured Keats. "I don't look any more romantic than a last year's bird's-nest; but I feel like Romeo sometimes."

It was the romance in these two persons which accelerated catastrophe. Machie expostulated with Téphany. Keats fired his friend and hero to more strenuous endeavour.

"Are you sure you know your own mind?" Machie demanded, as they sat together after dinner under the trees in front of the house.

"I cannot say honestly that I do," said Téphany; but she was thinking of Michael, not of the Californian.

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"You encourage him, you know."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Carne?"

"To be sure. Of whom else, pray, should I be speaking? The interest you have taken in his work, in his talk, in his family——"

"And how often have I asked after your aunt, who suffers so dreadfully with neuralgia?"

"If you can reconcile your conduct to your conscience I have nothing to say." Miss Machin resolutely closed her lips for at least two minutes; then she added, as if speaking to herself: "It is so shocking that this should have happened when he is seven thousand miles away from his people."

Almost at the same moment Johnnie Keats, smoking his cigar in the garden behind the annexe, was extolling patience and tenacity as cardinal virtues.

"She'll surrender in time, old man."

"To somebody else," Carne replied gloomily. In his friend's company he wore no mask. "If she does——"

"Well—if she does?" repeated Keats.

"I'll paint that picture!" said Carne, violently.

The Satellite lit another cigar, looking askance at his Sun, whose splendour, somehow, seemed to be obscured. But when the cigar was drawing properly, he murmured: "It'll be all right, you'll see. You've got cold feet too soon."

"I wish I could believe that, Johnnie."

"You will believe it, and laugh at it, next week."

During that week Carne walked twice to Ros Braz in the hope of seeing Téphany, and he did see her, thanks to Miss Machin. After the first meeting, when Carne assumed the smile of the cavalier, old habits asserted themselves. Carne and Keats drank tea on the lawn, as usual, and Téphany was foolish enough to console herself with the reflection that, if she had lost a lover, she had gained a friend. Machie, beguiled by her Johnnie, held her tongue.

"We must give Clinton a free hand," Keats whispered.

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"He's playing the brother and sister act now. We all know what that means."

"Yes," said Miss Machin, feeling unaccountably guilty.

"Isn't it exciting?"

"Very."

"When she finds that he's quit making love, she'll want him to start in again."

"You know all about us, Johnnie."

"I've made an exhaustive study of your perplexing sex at a distance. One sees clearly at a distance. When I find myself quite close to lovely woman I confess that I'm dazzled, blinded."

"Really?"

"That's so."

A few days more passed. Téphany saw that Yannik's face showed renewed signs of anxiety. Mère Pouldour, probably, had been using pressure, and, after some coaxing upon the part of Téphany, the girl confessed that her grandmother gave her no peace.

"But Monsieur Carne, has *he*——" Téphany paused, unwilling to finish the sentence.

"Oh no, Mademoiselle," Yannik replied simply; then she added: "He has taken away the big canvas."

"I am glad to hear that, Yannik."

"Mademoiselle will forgive me for asking, but how did she happen to hear about the posing for—for the figure?"

Her face was rose-pink as she asked the question.

"Mr. Carne told me that he had given up the idea of it. I am very glad. It would have been wrong for you."

Yannik shrugged her shoulders.

"All the same, Mademoiselle, it was Monsieur Ossory who made me refuse. Grand'mère thinks me a little fool, and last night I left the tripod in the cinders."

"The tripod in the cinders?" repeated Téphany, much puzzled. "Why shouldn't you leave the tripod in the cinders?"

The tripod (*trépied*) upon which Breton housewives do their

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cooking, must never be left in the cinders because the souls of the dead, returning at night to the familiar hearth, and alighting upon a red-hot object, might suffer grave discomfort. Téphany remembered this curious tradition as soon as Yannik began her explanation, and with great difficulty repressed a smile. Yannik, however, was on the edge of tears.

"Grand'mère said I was heartless; that the dead were nothing to me; that I put wool in my ears so as not to hear their reproaches."

"That is really nonsense, Yannik."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, I wish I could think so."

"And the sooner you are safely married the better."

"That is what Léon says," Yannik replied seriously.

Upon the following afternoon, Michael came to Ros Braz. In answer to a question, Michael told the ladies that he had been absorbed in a portrait of Furic, a picture from the study which Téphany had seen on the easel.

"That savage!" Téphany exclaimed, unable to conceal her disdain.

"I have tried to capture the savage," Michael replied phlegmatically. "It's the primal wildness of the fellow's face which baffles me. It glares out of his eyes, unexpectedly, and then it's gone."

"He looks such a beast, Mr. Ossory."

"That is a hard word, Miss Machin."

Téphany said nothing, reflecting with bitterness that she had begged Michael to make a portrait of beauty, and he preferred the beast. She heard Machie's voice, flowing equably on.

"Furic looks as if he had an ugly secret, which he can't keep under lock and key."

"That's it exactly. You see, Furic belongs to the age which had no locks and keys. Men who wished to hide their faces hid themselves in caves or behind great stones; and sometimes one can conceive that they looked out——"

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"Oh! don't!" Machie protested. "If I meet that man alone I shall die of fright."

"The man is a survival of an almost extinct type," continued Michael. "I told you that he went to Tréguier the other day. Well, it seems that his object was to invoke the aid of Saint Yves-de-la-Vérité."

"Why?" said Téphany.

"Who is Saint Yves-de-la-Vérité?" Miss Machin demanded.

Michael explained. Saint Yves, the patron saint of lawyers, is beloved and feared by Bretons as the protector and avenger of the poor, particularly of the poor who are too weak and obscure to appeal successfully to human justice. The peasant who cannot afford to employ a lawyer invokes Saint Yves. Not far from Tréguier, near the hamlet of Trédarzec, there used to be a chapel and an ossuary, of which to-day not a stone or trace remains. Within recent times a venerated image of the saint was enshrined in the ossuary, and to it resorted in large numbers the weak and oppressed, seeking vengeance on their enemies. Less than five-and-twenty years ago it was fervently believed that the saint would punish either with sickness or death all evil-doers who oppressed the saint's petitioners. On the other hand, an abuse of privilege such as that involved in demanding vengeance upon the innocent recoiled upon the head of the pilgrim. This peculiar cult was very nearly extinguished by the destruction of the ossuary and the removal of the image.

"Is that all?" Machie asked.

"There is more," replied Michael. "The priest of Trédarzec, who removed the image of the saint and hid it, died suddenly in his bed, strangled—so his parishioners believed—by the hands of the image. The unfortunate curé's servant swore that she heard the image descending from the garret where it was hid, that it halted at her master's door, and entered. Science at the inquest decided that the good man died of apoplexy."

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"Furic believes that story, I suppose," said Machie.

"No doubt."

"I should not care to be his enemy."

"As to that," said Téphany, "the fact that Furic invokes the saint's aid, instead of taking his vengeance in his own hands, is a guarantee of safety for the enemy."

"Not always," said Michael. "The priests put down this particular cult because they know that the petitioner very often assisted the saint, if he showed any dilatoriness."

"I wonder who Furic's oppressor is?"

"Probably the *patron* of the tunny-boat who discharged him."

"Furic told you the object of his pilgrimage," said Téphany.

"Yes, with the grimmest relish imaginable."

"He believes that Saint Yves will help him?"

"He is quite sure of it."

"The superstition of these people is something quite incredible," said Miss Machin. "Tell Mr. Ossory about little Yannik and the tripod."

Téphany told the story, to which Michael listened attentively, with a slight frown upon his face. Was it possible that Carne still cherished the design of painting the girl? If so, he must have abandoned all hope of winning Téphany. At the end of the story he said heavily:

"That old woman is half crazy, but she has suffered cruelly. As for her belief in the dead returning to the places and the people with whom they were closely associated in life, I do not dare to laugh at what has been and is still held as a sacred conviction by millions of men and women."

"Have you had experiences?" Mary Machin asked. Téphany looked at Michael.

"Experiences, Miss Machin? Are feeling, instinct, emotion to be classified as experiences? I have often thought that the dead, particularly the unhappy dead, do return——"

"Like Fantec's wife," suggested Machie, very solemnly. At once the tension was relieved. Téphany laughed.

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"Thanks, Machie. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable."

"But I was not joking," protested Mary Machin. "And Fantec swears that he saw his wife night after night."

"Having previously drunk half a bottle of cognac," Téphany retorted.

Michael rose abruptly, took leave of the ladies, and departed. At once Miss Machin accused Téphany of flippancy and lack of sympathy.

"You drove him away, and he was going to tell us some of his weird experiences."

"No," said Téphany decidedly. "Michael does not tell anything concerning himself."

"When we first came here," Machie continued, "you were inclined to believe the traditions of the province. Now you make fun of them."

"Perhaps I see plainly what mischief they can do, what lives may be wrecked by them."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Machin, slightly puzzled, but thinking that Téphany was speaking and thinking of Yannik.

Téphany, however, was thinking of Michael, trying to pierce the crust of his impassive manner. In Michael, as in herself, slumbered—and how easily awakened!—an impish spirit of superstition, small, but capable of assuming vast proportions. Téphany was sensible that, under the stress of certain circumstances, she might become morbid: and of late she had asked herself a thousand times whether Michael were not morbid; and, answering this question in the affirmative, whether it thus accounted for the mystery which lay, like a bank of fog, between them. If an innate tendency to exaggerate evil and its effects had made him stigmatise himself as a criminal, for instance, when a man of less fine sensibilities would have used no harsher word than sinner, would it be possible to change this aspect of his character by altering, somehow or another, his point of view? Then, like a sudden shower of sleet out of a spring sky, came the chilling reflection

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that Yvonne—good, kind Yvonne—would have no dealings with Michael Ossory. His sin, in her eyes, had been regarded as unpardonable.

Téphany was passing the Pouldour cottage upon the following morning, when Yannik ran out to greet her with a face so radiant that, for the moment, Téphany hardly recognised her. Yannik at once plunged into a somewhat inarticulate recital of an amazing piece of good fortune. Léon and she were to be married within a month. To Léon had been given the loan of a boat and nets, and a sum of money—everything that was needful.

"Has Léon a fairy godmother, Yannik?"

"Mademoiselle, it is Monsieur Ossory. He has let us have the use of *La Cigale*, equipped, mind you, for the fishing. And all we have to do in return is to get married."

"Monsieur Ossory is generous."

Yannik exhausted her vocabulary in praising Michael.

"But what will he do without his boat?" said Téphany, after a pause.

As to that Yannik understood from Léon that Monsieur Ossory was leaving Pont-Aven.

"Leaving Pont-Aven?" Téphany repeated the words. "And when?"

Yannik knew nothing; still, it was clear, was it not, that the most generous of men would not give up a favourite boat unless he were going elsewhere, and a long way off, too, because Léon had professed his willingness to sail the boat to England if it were necessary——

Téphany went on her way sorely perturbed by this piece of news. Why should Michael leave Pont-Aven? And from her knowledge of his character, was he not quite capable of slipping away without leave-taking other than a hastily scribbled note? At the possibility—nay, probability of this —Téphany found her heart beating. Then a curious light shone in her eyes. Singing-masters had been familiar with

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this glow, which indicated an illumination of dark and difficult places. She returned to the château, and wrote a note to Michael, asking him to dine with them on the following evening. She added a postscript to the effect that she would accept no refusal. This she despatched by a bare-footed urchin to Pont-Aven, instructing her messenger to find Michael and to bring back an answer. Presently, the urchin returned bearing a verbal answer—"Yes." Later, Téphany said quietly to Mary Machin:

"I want to try over a song or two with you."

"You are going to *sing?*"

"Yes; I am sure my throat is perfectly well. Sir Japhet said I might attempt two or three songs—simple ones, of course."

"What songs?"

"Lassen's *Allerseelen* and the *Love Song of Har Dyal.*"

"The *Love Song of Har Dyal?*" Machie's soft blue eyes twinkled.

"Why not? It is one of my favourites."

Machie opened the piano.

The songs went surprisingly well, and Téphany declared that her throat felt none the worse for singing. It is true she sang them *sotto voce*, but her tone had regained its wonderful velvety quality.

"If only Mr. Carne could hear you," said Machie, as the last line of Har Dyal's song melted away. She made certain that Téphany had changed her mind—that she had chosen this particular song deliberately. What a charming way of calling back a lover too hastily dismissed! Machie continued: "Johnnie has said half a dozen times that Mr. Carne adores first-rate singing. And he's wild to hear you himself."

"Johnnie would far sooner talk to you," Téphany replied absently. "We will ask them to dine."

"To-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow. Michael Ossory is coming to-morrow."

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"Michael Ossory?" Suspicion glimmered in Machie's fine blue eyes, but Téphany continued suavely: "He is going away, leaving Pont-Aven for an indefinite time. We may not see him again."

"I am so sorry. I like him so much. It is a thousand pities that he should be such a hermit."

Téphany nodded, and left the room. Mary Machin played over the last bars of Har Dyal's song very softly. Her blue eyes were clouded, her placid forehead was slightly lined, as she murmured to herself, "Have I made a mistake?"

. . . . .

Upon arrival Michael said curtly that he was leaving Pont-Aven for Le Faouët. He met squarely Téphany's glance, but she noted that poignant expression, which we may find in the eyes of a dear friend about to set sail for a distant country, the eloquent question, "When and where shall we two meet again?"

"We have heard of your great kindness to Léon and Yannik," said Mary Machin.

"They will be married at once; and you, Miss Machin, will not be cruel enough, I am sure, to keep such a good fellow as Keats waiting; so I have brought you this." And he presented a small box of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver.

Mary, after thanking him, admitted, with blushes, that her Johnnie refused to be kept waiting. Michael turned to Téphany.

"And you, I suppose, will go back to your triumphs?"

"Perhaps," said Téphany.

"Of course she will," affirmed her friend. "She sang yesterday; her voice is better than ever."

"I should like to hear you sing, Téphany."

"You shall," she said, with a slight blush, reflecting how easy it was to deceive such ingenuous friends.

After dinner they sat in the garden, while Michael smoked.

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In the long grass beneath the trees the glow-worms were shining. Téphany reminded Michael of the bonfires around which they had danced ten years before, of the games of hide-and-seek among the stooks of hay, of the peasants marching home singing, the girls wearing the glow-worms in their hair. Michael remembered well those midsummer nights, and then began to recall a thousand incidents, showing how firmly they were rooted in his memory.

"And our pilgrimage to *la source muette*."

"*La source muette?*" repeated Mary Machin.

Michael repeated the legend of Saint Envel and the maiden Jûna. How they had built hermitages on each side of a babbling brook; how they had sworn not to speak or meet, but always to pray together; how, one evening, when heavy rains had turned the brook into a roaring torrent, Envel was unable to hear the prayers of his beloved. And how, in his distress, he had commanded the stream to be still. And ever since, it winds its way through mosses and ferns, over shallows and deep pools, in silence—the fountain that is mute. Moreover, old wives still affirm that if a wayfarer should bathe in or drink of its waters, he too will lose voice and memory, for *la source muette* is the Lethe of Armorica!

When the simple story had been told, there was silence. Then Téphany said slowly: "Michael, I am going to sing to you. Sit here, and don't move! I shall sing only two songs. When I have sung them I will come back."

As she spoke her voice quavered. At that moment Mary Machin guessed how it was with her friend.

Michael made no answer. He sat smoking, his eye upon the river below as Téphany sang to him.

Es blüht und funkelt heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist den Todten frei;
Komm' an mein Herz, dass Ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai,
Wie einst im Mai. . . .

The exquisite melancholy of the words would have deeply

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impressed such a man at any time, but sung incomparably by the woman he loved, they stirred every fibre of his soul. He trembled as the sighing, yearning notes floated out of the shadows. Then, for an instant, a curious feeling of resentment possessed him. So the syrens sang to shipwrecked men, luring them to madness and death, weaving the spells of the might-have-been upon stricken, tempest-tossed bodies.

Téphany began *Har Dyal's Love Song*. It is an inexplicable fact that sound can create colour and atmosphere. In particular, a perfect voice would seem to have power to bear the listener whither it pleases. *Allerseelen* had transported Michael to the cemetery at Nizon, upon the day when all graves are gay with flowers. And the voice had been the voice of a spirit, coming from immeasurable distances, and to Michael—as has been said—mockingly cruel.

The *Song of Har Dyal* had precisely the opposite effect. From death Michael felt that he was whirled back into life. No spirit sighed its passionate requiem of the past, but a living woman summoned her lover to come to her from pole to pole, if need be, across all obstacles. The shadows of the quiet garden of sleep vanished beneath the blazing rays of an eastern sun. . . .

> Below my feet the still bazaar is laid;
> Far, far below the weary camels lie—
> The camels and the captives of thy raid;
> Come back to me, beloved, or I die!
> Come back to me, beloved, or I die

Michael arose as if in obedience to that thrilling summons. So standing, the penultimate line of the last verse came to him—

> My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears.

Then again, the call, the pitiful entreaty, subtly conveying the woman's doubt, her weakness, her loneliness, her poignant protest against destiny. Lastly, the repetition of the call,

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affirming the penalty to be paid if it were unheeded, the conviction that death must follow:

Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

Michael turned to meet Téphany as she came alone out of the dimly lighted room into the cool obscurity of the garden.

"Why did you sing that song?" he asked.

The moment had come to speak, or to keep silent for ever. She trembled violently as she leaned towards him, raising beseeching eyes to him, holding out her hands. The faint perfume of the roses in her dress floated to his nostrils. To him she seemed younger, the Téphany Lane of long ago, wild, thrilled by every passing emotion, but always generous and pitiful. And in the tender gloaming he, too, was changed into the old Michael. The light from the newly risen moon smoothed the lines from his brow, filled up the hollows in his cheeks, bathed him in rejuvenating beams.

"Michael, don't you know that I want you?"

The flame in his eyes blazed out, but he stepped back, ignoring her outstretched hands. With a triumphant note, she continued, "And you want me, Michael, you want me?"

"My God! how I want you!"

The words broke from him with a passion impossible to describe.

"Then—take me!"

As he was about to speak, she laid her hand lightly upon his lips.

"Say nothing," she whispered. "You don't quite understand me. What has been does not, shall not"—he caught the defiance in her tone—"part us. You said once that between us only silence was possible; well, let it be so. I prefer silence; silence is best. You wronged another woman deeply. I have felt it from the moment we met, and you have endured years of remorse. You may have to suffer as long as you live. If so, let me share that suffering; but its cause I

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do not wish to know. I had a shameful curiosity once—well, it has gone. Can I make you believe that?"

"Not yet. If only you could!"

He let his eyes turn from her face, as if he could not withstand the supplication, so poignantly eloquent, upon it. Then, as if divining that he could not resist her if she spoke again, he burst out violently:

"You are an impulsive woman, Téphany; you have sung, you have spoken, to-night on the wild impulse of pity"—he hesitated, as if searching for an adequate phrase—"of pity," he repeated.

"No, no," she interrupted.

"I must give you time to consider. I am the stronger; I must consider you—protect you from yourself; perhaps——"

"If I let you go now, you will not come back."

"I will come back," he answered gravely.

"When—where?"

"I shall be at the chapel of Trimour at ten to-morrow morning. If you do not meet me——"

"I shall be there." He noted the triumph in her voice. Then she whispered softly: "Good night, dear Michael," and held out her hand.

"Good night, Téphany."

When she felt the touch of his hand she smiled.

"How young you look!" he exclaimed.

"The moon is kind to you, too," she whispered.

Michael, indeed, appeared suddenly as the young man at Saint Malo—with features twisted not by age, but by the misery of parting. The scene on board the packet-boat reproduced itself with extraordinary vividness. Details, even, were not lacking: the throb of the engines, the laughter of the homing travellers, the harsh, imperious cry, "Gangway's being cast loose, sir!"

"Are you as strong as you used to be, Michael?"

"Eh?" He did not understand.

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"You picked me up. Do you remember?"

"So I did; so I did."

She looked aside, blushing.

"I wonder whether you could do it again—now," she whispered.

For answer he seized her, and lifted her easily from the ground, looking up into her face, while she looked down upon his, half frightened, half delighted at the strength she had provoked. She half closed her eyes as he drew her downwards, wondering if he could hear the throbbing of her heart; and then—conscious, possibly, of an arrested movement—she opened her eyes wide, meeting his eyes with a glance of mingled surprise and interrogation. Now, the moon played no Protean tricks. The Michael intently regarding her was the man of thirty-five, scarred by suffering; and she knew that to him, also, she was no longer the nymph, but the woman who had put away long ago childish things, although not all of them. Only for a moment did he hold her poised, as it were, between the past and the future. Then he put her down gently.

"I am stronger than I used to be," he said.

"I am strong, too," Téphany replied, with a certain defiance, knowing that he distrusted not his, but her weakness. Michael smiled as he turned from her.

"Michael!——"

"Well?"

"When you come to-morrow, bring the mask with you."

"The mask?"

"That we may destroy it—together, before we begin the new life."

He did not answer without a brief delay. When his eyes sought hers, he knew that she would not fail him—that the night would but strengthen her determination to begin the new life without looking back upon the old.

"You are right," he replied. "I will bring the mask with me, and you shall destroy it."

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"It is your wish, Michael, that it should be destroyed now?"

He made a sign of assent. The poignant inflection of the "now," and all it implied, drove speech from his lips. In silence, without looking back, he walked swiftly away. Téphany watched his fine form melt and vanish into the shadows. When she could no longer see him or hear him, she smiled triumphantly, but her eyes were wet.

(*To be continued*)

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PARLIAMENT AND PARTIES

IT is characteristic of Mr. Winston Churchill, who owes his political career to his employment by the Conservative press and its subsequent paternal partiality, that he should recently have gone out of his way to vilify the patron by whose favour he obtained public notice. There was, however, no grain of truth in his statement that the Unionist press has shown malicious hostility to the Government of which he is so conspicuous an ornament. On the contrary, the leading Unionist newspapers have on the whole been singularly gentle in their criticism. This was especially noticeable when the Ministry was first formed. A disposition was shown to give it a fair trial; and treatment that was nothing short of generous was accorded to politicians who had themselves in Opposition carried the bitterness and mendacity of faction to a pitch not unworthy of Sunderland and Rochester.

One might indeed have supposed from the mild comments of their opponents that there was nothing much to be said against the idea which Radical journals excusably put forward in the hour of their long deferred exultation, that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government comprised an unparalleled array of political ability. Sir Edward Grey, as amiable as he is over-rated, was held up as a successor to Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne, whose acceptance of the Foreign Office, after some reported hesitation, would be welcomed with relief by the Empire; Mr. Haldane would sweep away cobwebs at the War Office and at last give us an army that would at one and the

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same time be efficient and cheap; the financial genius of Mr. Asquith was to make short work of Tory extravagance, reduce expenditure, and restore the national credit which his predecessors, according to the current Liberal legend, had lowered; while the appointment of a Hyde Park orator, who had given evidence of character and ability, to a post in the Cabinet was described truly enough as "interesting," and was welcomed by his opponents with a warmth of appreciation which Mr. Burns hastened to chill by the grotesque violence of his electioneering methods. Even the surprise excited by the appointment of Mr. Churchill as Under-Secretary for the Colonies was for the most part courteously concealed. It is true that he himself, having been given an office which under the circumstances of the moment was one of the most important in the Administration, thought it necessary to make an early opportunity of explaining to the public that his self-effacement in accepting a "subordinate" position might be justified from the national standpoint by the security it provided for effective control of Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, But the surprise of others than Mr. Churchill himself was not caused by his modesty, as he appears to have assumed, but by the proof his appointment afforded that the Liberal rank and file did not contain sufficient talent to man an Administration without resort to eleventh-hour deserters from the opposite camp. As to the head of the New Government, no one thought much about him one way or another before the election, except to wonder whether his colleagues would prevail in persuading him to go to the Lords, or his dread of Lord Rosebery in keeping him in the Commons.

In fact, when Radical pæans proclaimed that a Ministry of all the talents had replaced "the worst Government that ever was known," Unionists were content good-humouredly to await the subsidence of the clamour and see how far events would vindicate the bombast. For whatever might be the state of political opinion in the country, the idea that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had brought together a combination

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superior in individual talent to their predecessors was obviously mere party leader-writing. When Mr. Lyttelton was chosen to succeed Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office, Liberals affected to deride the appointment of a man who they assumed could never be a statesman because he had once been a cricketer; but no one can pretend to believe that Lord Elgin, who has never done anything except to be for a few years a respectable cypher at the head of the Government of India, is an improvement on Mr. Lyttelton; and although his spokesman in the Lower House, Mr. Churchill, admittedly has the qualities of his defects, the first two months of the Session have been enough to show that in the feebleness of their colonial policy lies the most menacing danger before the Liberal Government. Nor need any Unionist shrink from pursuing the comparison through the rest of the departments. Mr. Akers-Douglas may not be a brilliant statesman, but is Mr. Herbert Gladstone more brilliant? Are your Buxtons, Birrells and Bryces, Carringtons and Aberdeens, of the race of heaven-born statesmen? Unionists were often blamed for placing the Board of Trade under Presidents who had no commercial training. Are we to understand that the training of a solicitor is better adapted than scholarship and culture for preparing a man to control British commerce? Even those most exasperated with Mr. Balfour on his own side or the other would admit the unfairness to the present Prime Minister of subjecting him to comparison with his predecessor. When the result of the general election became known, men asked themselves in amazement by what freak of political fortune it had come about that worthy Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman of all people in the world was entrusted with power far beyond what Gladstone or Disraeli, Derby, Peel or Russell had ever enjoyed; for it was forgotten how out of the squabbles in the Liberal Party a few years back, when Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley successively retired into the background, Sir Henry had emerged as a colourless hyphen to hold together at arm's length the two wings of his party,

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and was therefore, accidentally as it were, in possession of the throne when the people killed Charles to make James king. Little more has been learnt about this chieftain in the last four months except that he is not always able like his predecessor to keep his temper and to maintain the decent courtesies of debate. Sir Henry is the first leader of the House of Commons in modern times who has bluntly told his leading opponent in Cromwellian fashion to have done with his foolery. Dull men, when powerfully backed, are apt to develop the qualities of the bully.

The causes of the crushing defeat of the Unionists at the polls have been discussed more than enough. It is more profitable now to ask how much the first period of the Session has done to fulfil promise or disappoint expectation. Whatever relative weight the different matters of controversy may have had in the constituencies, there can be no question that the electors returned the immense Liberal majority in the belief that they would thereby secure, *inter alia*, a speedy termination of Chinese "slavery" in South Africa, thorough-going army reform, a sweeping reduction of national expenditure, and the rigid maintenance of "free trade principles"; while they shared Lord Rosebery's confidence that the inclusion of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey in the Cabinet offered a guarantee for the preservation of Imperial interests, and in particular of the fruits of the South African war. They further imagined that a fresh Cabinet would tighten up the gearing of the legislative machine and increase the rapidity of output by a diminution of slackness and friction.

There is not one of these expectations that has not already undergone some disillusion. In spite of the Prime Minister's petulant impatience with the "foolery" of legitimate debate, designed to impress the Labour members with his businesslike qualities, there has been even more dillydallying than usual over the preliminaries of the Session. This has been the work of Ministerialists themselves, and in no measure of the Opposition, who are powerless to obstruct even if they had a mind to.

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The Liberals, who for months before the election kept on asseverating that Tariff Reform was dead and buried, cried aloud in exultation when the election was over that its main achievement had been to re-slaughter the slain. That being so, one might have supposed that their fears on that score had been finally resolved. But the oft-slain corpse, like the traditional victim of horrible crime, appears to have released a restless ghost which disturbed the sleep of his Majesty's Ministers, who accordingly felt compelled to beseech the House of Commons to exorcise the evil spirit. This they did by dragging the creature by the hair of its head into the middle of the King's speech, thus forcing Parliament to discuss an issue which by their own account was no longer in existence. Even this was not final. On March 12 one of their followers was encouraged to open yet another fiscal debate, which occupied two days. The only thing accomplished was that Mr. Lloyd-George made himself a laughing-stock by forgetting he was in office and complaining that Mr. Balfour would not formulate a policy; while the Labour leaders seized the opportunity to scout the notion that their presence in the House could be attributed to any enthusiasm in their constituencies for Free Trade.

When they had soothed their nerves by these elaborate ceremonies of exorcism, did the Government forthwith set themselves to demonstrate their zeal for efficiency, retrenchment, and reform by going steadily through with their legislative work? Not at all. They had not yet had "enough of this foolery." Having disposed to their own satisfaction of the fiscal ghost (on whose tomb nevertheless others have inscribed the epitaph *Resurgat*) the next step was to show the world that in a party led by "methods of barbarism" the old pro-Boer bitterness was still rankling. Lest any one should suspect Radicals of permitting power to beget generosity, they were in a hurry to impeach Lord Milner, taking advantage for that purpose of a trifling oversight for which that great servant of the Crown with an excess of chivalry accepted

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responsibility, though he had in point of fact no personal knowledge of the trumpery illegality for which he was censured. Happily Mr. Chamberlain, by moving the closure, frustrated the sneaking design to talk the matter out, and thus secured a record of the disreputable affair which it will be the privilege of a future House of Commons to expunge.

Having accomplished this sorry performance, old age pensions, payment of Members, free postage for Members, and other similar expedients for reducing expenditure claimed the compliment of abstract resolutions (duly carried by imposing majorities), or desultory talk which presumably did not come within the Ministerial definition of "foolery." The Milner impeachment has probably done more to disgust the country than its perpetrators would like to believe. There is at all events no doubt whatever about its having had this effect in the colonies. Nor does it stand alone in that respect. Public men and the press in the colonies are too "correct" to take sides openly in regard to party politics in the Mother Country, and if they had any feelings either of sorrow or joy at the change of Ministry in London they did not let them appear. But they are fully entitled to express their sentiments respecting specific acts of colonial policy proceeding from either party; and this they did without hesitation in connection with the Government's handling of the Chinese labour question. The Government, and notably Mr. Winston Churchill, had the incredible ineptitude so to manage this business as to unite in sentiments of hostility not only South Africa but other colonies also from whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might otherwise have obtained moral support. For Australia, pursuing the policy of Protection to its logical outcome, has adopted stringent legislation for excluding cheap labour from abroad; and, therefore, being insufficiently informed as to the local industrial conditions of the Transvaal, viewed with strong dislike the introduction of Chinese coolies into that colony, Australia was therefore naturally disposed to applaud the present Government's desire to put an end to the importation

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of Chinese—though for reasons very different from those of the Liberals in this country, who have forgotten Mr. Gladstone's denunciation on Free Trade grounds of the exclusion of yellow labour from Australia itself. But when Mr. Churchill clumsily brandished the Imperial veto as a menace to the future responsible Government of the Transvaal, he touched Australia and Canada no less than South Africa in a tender spot. Moreover, the Government immediately proceeded to rub it in by interfering with the measures taken by the Government of Natal for crushing disturbance among the natives; for although, when the Natal Cabinet retaliated by resigning, Lord Elgin climbed down with commendable promptitude on the pretext that he had in the interval been supplied with fuller information, and attempted to make the Governor of Natal a scapegoat for his own maladroitness, it was too late to undo the mischief wrought among the blacks, who had been taught that the Government of the Colony was not master in its own house. The result was that unrest among the natives spread, and is still (at the moment of writing) causing a good deal of anxiety.

But it was in the handling of the Chinese labour question itself, as distinguished from its remoter consequences, that the Government enmeshed itself inextricably in the barbed-wire entanglements of its election pledges, and provided a comedy for the entertainment of those not so seriously interested in public affairs as to be troubled by the gravity of the mischief done to Imperial interests. As there was no district so remote as to escape decoration during the election with Mr. Birrell's blood-curdling pictures of Chinamen suffering torture at the hands of Mr. Birrell's countrymen, or where Liberal candidates did not throw themselves with relish into the orgy of organised mendacity, it was to be expected that the Unionists who survived the tornado raised by these infamous methods should inquire of its creators how quickly they proposed to remove the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, and to cleanse the stain on the British shield. Then the curtain

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rose on the comedy. The Cabinet were beginning to realise the truth of the homely hymn that describes "the tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive." They accordingly began with one consent to make excuse. Slavery! Had any one happened to use the word? Certainly not the illustrious man at the head of the Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with his habitual nice accuracy in relation to anything in the nature of methods of barbarism, had indeed remarked that the conditions of the coolies in the Transvaal mines was "tainted with slavery," and even that it had "many of the characteristics of slavery"; but he had never, never forgotten himself so far as to speak of it as "slavery." Mr. Churchill sententiously declared that "it could not be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance of the word"; and then—being clever enough to realise the advertisement value of a Disraelian phrase—produced his carefully prepared and now notorious polysyllabic synonym for the short word which he impliedly confessed to be the proper description of the methods he and his friends had employed in the election. Mr. Lloyd-George was convicted on the evidence of the *Manchester Guardian* of having suggested to Welsh rustics that the Tories if returned to power might bring yellow slaves to work on the hillsides of Wales. Mr. Birrell, in a speech intended to clear himself of responsibility for the literature used by his party, inadvertently admitted that one of his leaflets had charged the Ordinance with establishing slavery; while the pro-Boer fanatic on the Woolsack, not to be outdone by his predecessor's "sort of a war," gave judgment for "semi-slavery." The Colonial Secretary, to his credit, played the part of an honest man, and without prevarication "deeply regretted the word slavery had ever been used," a piece of manliness for which he was sharply rapped over the knuckles a few days later by the egregious pedagogue, Dr. Macnamara.

If all this shuffling had taken place before the game began in the constituencies, the Government might have

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been none the poorer in honours, but they would assuredly have won less by tricks; and there is little doubt that the country, resentful at being duped, has entered a big black mark against the nimble-fingered conjurers with the cards.

But the question still remained what they intended to do. The melancholy answer is by this time only too well known to require recapitulation in detail. It is sufficient to remind ourselves that at first the condition which was not slavery, but was tainted with many of its characteristics, was not after all to be summarily abolished by the Liberal British Government, but was to be left to be finally dealt with by a colonial Legislature; the only difference between this and the Unionist policy being that the Liberals were for postponing the time fixed by Mr. Lyttelton when the colonial Legislature would be in a position to modify or repeal the Ordinance, if it should so decide. But the pressure of fanatical followers who still clung to the full-blooded slavery theory, acting on the unstable equilibrium of a hopelessly illogical standpoint, quickly compelled a fresh change of front, and tumbled the Ministry into the still more dangerous pitfall of Imperial interference in colonial self-government. This fall was accompanied by an astonishing revelation of subterfuge. For months before the election the Liberals had hotly maintained in the press and on the platform that white opinion in the Transvaal—that of parasites of Park Lane Jews alone excepted—was hostile to the Labour Ordinance; while Unionists had protested that they were perfectly ready to leave the question to be decided by the colony. If the Radicals had believed what they said, all that they had to do was to hurry up the representative constitution drafted by Mr. Lyttelton. For as a means of determining the state of local public opinion, representative institutions do not require the addition of a responsible executive. But the Cabinet had discovered, if they did not know from the first, that the colony would declare for Chinese labour, on which its entire development, if not its very solvency, depends. So they decided to throw the Lyttelton constitution into the waste-

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paper basket and delay for at least a year the progress in self-government for which at an earlier period they had themselves clamoured. Moreover, they allowed Mr. Winston Churchill to insult the colonials by warning them that even under fully responsible government they were not to be trusted where ethical considerations might be involved, and that they were very unlikely to deal with the Chinese labour question in a manner that he and the rest of the Downing Street moralists could sanction.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman further displayed his dread of the discomfiture he would expose his party to if Transvaal opinion were probed, by refusing Mr. Chamberlain's reasonable request for a Royal Commission; and when Mr. Churchill—for whom no pleasure has so keen a relish as being impertinent to old friends of his father—had sneered at Mr. Chamberlain's "fondness for Commissions," the Government proceeded to appoint a Commission of their own, composed of third-rate Liberal partisans, to go to South Africa, probably with instructions to gerrymander the Transvaal constitution on pro-Boer lines. The Government have a reason for this beyond their natural anti-British bias. The Boer leaders are anxious to get rid of the Chinese because they know they will thereby diminish proportionately the number of British voters, and thus be able to restore a Dutch *régime*. The Liberal Government are anxious for a strong Boer vote, to save their face by a local majority against the Chinese. Thus by a vicious circle of co-operation between the anti-British factions in Downing Street and South Africa respectively, the vital interests of the Empire are kicked hither and hither, and the results won at the cost of twenty thousand British lives and two hundred and fifty millions of British money are in danger of being thrown into the sea. It would be difficult to have packed into the space of two months a greater mass of colonial muddle and mismanagement; and the Government have succeeded in creating the fear that, just as the Liberals of 1880 sowed the crop of 1899, so the Liberals of 1906 are sowing seed that

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will some day mature into an equally disastrous harvest. It is not to be wondered at that before the new Parliament had reached its first recess one of the most influential of the Labour members complained of Mr. Churchill's blundering, and suggested that it would be for the public advantage if that garrulous and vain young gentleman were "muzzled."

Lord Elgin, honest man, fondly but erroneously imagines that the policy dictated to him by his Under-Secretary proceeds on the principles laid down in Lord Durham's famous Report, in which Lord Elgin pardonably boasts that he takes family pride. There is another page in his family history which he might profitably study. For it is one of life's little ironies that the official instrument of the Radical crusade against Chinese labour in South Africa should be a son of the Lord Elgin who was Commissioner Extraordinary in China in 1860, and who was commended by the Liberal Government of that day for having concluded a convention which was "entirely satisfactory to her Majesty's Government," inasmuch as it had "placed on a recognised footing the emigration of Chinese coolies whose services are so important to her Majesty's colonial possessions." [1]

The sorry figure cut by the Government in these South African debates, and the disappointing impotence of the four vice-presidents of the Liberal League, whose names were accepted by the country as sureties for the fruits of the war, but who were cajoled or coerced into inaction by the little-England section now predominant in the Cabinet, have done much to dispel the optimistic notion that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might, notwithstanding his antecedents, be safely entrusted with the care of the Empire. There has been much speculation as to the very secondary part played by Mr. Asquith during the first part of the Session. It is possible that preparation of the Budget engrossed his whole time and attention; but, on the other hand, there may be more than a little in the suggestion that, having failed to persuade his chief

[1] Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years," i. 142.

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that he needed well-earned repose in another place, Mr. Asquith has been well content to let the Prime Minister exhibit his incapacity to the top of his bent, and thus prove to all men that the interests of the party require a competent leader in the House of Commons.

But although the chief interest before Easter centred round South Africa, the pig-tail question was by no means the only one that brought election-begotten anticipations to disillusionment. There may still be a few persons, as simple as sanguine, who cherish visions of reduced expenditure; but the majority realise that such visions are phantoms. Mr. Asquith, who inherits a fat surplus from Mr. Austen Chamberlain, has indeed expressed perfunctory hopes that something in this direction may be done in the future. So has the Secretary of State for War. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer has also had to damp down his followers by the reminder that they themselves put forward in the first weeks of the Session a number of proposals which if adopted will mean increase instead of reduction in the Estimates. The Prime Minister has had to plead poverty in reply to deputations. The blackmail with which Mr. Birrell is preparing to buy off the hooligans of passive resistance cannot be provided, even by pilfering the churches, without a fresh resort to public funds. Mr. Haldane has satisfactorily explained the heavy increase in the cost of the army in late years, which was imputed to the Unionists for unrighteousness, but has said nothing to justify confidence that he can substantially diminish it.

In another respect, too, the Secretary of State for War has played Balaam for the edification of his friends, and has turned the hose on the ardent expectations they excited on the hustings. There has been a genuine desire in the country for effective army reform. It is a technical subject beyond the comprehension of the general public; but the Liberals by continuous and blatant assertion succeeded in persuading the bewildered people that the Unionist *régime* at the War Office had been an exhibition of incompetent muddle and waste. In

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the constituency which I myself contested, as doubtless in many others, great play was made by the successful Liberal candidate with a speech made by Lord Roberts, which was so garbled as to enlist the illustrious soldier's authority in support of the contention that the Unionist Government had culpably neglected the army. That electioneering indictment was promptly quashed by the distinguished lawyer now at the head of the War Office. On March 8 Mr. Haldane made what his admirers called "a great speech," which was belauded with reason because he achieved the feat of being thoroughly interesting for two hours without saying anything in particular; except indeed that he had "no cut-and-dried scheme of reform," which meant that he had not the ghost of an idea what to do to improve the army. By way of making some sort of a suggestion to that end, he did, it is true, propose to remove the garrison from St. Helena, and intimated that it would be a good thing if the Universities would invent a degree of Bachelor of the Science of War. A truly illuminating, if academic, Pathway to Reality in military affairs! But Mr. Haldane went on to say—and this was where he threw up his party's election brief—that the army had never been so efficient as at present, and that his predecessors (meaning thereby the roundly abused and derided Brodrick and Arnold-Forster) had accomplished "a remarkable amount" of improvement in the army since the war.

Thus at one point after another—Parliamentary business management, Chinese labour, national expenditure, army reform—the pretensions relied upon by the victorious party at the polls were swept away or cynically abandoned within a few weeks of the victory. But perhaps the most significant thing of all is to observe how they have even laid sacrilegious hands on the sacrosanct "principles of Free Trade." It is the humour of the quick-change artist presiding over the Board of Trade to persuade his audience that the author of the protectionist Merchant Shipping Bill wears precisely the same

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suit of motley as the platform economist who posed as a second Adam Smith in the autumn. But Mr. Lloyd-George's laboured endeavour to reconcile his Bill with Free Trade formularies revealed his consciousness of being a heretic. His loud lip-worship of Cobden only served to emphasise the blasphemy. His eagerness to reassure others proved that he had failed to hoodwink himself. The Merchant Shipping Bill embodies provisions which many Unionist candidates, myself among them, did their best to advocate on election platforms. It is in many respects a good Bill, a much needed Bill. But there is scarcely an argument that has been urged against Tariff Reform which would not be equally cogent to condemn Mr. Lloyd-George's proposals. But for what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful. It is altogether satisfactory that the Radical President of the Board of Trade recognises at last that in one department of British trade at all events the existing conditions of foreign competition handicap British labour and capital so unfairly as to entitle them to protection by legislation, even at the expense of "the consumer."

Nor was this the only occasion on which the same Minister showed signs of grace. A few days before Easter Mr. Lloyd-George received a deputation calling attention to the patent laws and demanding legislation to require patentees to work their patents in this country instead of abroad. Here, again, Mr. Lloyd-George thought it advisable to protest that no question of Free Trade or Protection was involved, "and he repudiated that suggestion altogether"; although nobody but himself (according to the report in the *Times*) had made any suggestion to that effect. If they had, however, the right honourable gentleman's repudiation, though intelligible, would have been unavailing to vindicate the soundness of his doctrine. For the grounds on which amendment of the law was demanded—an amendment which the Minister admitted was "of urgent importance to the commerce and industry of the country"—were that within a short time after its enactment "they would

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see new manufactures established in this country, existing ones extended, and additional employment found for our working population." In this instance, also, the interests of "the consumer" are not apparently of such exclusive desert in Mr. Lloyd-George's eyes as some of us had been led to fear. He did not, it is gratifying to observe, reply that if patents are worked abroad rather than at home it can only be because it is cheaper to do so; that the result must be the output of articles at less cost which can be imported into this country and sold here cheaper than if they had been produced by British labour; and that this entirely wholesome fruit of our glorious freedom from tariff restrictions is for our advantage whether the patented imports are required for immediate use or to serve as raw material for further processes of manufacture. No, the President of the Board of Trade puts forward nothing of the kind. He is now convinced of the "urgent importance" of keeping British capital at home, and of forcing us all to buy home-made goods, even if we have to pay more for them, in order to find "additional employment for our working population." This is a welcome advance. *Hoc Ithacus velit.* We can only hope that before Mr. Lloyd-George introduces his Patent Law Amendment Bill Mr. Bonar Law will be back in the House of Commons to add his able support to that which Mr. Chamberlain will surely give it.

On the question whether the embargo on imports of live stock from Canada should be removed, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was canny; but he none the less managed to disappoint a good many hopes that had been raised in agricultural constituencies, where a certain class of farmers whose profits from cattle-feeding are hampered by the high price of Canadian as compared with Irish "stores," naturally desire to get the prohibition against importation removed. Numbers of Liberal candidates, especially in Scotland where the question is a burning one, secured support by pledging themselves to vote in Parliament for repeal of the Act of 1896; and the electors were led to believe that a Liberal majority in Par-

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liament would make short work of the obnoxious Tory regulations. But when a private member brought in a Bill for this purpose before Easter, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made a facing-both-ways speech; he refused Government support for the measure, and left everybody to vote as they chose without official guidance. Whether he and the rest of the Government are really without settled convictions on the question it is impossible to say; but from a tactical standpoint they were undeniably in a difficulty.

The original reason for the embargo was that by no less drastic measure could British herds be safeguarded against the introduction of cattle disease; but the advocates of repeal contend that this danger no longer exists so far as Canada is concerned. For several years an animated agitation has been carried on, and at a conference of societies and others in favour of repeal held in London last year the principal speaker was the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen's participation in the movement had, of course, great influence in raising expectation in Scotland that the Liberal Government would abolish the embargo. But Lord Aberdeen is now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, engaged on the task of "governing Ireland according to Irish ideas." One clearly defined Irish idea is a rooted objection to live cattle being imported from Canada—not from any fear of disease but on purely Protectionist principles, since Canadian cattle would compete with Irish beasts and reduce their price in the English and Scottish market. In other words, for precisely the same reason that Scottish farmers desire to let in Canadian cattle, Irish farmers desire to keep them out. Mr. William O'Brien accordingly warned the Prime Minister that if these imports were permitted, the Government might whistle for the purchase instalments due from Irish tenants to the Treasury. Unhappy Lord Aberdeen must feel strangely beside himself, with his dual personality as a Free Trade leader of the agitation against the embargo on one side of the Channel, and its champion on Protectionist grounds as the exponent of "Irish ideas" on the

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other. One fact, however, is as plain as a pike-staff, namely, that the rural electors who looked to a Liberal victory at the polls as the harbinger of Canadian cattle for their pastures, may as soon as they please fill their pipes with their expectations.

This is a fairly long list of disappointed hopes for the most powerfully backed Ministry in modern history to have accumulated in a couple of months. There has not, however, been much opportunity as yet for judging how deeply it has influenced opinion in the country. Such a majority as the present Ministerial party in the House of Commons can no doubt stand a good deal of shaking, and some time must be expected to elapse before we see such an unmistakable proof of change as signs from Mr. Churchill of readiness to slink back from his new *protégés* to his original party. But the auguries are, at any rate, favourable. Liberals no doubt hold different doctrine this year from last on the subject of by-elections, or they would be more perturbed than Unionists are encouraged by those that have already taken place. For a lawyer to have increased the Unionist vote and held the seat in Hampshire previously occupied by an exceedingly popular local county gentleman, is good. To have reduced to two hundred a Liberal majority in Suffolk which was nine times as large even at the zenith of Conservative predominance in the country, is still better. It is also encouraging to note that the *Westminster Gazette* has already found it necessary to open a course of lectures to back-benchers on the obligations of party loyalty.

Under these circumstances it is a sad pity that the small band of Unionists in the House of Commons should stand in need of similar exhortation. Small as their number is, they have never yet put anything like their full strength into the division lobby. The condition of their front bench is, it is true, anything but an incentive to vigorous action. Sir Edward Clarke, to whom they might have looked to make hay of Mr. Birrell in the forthcoming education debates, has unfortu-

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nately ruined his position in the party. Mr. Bonar Law is greatly missed. Mr. Chamberlain is, of course, the one and only commanding personality in Parliament; but Napoleon himself could not wage war without lieutenants, and so far, with the possible exception of Mr. F. E. Smith, there is no sign of the hour producing the man.

Mr. Balfour has as yet shown so sign of recovering the grip which the party anticipated when they re-asserted their confidence in him at Lansdowne House. That he has been ailing and overdone may account for much; but if he is ever again to show himself the man he once was, there is no time to be lost. Since the opening of Parliament the Radicals have been giving themselves away with both hands. A storm is gathering over the education question which even a party so numerically strong will not weather without suffering severe damage. But if the Unionists are to make anything of the opportunities before them, it is time to come to a clearer understanding than they have yet arrived at with regard to the future. Has anything been done to redeem the promise given at Lansdowne House with regard to reorganisation? It is not a time for allowing personal susceptibilities to stand in the way of party consolidation. The time has gone by for plastering whitewash over deep fissures to make them appear like superficial cracks; the time has come for proclaiming that he who is not with us is against us, as regards the chief aim of party policy. Mr. Balfour has declared that "fiscal reform is and must remain the first constructive work of the Unionist party." Then, if so, no one who rejects fiscal reform, no matter who he may be, ought to be recognised as a loyal member of the party. But what is meant by the fiscal reform which is the party's "first constructive work"? Its object, says Mr. Balfour, is "to secure more equal terms of competition for British trade and closer commercial union with the Colonies." Very good. But how is this to be secured? Mr. Balfour replies that a moderate general tariff on manufactures and a small duty on corn "are not in principle objectionable, and should be adopted if shown

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to be necessary for the attainment of the ends in view." Yes, but everything turns on the words "*if shown to be necessary*"; and it was this phrase in Mr. Balfour's letter to Mr. Chamberlain that rendered illusory the whole concordat on the strength of which the party at Lansdowne House voted confidence in Mr. Balfour's leadership. These words leave it open to Lord Goschen and Lord Hugh Cecil to say, "We agree; but no conceivable evidence will ever persuade us that a general tariff and a duty on corn can be 'shown to be necessary.' If the end in view cannot be attained by other means, it cannot be attained at all."

Is it possible that this represents Mr. Balfour's own state of mind on the subject; or did he leave this interpretation open for the benefit of Unionist free importers? In either case he is simply perpetuating the paralysis of the Unionist party. In the present House of Commons itself the party might indeed prove an effective enough Opposition in debate without coming to agreement among themselves on the fiscal question. But it is in the country that recovery must take place. And in the country no effective spadework can be done while uncertainty remains about "the first constructive work of the party." Under present circumstances, no Unionist candidate, agent, canvasser, or voluntary worker can state authoritatively whether or not the policy of the party involves a general tariff and a duty on corn. They can only say it does if those expedients are "shown to be necessary." But what the average elector wants to be told is whether they are necessary or not. If there are any other possible methods of carrying out "the first constructive work of the party," let the leader of the party enumerate them. If not, let him say so. Then we should know where we stand. If Mr. Balfour thinks the question can be postponed in the interest of party unity, he is dreaming. Such a postponement promotes nothing but party paralysis. Therefore, even if the consequence of answering the question should be the hateful necessity of "drumming out of the party" a few men whose co-operation

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on other points would be of the highest value, or the still more hateful necessity of withdrawing confidence from Mr. Balfour himself, these would be lesser evils than to drift on towards another general election without coherence or consolidation; a procedure which would enable the enemy to pursue with impunity such a course of blundering and disillusionment as they have followed in their first three months of power.

RONALD MCNEILL.

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JAPANESE STATESMEN OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

THE men of Japan's yesterday are those who, young at the moment of her awakening from her two and a half centuries' sleep, saw the needs of her future and devoted themselves to liberating her from the heavy trammels of incapacitating traditions. These men set her hands free to make use of the weapons with which alone she could withstand the onset of older polities; they opened her eyes to the life-and-death question of either accepting modern conditions, or succumbing under their resistless tide. These are the men who risked all—their monarch's displeasure, their countrymen's hatred—life, reputation, fortune—to compass their country's renascence. They are passing away. The group grows smaller year by year. Internal dissension has helped to break it up, for such men as these had of necessity strong personal convictions, aggressive temperaments, the reformer's obstinacy, and the fighter's ardour; and, as time went on, it was impossible that all should continue to think alike—even though all were equally eager and steadfast in the desire for their country's advancement. Their names can never be forgotten. One, grown old in service, still works and watches sleeplessly while his disciples carry on the task. The others who survive stand aside, ready to give counsel or fulfil necessary duties—but, recognising the while that their especial page of history is written, and that

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they can safely leave the next in the hands of a generation younger than their own.

Of these younger men the Western world has as yet heard little; as to the older ones, most foreigners have forgotten Okubo, Mori, Kido, Itagaki, the reformers who devoted their entire energies to the struggle—the first two forfeiting their lives in the contest; but Ito, Inouye, Yamagata, Okuma, are still spoken of abroad as the leaders of new Japan. That they are no longer, but its makers to a great extent they were, for the makers of to-day's Japan were undoubtedly these statesmen of yesterday.

Of these the senior in years is Count Kaoru Inouye, whose gentle noble character and scholarly attainments cause him to be regarded everywhere with affectionate respect; he began life as a fighter, supporting his lord, the Prince of Choshiu, with valiant courage in the contest between that clan and the Tokuwaya Shogun's forces in 1868. When Choshiu had to succumb to the overwhelming strength of its adversary,[1] Inouye made the forbidden journey to England in company with his friend Ito, and for some time the history of the one is almost the history of the other. Inouye, however, was particularly marked out by his fellow-clansmen's reactionary ferocity, and was set upon and almost murdered as a punishment for his advanced views on foreign intercourse. He recovered from his wounds, and subsequently filled many important Government posts with great honour, retiring from public life in 1898. A courteous, kindly soul, always interested in foreigners, he was one of the men whom I met with most pleasure during my first years in Japan. He, like Ito, and other distinguished Japanese, was a pupil of the late Rev. William Morrison, brother of the distinguished scholar, Alexander Morrison. When Ito and Inouye made their first visit to England, Mr. W. Morrison, a remarkable linguist himself, took great interest

[1] See the admirable account of these conflicts in Mr. Watanabe's "Genji Yume Monogatari," translated by Sir Ernest Satow. The latest edition has just appeared in Tokyo, but the book has not yet found a publisher in the West.

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in the young strangers; he taught them English, and translated from the French for their benefit the greater part of the Code Napoléon, which forms the groundwork of the Japanese legal code. Baron Suyematsu, of whom more hereafter, also learnt his English from Mr. Morrison. It is curious that this gentleman's granddaughter is to-day the affianced bride of Mr. Yukio Ozaki, the present Mayor of Tokyo, one of the most advanced of the younger school of politicians.

In spite of his withdrawal from public life, Count Inouye was commanded by the Emperor, at the beginning of the war with Russia, to attend all important councils, and especially to give his advice on questions of finance, and he has rendered valuable service in this way, although considered by the Japanese to have long since reached the age of honourable retirement, being now seventy years old.

Count Itagaki is only two years younger. He earned his laurels very brilliantly in the war attending the Restoration, being not only a terrific fighter, but also a subtle strategist. In the subsequent adjustment of affairs he served in the Ministry, which he left on account of a split over the Korean question in 1873. The Koreans had wantonly fired on a Japanese warship calling at Kokwa Island to obtain water. Itagaki's soldierly training made him lean to the opinion that the outrage should be punished by force, by arms. He was out-voted, and retired from office to devote himself to the task of preaching the gospel of liberty to the men of his own province, Tosa. This he did with such success that Tosa became, as one Japanese writer has put it, the "nursery of freedom in Japan." After ten years of these missionary labours, Itagaki returned to public life to press the question of Repre sentative Government, and succeeded in extracting the promise that after the lapse of one more decade the change should be inaugurated. He did not escape the usual honours accorded to Japanese reformers, and was attacked and stabbed by a reactionary fanatic. As he fell he cried: "Itagaki may die, but freedom never," a cry which roused the country like a trumpet

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call. Fortunately, he recovered from his wound, and has lived to see the institutions for which he laboured eagerly embraced by his now enlightened compatriots. Of late years he has abandoned politics and devoted himself to the noble work of bettering the conditions of the poor. His record as soldier, pioneer, statesman, and philanthropist, is unstained by a single base or selfish action, and his name is justly dear to every patriotic heart in Japan.

Marshal Yamagata belongs by right to the group of soldiers whose histories will be given in a separate article, and I will pass on to one to whom, in the ranks of the older statesmen, the right of precedence now belongs, to Marquis Ito, the wise, silent, relentless old worker, whose motto, like that of a certain much-abused Englishman, seems to be, "Get it done, and let them howl." The outlines of his earlier life have been thrown into the shade by the renown of his later years, but they are too illuminating as to Japanese history and conditions to be passed over, and should be kept in mind while forming any judgment of his character.

Hirchumi Ito was born on September 2, 1841, in Choshiu, the Province which has given Japan the larger number of her distinguished men. In popular regard the Choshiu men have always been something of a terror to the rest of the nation. Big-boned and robust in physique, warlike and dominating in temperament, until recent times they, with their neighbours of Satsuma, were the traditional fighters of the country. The inhabitants of other Provinces were, by nature, quiet and peaceable folk; those of what we call the Home Provinces[1]—Tokyo and its nearest neighbours—being proverbially timid. The universal spread of military education has now brought the courage and steadfastness of all Japanese men up to the high standard displayed in the late war. The elder Ito was

[1] There are, correctly speaking, no more Provinces, the country being officially divided into forty-six Prefectures and two Administrative "Dominions." But the old divisions and names are always used by the Japanese in speaking of the different districts.

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a petty clansman of the powerful lord of Choshiu, an obscure samurai, who certainly never dreamed of the honours in store for his son. At a very early age the boy showed love of travel and adventure only equal to his desire to learn all that could be learnt about his own and other countries. Finding a kindred spirit in Kaoru Inouye, a friend a few years older than himself, the two young men left Japan secretly—as stowaways, according to tradition—and reached England in 1864. To leave Japan without permission was a bold act—to return and face the consequences of such disobedience still bolder; but the two patriots hurried home on learning that the Allied Powers had resolved to bombard Shimonoseki, the head-quarters of the Choshiu clan, in revenge for the rash act of the Prince of Choshiu, who had fired upon an American steamer, and upon a Dutch, and a French, warship, in token of his disapproval of the foreign efforts to establish relations with the country. Japan was then torn with dissension on this point. "Foreigners," "No Foreigners," were the party cries, and were changed with kaleidoscopic rapidity as personal interest dictated. Ito and Inouye, their eyes opened by all they had seen in Europe, found themselves in opposition to their feudal lord, and to the mass of their fellow-countrymen. Both young men were called base traitors by their own people, and Inouye, as I have already related, very nearly paid for his liberal views with his life. When the great question had been fought out and decided in favour of foreign intercourse Hirobumi Ito had gained the confidence of his feudal lord, Kido, and had doubtless done much towards the latter's subsequent conversion to the new ideas. Ito was alert, brilliant, a hard worker, always at his post, and he was soon singled out for advancement. On the downfall of the Shogunate and the restoration of power to the Mikado, he was made Governor of Hyogo (Kobe), being then about twenty-six years of age.

In those early days of the Restoration the chief power naturally lay in the hands of the clans who had upheld the

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Imperial cause against that of the Shogun. Of these clans there were four leading ones, Choshiu, Satzuma, Hizen, and Tosa. The best known statesman at that moment was Count Okuma, a Hizen man. He was made Minister of Finance at the Restoration, and continued to hold that post, and to be supreme in the Council Chamber for the first ten years of the present reign. It was he who, appreciating the great ability of the young Governor, invited Ito to enter the Cabinet. Okuma, also, first noticed the talents of Yamagata, the now famous Marshal, and installed him as Vice-Minister of War; Inouye, Ito's fellow pioneer, being Count Okuma's immediate subordinate, the Vice-Minister of Finance. Matsukata and the great reformer Okubo were also in this Cabinet.

Okuma was generously doing his best for the country in thus enlisting for the Government the services of the ablest men of the day. But he was preparing his own downfall. The Cabinet was practically a Choshiu Cabinet, and to this day clan is stronger than party in Japan. Ito, Yamagata, Inouye, were Choshiu men; Matugata a member of the Satzuma clan, which, barring one or two short quarrels, is always an ally of its neighbour, Choshiu. The weaker elements of Hizen and Tosa were overpowered by the weighty following of the other two clans; and Okuma, in time, found the Choshiu and Satzuma combination too strong for him. After holding supreme office for ten years he was obliged to retire when his colleagues in the Cabinet, on the ground that the time was unripe for such a measure, refused to support his memorial to the throne, urging Representative Government. After this event Ito began to rise to the supremacy which had been enjoyed by his former patron. His talents had had full play, both at home and abroad. He had been sent to Europe and America to assist Prince Iwakura in his efforts to obtain a revision of the old treaties, and he took advantage of the opportunity to study closely the Western institutions. The first fruits of his observation took shape in the Japanese banking regulations, copied from the American ones, and

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drawn up in 1872. In 1881 he was sent with a large staff to study the representative systems of Europe and America, and the results of his travels and studies were given to the world in 1891, when the present Constitution was proclaimed. The intervening years had been occupied in increasing efforts to prepare the country for the careful honours of Representative Government. It was Ito who insisted that a complete reconstruction of Japan's internal systems was necessary; that the Cabinet and all Departments of State must be recognised on the European models before this tremendous change could be inaugurated; and it is certainly due to his patience and foresight that the new system brought with it so few shocks and disturbances; a whole generation had grown up while the wise and patient pioneer was educating the people to use their responsibilities aright.

Labours and honours came thick and fast upon Ito in the course of those years; in 1884 the title of Count was conferred upon him; in 1885 he was sent to China to conclude the Tientsin agreement regarding the position of Japan and China relative to Korea. In the same year Prince Sanjo, the Emperor's life-long friend, resigned the Premiership and recommended Count Ito for the position, which he has since filled four times. I believe he has filled it unwillingly, always preferring the post of President of the Privy Council, where, free from party trammels, he could more independently give his opinion and perhaps be of greater service to the Emperor. It must be remembered that during all the first part of his public life he supported the Clan Government, which is still such a tremendous engine in Japanese politics. In 1895 he was made Marquis, and it was in the same year, after the war with China, and its deeply disappointing results, that his convictions underwent a change. The last phase of his development as a modern statesman has shown him as the advocate of party Cabinets, this method being more in accord with the ethics of truly Representative Government. It would be impossible in a short sketch to describe all the storms he

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has weathered, all the work he has done. To-day, at the age of sixty-four, he has more enemies and more friends than any other public man in Japan—and he remains the Nestor of the Council Chamber, the man most necessary to the Emperor when any great decision has to be taken. These are the facts of his public life, and they are sufficiently remarkable to make the student of character desire to know what manner of man this is, whose career seems to have reflected every phase through which his country has passed for the last forty years.

He began life at a time when it was difficult even for the well-born Japanese to speak their own language correctly. The educational advantages he has done so much to bestow on the poorest Japanese child of to-day were never his. The first passion with him was to *know*, and neither danger nor fatigue could turn him aside from that object. Having first taught himself, he became the apostle of political education to his countrymen. He is called by his enemies an opportunist. So is the navigator who keeps his vessel off the rocks, and, taking advantage of every favourable breeze and current, brings her slowly but safely into port. Ito's worst enemies are obliged to confess that he is disinterested. He is a comparatively poor man to-day. His hands are clean. When I first knew him, fifteen years ago, I was inclined to think that the instinct of self-preservation was very strong in him. I remember saying that he had an extraordinary acuteness which warned him of the precise moment when he could becomingly discard responsibility for an unpopular measure; that he would always withdraw from public view during the worst of a storm and appear again, smiling and serene, when the storm was past. This sense he certainly has, but I am sure now that it has been exercised for the general good, and from no lack of courage as to facing personal risks. The result of this private policy, if I may so call it, is the right to come forward as the adjuster of dissension, the impartial arbiter on great questions when public feeling has subsided and the right moment for the ratification of a decision has come. Although known to

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be an advocate of party government, he is not so closely associated with any party, even his own, as to rob him of his independence. He has broken up one dangerous coalition after another by transferring its leader from the arena of Parliament to the dignified quarantine of the Privy Council. Astute, patient, far-seeing, ready to yield on small points in order to win in great ones, large in aim and careful in detail, Japan has been happy in having such a man as this to train and restrain her first steps in the modern world.

"Can you spare half an hour to an old friend?" I wrote to him a few days ago, when he was deep in all the anxieties of the Portsmouth Treaty. The answer, a prompt one, was brought by a bright-eyed young secretary. The Marquis had gone down to Oiso for a couple of days' rest. Would I come and see him there and allow him to offer me a "modest *déjeûner*"? If so, Mr. Furuya, the bearer of the message, would pilot me thither and bring me home again. So one bright September morning I travelled down to the beautiful spot on the coast where the great man has built his country house—between Fujisan and the sea. It was a three hours' journey, and it seemed short, for, besides Mr. Furuya, who has travelled much and speaks various languages, I had for a companion Mr. Tsuzuki, the Chief Secretary of the Privy Council,[1] a cultured travelled man, who has already held great posts, is close in Marquis Ito's confidence, and is one of the important men of the day. Tall, grave, with regular features, and deep black eyes, he presents a great contrast to the genial, witty private secretary, who talks like a mercurial Frenchman, and thinks with the accuracy of a German scientist.

A short drive from the station took us through a pretty village and out into a shady avenue beyond, sloping up to the eminence on which the Marquis has built his house. We walked up through the garden, and at the front door my companions left me, judging rightly that after so many years' absence I should prefer to meet an old friend alone.

[1] Also a member of the House of Peers.

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I was standing in an upper room looking out at the sea and the hills, when I heard footsteps, and turned to find the Marquis coming towards me with both hands stretched out in greeting. He looked more tired, but very little older, than when I last saw him. I remember it was at a little family dinner in his own home some eleven years ago.

Tired—and—anxious. The kind cordiality of his greeting did not dispel the lines in that strong face or quite clear the melancholy from his eyes, the dark wise old eyes that seem to remember all the past and foresee all the future. The first greetings over, our talk turned to that of which both our hearts were full, the Peace.

"Tell me," I cried, "what do you really feel about it?"

There was a pause as he turned and looked at me. "I am sorry—but I am not surprised," he said slowly. "It is the best we can make at this moment—and this is the moment to make it. The people will understand it better soon."

"You knew it would prove a disappointment," I replied. "Was that why you did not go yourself? I always said no one would ever entrap you into an unbecoming situation. But I wish you had gone, you would have obtained better terms than Baron Komura has done."

He was patient with my impatience. "I was ready to go," he said, "ready to accept the risks of the situation—yes, I know what you think—but you are mistaken. It came to this, that inevitably the final decision had to be made here, and the Emperor wished me to be at hand when the moment should come. I was of more use to his Majesty here. Komura is a very able man. He has done all that could be done. And he is a brave man too."

"In what way has he shown that?" I asked.

"I warned him of what lay before him," the Marquis replied. "Oh, I remember my experiences in '95, I remember the Treaty of Kyoto! *I* was here in our own country, with everything in my favour—I made the Peace after a successful war. All my conditions had been agreed to—I was satisfied,

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I was successful—the Treaty was signed, and I came to lay it at the Emperor's feet. There was to be no more fighting over *that* business at least! How do you think I felt when France and Germany stepped in and tore my Treaty to pieces—reversed its conditions—took from Japan that which she had honestly won? I shall never forget the pain of that time. I remembered it more keenly when Komura started for America. I said to him, 'My friend, you *go* with hurrahs and rejoicings and 'Banzais!' If you are received in the same way on your return, I will not come to meet you. The nation will do that—you will not need me. But if things are otherwise, if, when you return, there are no shouts and rejoicings—if no single sou' comes forward to welcome you—count on me, for *then* I shall come to meet you!'"

Our talk was interrupted by the entrance of Marchioness Ito and her daughter, Baroness Suyematsu. The Marchioness's health has obliged her to give up town life altogether, and the family home is now at Oiso, whither Marquis Ito flies whenever the pressure of affairs permits him to leave Tokyo. There are two houses, a Japanese and a European one, both filled with books and old Chinese and Japanese paintings. The latter form the favourite hobby of the master of the house, and one room through which I passed is filled up with precious rolls—chiefly offerings from admirers and friends. There are two libraries—one for Chinese and one for foreign literature; both are crowded with books, for the Marquis is a great reader. The gem of the house is the dining-room in the Japanese building, a spacious apartment with delicately matted floors, shimmering under the play of sunshine and shadow among the trees in the garden beyond. It was a divine day, and all removable partitions had been taken out, showing a vista of room after room touched into richness by the soft gold of a screen here, a plant there; but no pictured ornament was allowed to distract the eye from the lovely view of the garden, through whose branching pines the fresh breezes danced and the sea showed in changing stretches of mid-day blue.

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At lunch we were joined by two or three guests, among them Marquis Saionji and his daughter, and the millionaire Baron Iwasaki, both families being neighbours of the Itos at Oiso. The Saionji girl is an exquisite creature, just sixteen, of the purest type of Japanese beauty, pale, pure, radiant: she looked in her trailing mauve *kimono* and pansy sash like a figure stepping out of an old print. She speaks both French and English with great ease, and without any trace of foreign accent—and has doubtless inherited the gift of languages from her father, who is a remarkable linguist. Marquis Saionji is one of the men of the future, a pupil and supporter of Marquis Ito, but full of independence and originality; he traces his descent, not from the fighting *samurai*, but from the Kyoto courtiers, who have always formed the personal following of the Sovereign. In person he is tall and handsome, with brilliant eyes and regular features—these lighted up with an expression at once cynical, gay, and kindly, an expression which I can only describe as extremely modern and extremely French! The piquancy of this personality was delightfully accentuated by his superb Japanese dress, making a strange setting for the face and figure of the man who seems to think in French, and whose appearance and conversation certainly bear out his reputation of being a brilliant wit and a desperate heart-breaker!

These valuable social qualities had full opportunity to develop during a ten years' residence in the congenial atmosphere of Paris. The young courtier went there at the age of twenty-one, to pursue his studies, and he became an ornament of the Quartier Latin, as well as of less Bohemian circles. The date of his arrival coincided with the fall of the Second Empire; France was a Republic once more, and the exuberant Liberalism of his surroundings, at that impressionable age, must have deeply tinged the convictions which Kin-Mochi Saionji brought back with him to Japan. He at once went into journalism, and started a paper of such extremely democratic tendencies that the older men were horrified. What

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was to be done with this "enfant terrible" of the Peerage? His abominable "Red" newspaper (it was called *Oriental Liberty*) was a scandal to their order! Gravely they went to remonstrate with him, expecting obstinate opposition from the hot-headed young man. But Saionji had either grown tired of his new amusement, or, and this is more likely, was astute enough to perceive that no good could come of antagonising his powerful elders and betters. He deferred to their opinion with easy politeness. If they felt so strongly about the old paper—why, let it it go! Anything to oblige a friend, of course!

This admirable docility caused him to be singled out for office and honour. The modern title of Marquis was conferred upon him in 1884; in 1885 he was sent as Minister to Vienna, later to Berlin. His cosmopolitan sympathies made him at home and welcome in foreign posts, but the gay manner and recklessly expressed opinions covered a very real resolve to forward the best liberties of his country, and he gladly returned to Japan to fill a series of distinguished and hard-worked posts in the Administration. His high rank and brilliant gifts caused him to be called, on the death of Count Kuroda, to the exalted position of President of the Privy Council, an office which carries with it the obligation of acting as Prime Minister *ad interim* when that official resigns. Marquis Saionji has now stepped in four times in this capacity, and will doubtless one day be asked to exercise it more permanently.

In July 1903 Marquis Ito was out of office, and was devoting himself to the development of his bantling, the "Sei-yu-Kai" or "Model Party," founded by him to convert the House of Representatives to liberal ideas of orthodox party government, as opposed to the old clan dominations which he had come to consider as antiquated and harmful. The present Katsura Cabinet was in power, unconstitutionally, as Ito maintained, having twice dissolved the Lower House without resigning office itself. Such an attitude appears impossible to Western ideas, but in Japan the Cabinet is the last stronghold

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of clan government, and is constantly at loggerheads with the House of Representatives, where the now accepted dogma is that Cabinet Ministers,[1] should be the spokesmen of the prevailing majority, as in other constitutionally governed countries. This aim, respectable in itself, was followed up with so much rivalry and discussion among its supporters that it brought only ridicule on party politics, until in 1900 Marquis Ito seriously set about demonstrating its value. Undaunted by the scathing criticisms of his enemies, who taunted him with the fact that he originally owed his own advancement to clan support, he came forward as a party leader, and founded the "Sei-yu-Kai," which still holds 180 seats out of 300 odd in the Lower House. It has had its moments both of triumph and defeat. Some of its measures, passed with big majorities in the Lower House, met with violent opposition from the more Conservative House of Peers, once even during the short period when Marquis Ito had succeeded in composing a party Cabinet. On this occasion the peers were brought to terms by an Imperial Rescript requesting them to reconsider their decision—a measure doing honour to the Emperor's wisdom and justice. Thanks to his Majesty's efforts, the party and its Cabinet weathered the storm, but the Ministry broke up of its own accord soon afterwards, over a question of financial policy, and the present Katsura Cabinet came into power. Nominally a non-party one, it has had the prudence to conciliate in some measure the Lower House, and, in spite of the two dissolutions above mentioned, is now enjoying the record term of a fifth year of existence.

The "Model Party" was deprived of its leader and founder two years ago, when Marquis Ito was requested by the Emperor to become President of the Privy Council in place of Marquis Saionji, who doubtless felt that the stately discussions of the Council Chamber were less suited to his

[1] Except the Minister of War and the Minister of the Navy. These are permanent posts, and are considered as disassociated from all party influence.

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temperament and ambitions than the stirring conflict of the arena. The world was amused to find that the two statesmen had merely changed places, the younger man instantly assuming the leadership of Ito's orphaned "Sei-yu-Kai," generally called the Constitutional Party.

Saionji is a man of solid strength, who, without losing any of the fire which broke out in the political extravagances of his début, has attained to great justice and breadth of view, combined with a profound insight into the character of his countrymen and a no less clear perception of the symptoms of the times. This descendant of a hundred generations of subtle courtiers, who yet has all the samurai's love of a fight, would probably prefer to be described, in the language he knows so well, as emphatically "*de son siècle.*"

He rendered valuable service but a few days ago, when, on the memorable 5th of September, he addressed to the Parliamentary members of the Sei-yu-Kai Party a manly and thoughtful speech on the Peace. The Marquis said that the restoration of Peace was, first of all, a matter for sincere congratulation, in the interest of humanity at large. That their duty to that interest, and the acceptance of President Roosevelt's invitation to negotiate, placed the Plenipotentiaries, not in the relation of victor and vanquished, but on practically equal terms, a fact which the Japanese, after their marked successes, were likely to overlook. From Japan's point of view, he continued, it might appear that Russia was conclusively beaten; but such was not the opinion of Western Powers, and Japan could not afford to ignore the trend of that opinion. After showing the comparatively small value of her concessions at Portsmouth, the Marquis appealed to the good sense of his countrymen to consider which policy had produced the better impression on the moral sense of the world—that of the Tsar, who, after repeated defeats, declared himself for continuing the war rather than make a small concession in the Council Chamber, or the policy of Japan, who, victor in every fight on sea and on shore, had nevertheless waived her demand

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rather than cause fresh bloodshed? While admitting that some feeling of disappointment was not unreasonable, yet he asked his countrymen to remember that Russia's aggression having now been fully chastised, surely the moment had come to "sheath swords, clasp hands of friendship, and devote themselves to the pursuits of Peace." He earnestly hoped that the great party, whose representatives he addressed, would treat the situation calmly, and contribute its influence and assistance to promote the numerous enterprises now awaiting the supplication of the nation's peaceful energies.

The meeting had been convened to protest against the Peace, but Marquis Saionji's wise and honest pleading carried the day with his party, and greatly helped both to calm the general agitation and to turn men's minds to the all-important question of developing the country's internal resources after the terrible strain put upon them by the war.

In these two men we have typical representatives of the best in Japan's past, and the best in her immediate future. Marquis Ito seems to be gradually effacing himself from the more active politics of the day. He is only sixty-four, and it is to be hoped that he will long fill his important and honourable post of best trusted councillor to his Sovereign; but he must feel that there can be little to add to the splendid record of his public service. Marquis Saionji still has his best work before him, and the country looks confidently to him to make that work worthy of his master and predecessor.

If I have devoted so much space to narrating the career of Marquis Ito, it is because he is the type and figure-head of the group I have called the statesmen of yesterday; but my sketch of these would be incomplete without some description of his still living contemporaries. It seems a pity that personal rivalry and the predominance of clan feeling should have forced such a man as Count Okuma into the position of critic and opposer of the Government which he has so long occupied. His intellectual gifts are of a very high order, and at the beginning of his career external advantages appeared to be on

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his side. His opinions were widely progressive, and many reforms since adopted in the country were originated by him, although others have reaped the credit attaching to them. Upright and enlightened, as well as kind and benevolent in character, he seems to have lacked the political tact, as well as the sense of self-preservation, so strongly marked in Count Ito. His first fall from power was occasioned, as I have related, by pressing the great cause of Representative Government at an inopportune moment; the mistake was a heroic one, but he paid for it very dearly. Something like bad luck has overshadowed his public life; he consented at the instance of his friend, the late Count Kuroda, to enter the Cabinet as Foreign Minister in 1888, in order to undertake the unpopular task of the Revision of the then-existent Treaties with Foreign Powers. These Treaties had been concluded before the Restoration, and many clauses in them, necessary enough at the time when Japan was being taken on trial by the other Powers, had become galling to her and disadvantageous to foreigners, in the course of their twenty years' duration. Japan had grown up in that time, and could no longer be treated as a half-civilised Power. The new Treaties were drafted so as to place relations with her on practically the same footing as those existing between European nations; but they were firmly combated by a reactionary section of the Japanese, who saw in some clauses, and especially in the abrogation of the passport system, a sanction to the incursions of foreigners upon their country. The task of revising the treaties had been, in the face of this opposition, given up as hopeless by one Administration after another, as well as by numbers of the foreign representatives who attempted to carry it out. In 1889 Japan was suffering from a fierce attack of this reactionary fever, fomented by the wild fanaticism of the "Soshi"—bands of young men, sons of the dispossessed samurai—who could find no occupation so consistent with their pride as warfare, whether actual or political. It required no small courage to carry on the negotiations for Treaty revision at that time, when

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both the Japanese and foreign plenipotentiaries were the objects of popular misapprehension. I have described elsewhere the attack on Count Okuma as he was returning from a Treaty conference; the attack failed in its murderous object, owing to the presence of mind of the coachman, who perceived the assailant's movement and dashed past him so that the bomb exploded against the carriage door, and cost the Count a limb instead of his life. Count Okuma's perfect calmness and stoicism at the moment of the catastrophe showed that his courage was of a very high order.

He did not hold office again until 1896, and then for the comparatively short period of two years. Since then he has done much for the cause of education and that of finance, and has been perhaps more useful to the country than when actively concerned in politics. It is to be noted that he has never been abroad. Perhaps Count Okuma lost, by this omission, some of that modern training and experience which Marquis Ito so eagerly assimilated, and which have helped him to use his natural gifts to such great advantage. Count Okuma commands the respect of all his countrymen, the admiration of many, but he will never be a leader again. His remarks on the Peace were in marked contrast to the wise and practical tone adopted by Marquis Saionji, the actual leader of the Opposition, whose criticisms on the Government were, as we have shown, subordinated to the great object of allaying agitation and directing the country's energies to commercial development. Count Okuma wound up his dismal Jeremiad over present failure and future disaster by making this startling statement: "Our diplomacy was bound to fail when once we accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to the Peace Conference. Our plenipotentiaries were in reality prisoners of war under the custody of the President. That they could achieve no good was a foregone conclusion."

The man who could say and believe this has no place in modern politics. Count Okuma belongs to Japan's yesterday.

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

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INDENTURED LABOUR UNDER BRITISH RULE

THE national conscience has been greatly exercised of late as to the morality of employing coloured people as indentured labourers. It has been asserted by men in high responsible positions that the restrictions placed on Chinese labourers in South Africa renders their condition nearly akin to a condition of slavery. As there are some accusations which no man of honour can allow to pass unchallenged, so the assertion that the treatment of any people under the protection of the British flag is analogous to a system which for the last century the British people has steadfastly denounced is one that it is impossible for the nation to ignore. It therefore becomes necessary either to alter or to justify the conditions to which indentured labourers are subjected, not in the Transvaal only, but in all British dominions.

The question bristles with difficulties. The majority of Englishmen have never come into personal contact with coloured races, and consequently find it hard to appreciate the difficulties involved in dealing with people whose temperaments and standards of culture are different from their own, and to realise that principles practicable in England are not capable of universal application. They must, therefore, form their opinions at second-hand, generally from the statements of interested or prejudiced parties, since the views of employers are obviously not free from suspicion of bias, and those of

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party politicians are too frequently formed without sufficient knowledge of the actual facts. For this reason the writer, who has had considerable experience of the working of indentured labour, not as an employer but as an overseer, will endeavour impartially to discuss those difficulties confronting both employer and employed that have given rise to the abuses on which objections to the system are based.

In the recruiting of labourers for service outside their own country it is difficult for any one—consul, magistrate, or recruiting agent—even with a thorough knowledge of the language, exactly to describe the conditions under which the indentured coolies will live, the climate and environment they will experience, and the purchasing power their wages will have in the country to which they are going. It is inevitable that most of the work of recruiting should be performed by men in the pay of those who wish to obtain the labour. As it is to the interest of these agents to enlist as many recruits as possible, they are tempted to use to this end means more or less questionable in addition to the mere statement of the wages and inducements their employers offer. Labour agents sometimes persuade natives of Central and Portuguese East Africa to engage themselves for service on the Rand by the offer of a sum of money, or its equivalent, on account of wages to be earned in the future, in order that, dazzled by the opportunity to possess immediately a lump sum larger, probably, than they have ever possessed before, they may accept the contract without careful consideration. The agent is also tempted to make specious promises, and to represent in rather too rosy colours the conditions under which indentured labourers will live. Indeed, the chief complaint made to the deputation of native chiefs who visited the Rand in September 1903, in order to investigate the complaints of native labourers, was that the men found it impossible to obtain on the mines the amount of wages that had been promised them by the recruiting agents.

More reprehensible methods of obtaining recruits are

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perhaps sometimes used. It is no longer possible for South Sea Islanders to be kidnapped for service in Australia, but a Kanaka employed on a Queensland sugar plantation informed me that he had been enticed on board a labour vessel and made intoxicated, and that he had come to his senses to find that the vessel had put to sea and was out of sight of his native island. He was told that he had signed the labour contract, though he had no recollection of having done so. My informant seemed to believe that the practice was a common one. If his statement was true, it follows that the Government superintendents, both on the vessel and at the port of debarkation, were either venal or culpably careless of their duties. Moreover, if such methods of obtaining labourers were often adopted, captains of labour vessels would find it dangerous to visit again islands whose inhabitants had been duped. The statement, however, was made voluntarily, was prompted by no question of mine, and is not so improbable as to be absolutely unworthy of consideration.

During the period of his service the coolie usually labours under the disadvantage of being unable fully to understand, or to make himself intelligible to, his overseer. It is possible to convey only the most simple ideas in "Kitchen Kaffir," "Pidgin English," or other artificial dialects by the use of which men of different nationalities attempt to meet each other half-way. Frequently misunderstandings arise, intensified by impatience on the part of the overseer and stupidity on the part of the coolie. If the overseer loses his temper the coolie becomes frightened and stubborn, and possibly the former, giving way to his exasperation, vents his anger by a kick or a blow. It is not only the coolies, however, who suffer from the lack of a common language: overseers find it a vast deal easier to explain a simple task than to make coolies understand them when some unpleasant duty has to be performed. Chinamen in particular have a genius for goading energetic overseers to fury by blandly replying "No savee" (Pidgin English for "I don't understand") when told to perform a task which they dislike.

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Overseers are subject to peculiar difficulties and temptations. The pay they receive is rarely large enough to attract men of education and culture, who might find a pleasure in learning the language of the men under their charge, and in seeking to understand and sympathise with their feelings. Arbitrary power is likely to intoxicate even the most cultivated men unless they are restrained by a strong sense of duty, by the force of public opinion, or by some superior authority, yet the power of the overseer is largely arbitrary, and to use without ever abusing it he must possess great powers of forbearance and self-control. He naturally wishes to please his employers by getting as much work as possible done by the men under his charge. It is probable that his version of any dispute will be accepted before that of a coolie, and in most cases he knows that an occasional kick or cuff, so long as it is not brutally inflicted, will be tacitly condoned. Consequently the temptation to give a thrashing now and then to lazy or disobedient coolies is very great.

Severity, however, is of little use unless consistently applied, and, if unchecked, tends rapidly to degenerate into brutality, which is a fruitful cause of riot. Fifteen years ago the Kanakas employed on Queensland sugar plantations so often made murderous assaults on their overseers that the qualifications demanded of the latter were strength and agility rather than an expert knowledge of sugar-cane cultivation. Some overseers never went into the cane-fields unaccompanied by bull-dogs, and managers took advantage of inter-insular feuds and arranged that each gang of Kanakas should be composed of men from several different islands, so that were the overseer attacked by the men of one island he might be defended by others who had some quarrel with the attacking party.

Although it far too frequently happens that overseers thrash coolies whose only fault is genuine inability to understand what is said to them, it just as often happens that it is done only under strong provocation. Though some races are

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as a whole more industrious than others, all possess a proportion of men who are inherently idle, and it is just such men as these idlers who are likely to accept contracts as indentured labourers, for by doing so they ensure for themselves at least board and lodging for a considerable period, the alternative being a precarious livelihood dependent on their personal energy and enterprise. Usually, therefore, each batch of indentured labourers includes a considerable proportion of confirmed loafers, who cannot be induced to carry out their contract without the stimulus of punishment. It is possible, of course, for employers to prosecute for breach of contract coolies who will not work satisfactorily, but such a course is tedious, expensive and unsatisfactory. If the employer obtain a conviction against the coolie the latter will have the option of paying a fine or being imprisoned. He will usually choose imprisonment, which to him involves no disgrace, knowing that he will be as comfortably lodged and fed in prison as in his own quarters, and that hard labour in a prison-yard is no worse than hard labour in a cane-field or mine. For this reason employers are loth to appeal to the law, and endeavour to find some other form of coercion. Some overseers are allowed to dock the day's pay of a man who has not properly performed his task. This practice, besides being unjust, for the fine is not inflicted by a disinterested person, is unsatisfactory in its results, and tends to make the culprit sullen and disinclined for the future to perform work the payment for which he stands a chance of losing.

It was at one time my duty to supervise the work of a gang of Kanaka labourers, all of whom were so lazy that they had been drafted out of other gangs lest their example should have a bad effect on their fellows. One of them knew to a nicety the extent to which he could take advantage of the regulations that had been framed for his protection. Whenever he desired a holiday he would deliberately insult some choleric overseer, and—human nature being what it is—was usually rewarded with a kick or cuff. On the following morning

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instead of going to his work, he would put on his best clothes, select a tender piece of sugar-cane with which to beguile his journey, and stroll leisurely into the nearest town to make a complaint, rejoicing in the knowledge that no one dared interfere with a man who was appealing to British justice. Whether he obtained redress or not was to him more or less a matter of indifference, since his principal object was to enjoy a day's leisure and amusement. Occasionally the plantation manager would in turn prosecute him, with the result that for a week or so he was a thorn in the side of prison officials, after which he would return sedately to the plantation. In regard to such men as these, most overseers feel that an occasional sound thrashing is more effectual and no less just than any other possible form of punishment.

The tendency on the part of overseers to mete out harsh treatment to their coolies varies considerably according to the nationality of the latter. Very little friction occurs between white overseers and Japanese coolies, partly because the latter are notably good-humoured and hard-working, and partly because the Japanese Government sends with each party of its subjects that emigrates as indentured labourers an educated representative, who acts as intermediary between his fellow-countrymen and their employers. The Malays, however, imported to work on the Queensland sugar-plantations proved so lazy and at the same time so sullen and quarrelsome, seldom hesitating to use a knife in the most trivial disputes, that employers were soon anxious to get rid of them.

Natives of different African tribes vary as greatly in disposition as do Kanakas drawn from different parts of the South Pacific, some of whom, coming from islands where cannibalism is still practised, are headstrong and turbulent but vigorous and hard-working, although men from other islands are characterised by effeminacy, gentleness, and indolence.

The abuses to which indentured coolies as a class are subjected may be summarised under three heads: (1) Coolies are liable to be bound for a period of years without fully

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understanding the terms of their agreement; (2) they are subjected to arbitrary and sometimes illegal punishments; (3) they are inadequately represented as a class and have not sufficient opportunity to air their grievances.

With regard to the first it must be stated that the various governments which sanction the importation of indentured labourers endeavour to render it impossible. If the abuse is found to be prevalent, greater care might be exercised in the licensing of recruiting agents.

The treatment of coolies who deliberately seek to avoid their obligations has been shown to involve considerable difficulty. The infliction on them of any sort of punishment by either employers or overseers is open to grave objections, but the remedy that the law affords is unsatisfactory and often inoperative. The difficulty might be partly overcome if magistrates with considerable discretionary powers, prepared to investigate trivial as well as serious cases, were everywhere at the service of both employers and labourers.

The inadequate representation of coolies might to a large extent be remedied if the appointment of interpreters were in the hands of the Government, instead of being, as it is, in the hands of employers. Interpreters would then be less tempted than they now are to sacrifice the interests of those whom they represent in order to curry favour with those on whom their salary depends.

In defence of the indentured labour system it may be urged that employers invariably pay higher wages than the coolies could obtain in their own country; that in their own interests, if for no other reason, they take care to preserve the health of their coolies; and that most coolies must be satisfied with the treatment they receive or they would not so often re-enlist for further periods of service.

During the present controversy concerning indentured labour in the Transvaal objections on moral grounds to the introduction of the Chinese into the country have been met by arguments pleading the economic necessity. This is

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unfortunate, since the economic side of the question, which concerns only the national pocket, is of so much less importance than the ethical, which touches the national honour. But are the conditions under which indentured coolies live, either in the Transvaal or elsewhere in British dominions, really akin to slavery? Is there anything in the system repugnant to British ideals? The accusation that Chinese labourers on the Rand were treated as slaves was made in the heat of party strife by men whose judgment was perhaps somewhat warped by prejudice. But if this assertion is accepted as true by the nation after cool and dispassionate consideration, the system must at once and for ever be abolished. Britain has long claimed the privilege of championing the cause of weaker nations, but her great influence will be lost, her voice silenced, if any stain be found on her own shield.

If, however, the accusation was unjustifiable, it should be unreservedly withdrawn, for until it be thus withdrawn Britain cannot, without apparent hypocrisy, continue to raise her voice on behalf of the helpless and oppressed.

R. A. DURAND.

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"SPIRITUALISM"

SPIRITUALISM—the study of the Occult Sciences—what is it? And why is it so often spoken of with ridicule, or in mysterious whispers, as a subject we are ashamed to mention? Does it bring to our minds darkness, curious noises, ghostly sounds, and unearthly appearances, in connection with fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition? Or is it connected in our minds with ourselves-to-be, with our departed friends, with the world of "The Unseen," "The Hereafter," "The Islands of the Blessed"?

It is often looked upon as tempting Providence, whatever that may mean, to think of our lives in the unknown future, that is, of our lives after we leave this world and our present bodies. Somehow we seem so interested in this life, so anxious to enjoy it, to get rich, to be somebody, that we have no time to think of the next life. Our friends and acquaintances fall and disappear into the "Shadow Land," and still we press on like the racers St. Paul speaks of, afraid even to look round, for fear of falling ourselves. It is the utter nonsense which is so often mixed up with Spiritualism that makes the very term a byword. But let us look at some facts connected with it. Unless we be Atheists we must believe in some future state, good, bad, or indifferent. This present life is simply an evolution which leads to higher evolutions still.

Many people say: "What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing; such things are God's secrets, which He keeps to Himself." There always have been people who liked

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ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning nothing would ever have been known in this world. If the soul is immortal, and if heaven is to be its future home, a knowledge of the soul cannot but be in some way associated with a knowledge of Heaven. Is not infinite space the domain of eternity? Spiritualism, like religion, has been put to many uses with which it has but very slight connection. We know how all human aspirations protest against annihilation. Think for a moment what is death in Nature? Everything that dies—flowers, trees, &c.—passes on again into life; nothing, even on earth, is wasted by death, but through it passes into fuller, richer life. The flowers that die all pass on to make more things live. It is through death that we pass to life; thus everything is used for life—even death itself. The idea of immortality was not born of bibles or manufactured by priests; it was born in the human heart. This mortal existence is but a fragment of life. The idea of immortality has been a mighty force in all ages; an ideal before the hearts and minds of men and women, strengthening, cheering, and comforting them under bereavement, and nerving them to high heroic endeavour.

"L'immortalité de l'âme," wrote Pascal, "est une chose qui nous importe si fort, qui nous touche si profondément, qu'il faut avoir perdu tout sentiment pour être dans l'indifférence de savoir ce qui en est."

Spiritualism, then, proclaims the message of the spirit people, that there is no death; that spirits are human still; that they are where they are and what they are, as the result of the life lived here. If Spiritualism is true, then the departed are still human beings who are affected by the results of their past-life experiences; all that individualised them and distinguished one from the other continues to characterise them after death. Now this means that the individual goes on, and is enabled, with more or less success, to continue to employ his powers and to lead his own life.

Modern Spiritualism has not only affirmed the revelation

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by spirits themselves of the future life, but it has paved the way for the modern scientific theory of evolution, by proving that there is a progressive law by which all earth-forces are enabled to reach a higher expression and a more complicated organism. It has done even more than this, for it has affirmed, with no uncertain sound, the continuity of the same laws of evolution in the spirit-life; and, further, it has affirmed that if you wish to know the origin of the life of man, you must go behind the mere result. In tracing man's upward march from conditions of prehistoric ignorance, it is not enough for you to trace the "footprints on the sands of time"; you must go behind the phenomenal into the sphere of causation, and recognise that life is spiritual all the time. So, as I have already said, death is but an incident—the closing of one door and the opening of another; the spirit going from the body into the spiritual world. You are as much a spirit now as you will be when you lay the body aside. Then you will awake to consciousness, and be surprised to find how real and how natural it all is. You will be met and welcomed by friends you knew and people who loved you.

The other world is a world of law and order. The same principles and methods of growth and attainment obtain there as here, but upon the higher plane their operations are discernible with greater clearness and precision; the moral law becomes more apparent. Men there begin to see themselves as they *are*, not as they were thought to be.

The message Spiritualism brings from the returning dead, then is the gospel of life—not of death; of knowledge—not of ignorance; of health and happiness—not of sorrow and misery.

"Oh!" you say, "knowledge is dangerous; knowledge will lead you astray; don't you know that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing'?—you must not follow in that path."

The remedy for a *little* knowledge is to get more—not less.

Now, supposing that what I say is true, and granting,

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for argument's sake, that man in the spirit-world is the same man, bearing a similar relationship to other men, and to his surroundings; his conditions very little in advance of those he experienced on earth; his mental, moral, and spiritual powers being in exact proportion to, and resulting from, those he possessed while here, what message would these men have to you? What bearing have these facts upon your present life, if you recognise that the spirits are human still, and that our claims are true? That they are true has been demonstrated in millions of instances by returning spirits, who, by fragmentary utterances, telepathic messages, inspirational influences—by drawings, trances, visions, writings, and demonstrations of various kinds, have succeeded in their efforts to impinge upon the consciousness of man, and impress upon him the reality of intelligent, rational, and progressive life after death. It will assuredly change your ideas as to what you are. It will convince you that in your essential self you are a spirit—divine and good, naturally immortal, because you are a spirit, and progressive in the manifestation of your spiritual powers and possibilities, as consciousness deepens and knowledge increases.

On the other hand, if we believe that death, which seems so real, is the end; what is the use of human life? What the object of all its experiences, its hopes, desires, loves, and lessons? If man lives after the change called death, he lives *as a man*, or it would not be life.

But what are the facts of the future life? What are the actual conditions of the departed?

Only from the returning dead can you receive the information that will enable you to understand the actual conditions of life hereafter, the bearing of the future state upon your present life, and the influence of the present motives, actions, and endeavours upon your future.

Therefore Spiritualism, the science of the spirit in all its modes of manifestation, both here and hereafter, is the only means whereby the thoughtful, spiritually-minded man—the

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earnest truth-seeker—can obtain light upon the purpose, the meaning, and the use of death, and estimate the present life at its true worth.

Mrs. Henry Wood wrote on this subject over thirty years ago:—

There are things, as I have said, which can neither be explained nor accounted for; they are marvels, mysteries, and so they must remain. If I were to tell you that I believed there are such things as omens, warnings which come to us—though seldom are they sufficiently marked at the time to be attended to—I should be called a visionary day-dreamer. I am nothing of the sort. I have my share of plain common sense. But some curious incidents have forced themselves on my life's experience, causing me to echo as a question the assertion of the Prince of Denmark, "Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?"

To this question I think we may now answer, and answer truthfully, "Yes, there are."

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., St. James', London, in a lecture which he delivered at St. George's Hall, London, in November, 1900, thus speaks of Spiritualism:—

Almost every invention has been regarded by the religious world as wrong. When people first went up in a balloon there were actually some good souls who said they were flying in the face of Providence. The world, then, has sometimes got into trouble through denying or denouncing as impious, things which it could not understand. Professor Mendelief wrote a book to prove Spiritualism a fraud before he knew anything of the facts. After that, he investigated, with the result that he felt himself compelled to write another book to say that his first was wrong.

. . . . . .

There is nothing that happens in the occult world—dreams, apparitions, movements of furniture, or the appearance of lights—that have not their parallel in the Bible. You will find mention of the cold breeze of the *séance* room; the mighty rushing wind, mysterious appearances, ghosts, clairvoyance, clairaudience, second sight, you will find them all in the Bible. When you find these things in the Bible you say they are all right. Well, let us admit an enormous margin for fraud, imposture, and deception in Spiritualism; let us also admit that these strange powers have been shockingly abused. But now scientific people have taken up the matter, with a view to arrive at more definite conclusions regarding them. Looking forward with a prophetic eye, it seems to me that we may expect in the twentieth century an advance in the science of occultism, and the knowledge of the occult laws as great as has been the advance in the nineteenth century in the knowledge of physical science. As

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the nineteenth century has been made illustrious by its achievements in physical science, so I believe the twentieth century will be made illustrious by its discoveries in the realm of psychical science. Knowledge is a two-edged sword—a power which may be used rightly or wrongly. When we have found out what may be termed the power of telepathy or clairvoyance, then we shall be able to bring the moral law to bear upon it; but not until we understand what we are about can we hope to do so. So in the future there will be a large uplifting of human power. The man of the future, through his explorations into occult science, will be able to raise himself as much above the man of the nineteenth century through enlargement of knowledge and function, as the man of the nineteenth century is raised above the cave-dweller and the troglodyte. I believe we have ample evidence of the existence in a sphere different from ours, and whose conditions we know nothing about, of intelligent beings. There are bad persons in the body; and there are bad personalities and bad influences out of the body. The Middle Ages believed it, and it is a belief we are coming back to. But for those who hold fast to those principles of the Christian faith—of belief in the Holy Ghost and the Communion of Saints—there is a spiritual affinity which will draw them to that which is good, holy, and spiritual.

M. Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, in his work, "The Unknown," brings before us many well-authenticated facts of telepathic communication between the dying, the dead, and the living. Now what does telepathic communication mean? It is the transmission of thought from brain to brain without speech. At present the philosophy of telepathy is being gradually unfolded by purely materialistic and scientific experiments. M. Flammarion relates over a hundred and eighty cases of telepathic manifestations.

Writing of them he says:—

All the cases here reported occurred to persons wide awake, and in their normal condition. I have acted on the principle of making a methodical classification, clear and precise, of the phenomena that we are about to study. The study is essentially scientific, as much so as if it related to astronomy, physics, or chemistry. There are many things we do not know. For ourselves, psychic manifestations are certain and incontestable. They must henceforth constitute a new branch of science.

I now quote a well-authenticated instance of telepathy from Shetland. A minister there went to Edinburgh accompanied by his man (his beadle), to attend the annual meeting

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of the General Assembly. Some days afterwards, the minister's wife, nurse, and child were sitting on the sea-shore near the manse, when they saw a small boat arrive at the little landing-place down on the rocks. John, the minister's man, came out of the boat and went away up to the manse by the private path. Afraid that her husband was ill in Edinburgh, or that something had happened to him, as John had returned home alone, the minister's wife hurried back to the manse to see John. When she reached it, to her intense surprise and terror, she found that neither John nor any one else had been there. By the first mail came from Edinburgh the news that John had died there suddenly at the very same hour as he had appeared in Shetland.

Here is a curious and true instance of second sight, from Miss Ferrier's book, "Marriage," which was published in the year 1819.

As Duncan McCrae was one evening descending Banvoilloich, he saw a funeral procession in the vale beneath him. Not having heard that any one was dead, he was greatly surprised, and hurried near it, when he saw that all the lairds in the country were there excepting Sir Murdoch, who, he knew, was away south at a cousin's marriage. Duncan followed the procession at a distance as it wound along in perfect silence, till it reached Castle Dochart burying-ground. As the gates wouldn't open, they broke down the wall, and just as the coffin was being lifted over it gave way and Duncan caught sight of Sir Murdoch lying in it in his dead-clothes. Then the mist came down and covered everything, while Duncan made the best of his way home and gasped out that he had seen Castle Dochart's burying. Next day came news of Sir Murdoch's death. He had died in a fit that very evening while entertaining a large company in honour of his cousin's marriage. That day week his funeral passed through Glenvalloch exactly as described by Duncan McCrae; and as the gates of the burying-ground would not open, part of the wall had to be taken down; and the coffin did give way as they were placing it in the grave.

Now we know from the many instances of psychic action that the action of one human being upon another from a distance is a scientific fact; it is as certain as the existence of Paris, of Napoleon, of oxygen, or of Sirius. We are certain now that telepathy can and ought to be henceforth considered by scientists as an incontestable reality. Minds are able to act upon

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each other without the intervention of the senses. Psychic force exists. Its nature is yet unknown. Psychic phenomena may occur during sleep as well as in the waking state. Sleep is not an exceptional condition of our lives; on the contrary, it is a normal function of our organic life, of which it occupies, in general terms, a third part. It often seems in dreams as if the spirit of the dreamer were really transported to the scene of his dream, as there are many well-known instances in which the dreamer has described the scenery of places which he could never have seen. Now according to Spiritualism, the spirit in sleep always leaves the body; the body can rest more completely in all its functions without the presence of the spirit. In sleep, too, the spirit actually sees, feels, and hears; only it cannot always take back to the bodily memory all its experiences. Dreams you remember are those that have actually taken place. The spirit was in right conditions to bring back all it went through. Often you meet other souls and talk with them, and with others who have left their bodies sleeping, or who are altogether out of them, being spirits.

WARNINGS.

There are many instances of warnings given in dreams. Take, for instance, one from the Bible—that sent to the wife of Pilate regarding Christ (St. Matt. xxviii. 19).

Here is another instance taken at random from many authentic dreams:

On Thursday, November 7, 1850, at the moment when the workers in a coal-mine near Belfast were about to begin their work, the wife of one of them advised her husband to examine carefully the ropes of the basket or cage in which he was about to descend to the depths of the pit. "*I dreamed*," she said, "*that they cut them during the night.*"

The miner did not at first attach any importance to this advice; nevertheless he communicated it to his comrades. They thereupon unrolled the descending cable, and there, to the great surprise of all, they found it had been hacked in

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several places. Some moments later they would all have got into the basket, from which they would inevitably have been thrown and killed; so they owed their safety to this dream.

APPARITIONS

I have as yet said very little regarding manifestations from the dead, apparitions, presentations, &c. &c., and so will quote one from the Book of Samuel. King Saul consulted the witch of Endor, and saw before him the phantom of the Prophet Samuel. If this account be untrue, it at least indicates what popular belief was in those old times. At the present time Spiritualism is doing great and good service to humanity by insisting that whatever may be the claims advanced, all spirit communications, all inspirations, ancient and modern, must be judged according to their reasonableness and truth.

A great many people say: "If spirits come back from the other world, why don't they do so and so? they *ought* to do this, that, and the other." But the intercourse with spirits which Spiritualists have has demonstrated that spirit people are as much subject to law as you are, that in their desire to communicate with you they have to reach you through the conditions you provide, very often a most difficult task from the fact that you are limited in your environment. They themselves are not immaculate or omnipotent; neither are they ubiquitous; they also are limited by their ignorance and unspiritual conditions. People generally hold the popular idea that death works a miracle, and transforms "the departed" from his plain, ordinary self into a perfect angel. Now Spiritualism has refuted this idea by proving the direct relation of initial spirit experiences to earth-life conditions.

If you read the Bible, you will find it distinctly set forth that the law was given "by the disposition of angels"; and if you read carefully, you will have found that angels were "messenger-spirits."

We contend, therefore, that while Spiritualism confirms

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the claim for ancient inspiration from spiritual sources—that men received ideas, communications, help, encouragement, guidance, or warnings, from the spirit side of life—while it explains the testimony of antiquity, it, at the same time, takes these experiences from the category of the supernatural and perfect, and makes clear the fact that *all* inspiration is imperfect, and must be judged according to the ordinary tests of truth and right.

ISABELLA C. BLACKWOOD.

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THE MISUSE OF TITLES AND PRECEDENCE

EVERY age, no doubt, has criticised the manners of the age preceding it, or extolling the immaculate manners of "the good old times," has wagged its head over present degeneracy. But it must be admitted that there is a very real disintegrating social process at work to-day, involving a displacement of the social axis in more than one class. The new freedom for women and the widespread democratic sentiment in a country which was, and perhaps is still, one of the last strongholds of the aristocratic sentiment, have introduced into the middle classes an uprising against Mrs. Grundy and all her ways, and a departure, therefore, from that backbone of the British race its middle-class traditions —for Mrs. Grundy was nothing if not middle-class. In the "upper" ranks, in that which, *pace* the enlightened middle-class view, has some right to be called "society" *par excellence*, a change no less drastic has been taking place. The movement which began in the *seventies* and *eighties* as lion-hunting, debouched as millionaire-hunting, and the manners and traditions of the "new man" have perforce left their mark on the members of a society in which he so frequently figures.

I have just said that, *pace* educated middle-class opinion, the upper classes of a country have some right to be regarded as pre-eminently "society." What we admire among the French is the *savoir vivre* which is akin to *savoir faire*, and

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we consider that the genius of the French people has brought to its perfection the art of coming together for social intercourse. Such an art it is which in the upper classes of every country has been cultivated for generations, and cultivated by people who have inherited certain traditions which are the unchanging staple of fine manners, despite its changing conventions. For there is a hall-mark of conventional manners in each age, and the fine manners of one age become the middle-class proprieties of the next. The existence of a social tradition is a great liberty-giver to the individuals embraced by it; and the well-bred man differs from others not only because he is accustomed to stately things, and forms and ceremonies do not weigh upon him, but also because this fact procures him a complete liberty from those cast-iron conventions which in other classes do duty for the said social traditions.

Among permanent conventions must be counted titles and precedence. When Queen Victoria came to the throne there were only about 500 peers—when she died there were about 1200, and the population of course had not increased in this proportion. There has been, therefore, a considerable popularisation of hereditary as well as of personal titles; peerages, baronetcies, and knighthoods have been bestowed without mercy, and the shower of D.S.O.'s on what seemed to be every officer who returned to tell the tale after the South African war was our last firework-display. Very soon it will be true in England, where we love a title, as it is said to be true in France, where they love a decoration, that it is more distinguished to possess no "distinction," and to bear your name supported neither fore nor aft. Even now the position of the untitled person is rapidly becoming invidious; no one can see the least difference between A and B, yet A is taken and B is left.

The history of our titles, however, is a more interesting thing than their present abuse. Every one in England who is not a peer or peeress is a commoner. Not only are a duke's

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sons and daughters commoners, but the King's children are commoners, his eldest son being the exception, not as Prince of Wales—for he is created, not born, Prince of Wales—but because he is born Duke of Cornwall, *i.e.*, a peer of the realm. Macaulay has told us that the peculiarity of English aristocracy is "the relation in which the nobility stood to the commonalty."

> The younger son of a peer was but a gentleman. . . . Good blood was indeed held in high respect; but between good blood and the privileges of peerage there was, most fortunately for our country, no necessary connection. Pedigrees as long, and 'scutcheons as old, were to be found out of the House of Lords as in it. There were Bohuns, Mowbrays, De Veres, nay, kinsmen of the House of Plantagenet, with no higher addition than that of esquire, and with no civil privileges beyond those enjoyed by every farmer and shopkeeper. There was, therefore, here no line like that which in some other countries divided the patrician from the plebeian. The yeoman was not inclined to murmur at dignities to which his own children might rise. The grandee was not inclined to insult a class into which his own children must descend.

It must also be remembered that the custom of giving a title to the heads of houses only has led to the complete extinction of titles in numerous instances, members of a noble family being left with no mark of its nobility. Moreover, there have always been in England territorial dignities, such as that of the lord of a manor, which would infallibly carry a title with them in any other country.

If we now turn to the misuse of titles we shall find that the untitled are not by any means the only offenders. When the sons and daughters of dukes and marquesses, and the daughters of earls, insist on styling themselves and getting others to style them *The* Lord Arthur B, *The* Lady Alicia B, and when a marquess's son labels his luggage *The Right Honourable Lord Charles D*, they are misusing titles. It is not correct for his relatives to address the head of their house as *The Most Noble the Marquess of Dash*, nor to represent a courtesy lord with a coronet. Courtesy titles do not confer peerage or the right to a coronet, and no children of peers are Right Honourables. The eldest sons of dukes, marquesses, and earls are born respectively "in the degree" of a marquess,

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earl, and viscount, but they are not peers, though they are commonly (but not legally) called by their fathers' second titles. The son of a duke is known as Marquess, or Earl, of ——, the son of a marquess by the title of his father's earldom, viscountcy, or barony, as the case may be, while the earl's son is known as Viscount, or, Baron, So-and-so. These courtesy lords are not addressed as *The* Viscount Dash, *The* Lord Dash, but as Viscount, or Lord, Dash. As his sisters take the precedence of their eldest brother, and as *The* stands for *The Right Honourable*, it will be seen at once how inconsistent it is that they should claim to be addressed as *The* Lady Alicia Dash—claim, that is, to be what he is not, a Right Honourable.

The truth is, nevertheless, that this use of the prefix "the" is ambiguous. It serves to represent "Right Honourable," and it is also the necessary definite article. If a marquess's son is Earl Browne, you can so address him; but if he is Earl *of* Browne it is not so simple to put this with no definite article on an envelope. If you put it, you give him the same style as his father or as a real earl—*The* Marquess Robinson, *The* Earl of Browne. Clearly, too, in the case of a duchess, *The Duchess of X* does not stand for Right Honourable at all. Right Honourable is already the formal style of peers and peeresses and the proper style on an envelope of Privy Councillors, while we have Honourable for the sons and daughters of peers, maids of honour, and colonial ministers, so that there seems no good reason why "The Right Honourable" should not be re-introduced for peers and peeresses, in place of the ambiguous "the."

Mistakes not less fundamental are also made by the untitled classes. They always address baronets and knights in speaking to them as Sir John Hogg, and speak of their acquaintances as The Marquess of B, The Countess of A, and the Honourable Mrs. C. "The spheres on which" we all "ride" when we write novels, I will not indeed aver take us out of our depth, for such a mixing of metaphors would of course be abhorrent to our novelist, but they lead us into rarefied regions

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where we no longer breathe naturally. We live among dukes and duchesses, and ambassadors with inconvenient gold-knobbed canes, who yearn for a closer acquaintance with the globe-trotting Englishman, and we are waited upon by butlers who invariably do what falls to the footman in well-ordered establishments, and even by such great persons as grooms of the chambers. Yet we flounder over much simpler matters than these, and our earls' daughters who have married baronets shrivel up into *Lady Jones*, and our knights' wives blossom into full-blown *Lady John Smith*.

When we come to precedence there appears to be less acquaintance with the principles on which it is based than there is with the employment of titles. Our social hierarchy consists of five grades of peerage, with knighthood and the degree of "esquire" added, the only other recognised degree being that of a gentleman of coat armour. Of these, "earl" and "baron" represent the ancient Saxon titles (though the latter is also Norman), the "duke" and "marquis" came to us from Continental Europe, while the "knight" was distinctively a Norman degree. The "viscount" was originally the deputy of the count (or earl), who in old days was the ruler of a province or county. The last hereditary title to be introduced was that of the baronet, in the reign of James I., the funds which he received from the recipients (all of whom were to be men of good birth and in the enjoyment of not less than £1000 a year) being destined to colonise Ulster in Ireland, and Nova Scotia. The head of this hierarchy is of course the king, princes and dukes of the blood royal having a pre-eminent place next to the sovereign, although in early Norman (as in Saxon) times the king alone held a paramount position, and the Norman kings conferred the honour of knighthood or earldoms and dukedoms on their sons, in virtue of which they acquired their status.

Our code of precedence was arranged by Edward III., and later by Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Richard II. and Henry V. interested themselves in the matter also, the degrees of "marquess" and "esquire" dating from the former, while the

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latter determined the various grades of "esquire," and Henry VI. added the "viscount" to our peerage. The larger number of peers are earls and barons; the marquesses and viscounts have always been a select minority. The principles of precedence among the grades and degrees are as follows:

(1) The peers in each degree take precedence among themselves according to seniority of creation.

(2) The children of dukes, marquesses, and earls[1] walk before the grade two steps below that of their father. Thus the children of a duke precede an earl or countess, the children of a marquess precede a viscount, and the children of an earl precede a baron.

(3) The precedence of daughters is that of their eldest brother and before that of the wives of all other brothers. That is, daughters are born in the degree of their eldest brother, while all other sons are born in the degree below this. Thus, Lady Betty St. John takes precedence of Lady James St. John, her brother's wife. This distinction is made very clear in the case of the children of an earl, where the daughters have the title of *Lady* and the sons are only *Honourable*. But what takes place here, where Lady Alicia precedes the Honourable Mrs. Robert, takes place in every other degree. In the case of a simple gentleman the eldest son is not born in any other degree but that of his brothers, *i.e.*, a gentleman. But even here, while all daughters are born equal, sons are not, but take precedence in order of seniority. That is why, in heraldry, there are *marks of cadency* in the arms of sons, the eldest charging the paternal coat with a *label* "for difference," the second with a crescent, the third with a mullet, the fourth with a martlet, and so forth.

(4) A married woman's precedence is of three kinds. If she has none of her own by birth she takes that of her husband, however exalted it may be; but if her own precedence is higher than that of her husband, she retains it; unless, however, she

[1] The eldest sons and their wives and all daughters, but not the younger sons.

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marries a peer, when she sinks to his rank—*i.e.*, if a duke's daughter, whose natural precedence is before a countess, marry a baron she ranks simply as a baroness, her unmarried sister ranking before her. A husband derives no precedence from his wife, and children inherit no precedence from their mother, save only when the mother is a peeress in her own right.

(5) No widow remarrying is entitled to retain her first husband's title; this is frequently done and allowed by common usage, but the Lord Chamberlain would not announce you with this title at Court. One of the attractions offered by King James, however, when instituting the order of baronets is said to be that a baronet's wife should retain her title (which is properly *Dame* though by custom *Lady*) even when remarrying with a plain commoner. One does not quite see in what way this proved an inducement to the aspiring baronet, but it makes Lady Brown more sure of her title for life than the Duchess of Dover.

(6) No foreign title has any place in English precedence, with the exception of royal persons, and of ambassadors, who rank next after our own royal family.

(7) Girls and boys have no precedence—but a girl from the day she is presented, or "comes out," and a youth from the day he is put in the position of a man, take their full precedence, quite irrespective of age. Precedence has nothing whatever to do with being married or single, young or old, distinguished or undistinguished personally.

(8) And in the last place, precedence is concerned with formal gatherings of people, their formal ordering. On other occasions people do not "stand upon the order of their going." The procession in to dinner is the one occasion in the day when one marshals one's guests in their proper order, and even here it has become popular in private house parties to dispense with precedence on going in to dinner—the ladies troop in first with their hostess behind them, and the men follow.

This is one way out of the difficult problem of marshalling guests in the intimacy of home. Of course, this problem is

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still more difficult where there is little or no difference in social status among the guests. "They must go in somehow"—and the question is, how? The matter must be settled very largely by courtesy and convenience; but we should discard "the married lady," "the greatest stranger," "the bride," and the "latest comer," as valuable finger-posts. Some of the remedies for a lack of real precedence among people are rarely worse than the disease, and cause more discomfort than a wrongly addressed letter. There is first "the married woman" fetish. As we have seen, the married or single state has—and can have—nothing whatever to do with precedence, and Mrs. Plantagenet in the hall has by the mere fact of being Mrs. and not Miss no more precedence than Mrs. Judkins in the kitchen. Such a principle of precedence would have been strictly observed by Mrs. Poyser, but it ought not to obtain in the houses of gentlefolk, especially as it is nearly always aggravated by another offence, namely, the dragging of precedence into every hour of daily life. It would doubtless be difficult to find a woman of really high social position enjoying the importance and paramountcy which "the married lady" enjoys in some houses. Well-bred people are all equals, and there is no precedence in our homes which clings to every action of the day. Young Mrs. Tom Noddy—or even married Aunt Betty—should not be allowed to walk before others in at every door and out of every door on all occasions with such unflinching assurance. Even the lady of greatest position is not invariably pushed forward, and our married guests do not take the place of ladies of position.

If the plan of going in to dinner ladies first, men afterwards, is not adopted, far the best arrangement is for the host to give his arm on successive nights to each lady in turn—at least to each of the elder ladies among his guests. This is specially fitting when the host is the only representative of his sex. Here are two instances of the precedence adopted: the first is a house party at the then Lord Chamberlain's, in the country. The house party consists of the host, with Lady Y his wife,

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and Lord Arthur Z their son. The guests are their married daughter Lady Mary X, and her husband (a baronet) Sir Charles X; another member of the Royal household, Mr. R, and his daughter, just "out"; and the host's unmarried sister Lady Clara Z. This is how the party was arranged for the two nights of the visit: First night—Lord Y takes his sister, Sir Charles X takes Miss R, Lord Arthur takes his sister, and Lady Y and Mr. R bring up the rear. Second night: Lord Y gives his arm this time to Miss R; Sir Charles escorts his aunt, Lady Clare Z; Mr. R takes in Lady Mary X, while the Marchioness walks in to dinner with her son-in-law Sir Charles X. These arrangements, it will be seen, observed the utmost courtesy towards the two guests who were not members of the family, and also gave each and every one their share of their proper precedence.

Second case: A dinner in town at the house of a baronet's widow; present, her daughter, a Hertfordshire squire, a knight and his daughter. The squire walked in first with the daughter of the house, Miss X walked by herself, and the rear was brought up by the hostess on the knight's arm. This was quite incorrect. It is by no means good form to send or take in your daughter in your own house before your guest, even where the former has very much higher precedence. It is different when a sister (married or single) is on a visit to you. Courtesy here prescribes no reason why she should on all occasions be deprived of her proper precedence in a mixed company, because she is a guest in her brother's house. Perhaps there is nothing uglier in middle-class manners than the cynical neglect of unmarried elderly ladies—relatives or otherwise—to whom courtesies are not only really due, but should be felt to be due by well-bred people (for are not the rules of good breeding rules of good feeling?)—these ladies having missed some of the amenities and advantages possessed, perhaps, by Mrs. Tom Noddy. The limbo of the middle-class spinster is a most unpleasing result of a false principle of precedence.

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Let us now arrange a set of imaginary guests—all of them have some general social standing: The host and hostess are Colonel Blair, D.S.O., and his wife; the guests are the Honourable Mrs. C, and her husband, who is a K.C.; Lady Caird, a baronet's wife; Miss Neale, the granddaughter of a peer; Mrs. Sykes, just married to a lieutenant R.N.; and the Arctic explorer, Mr. Jennings, C.B. The host will take in Mrs. C; the precedence of the others is as follows: 1, Lady Caird; 2, Miss Neale; 3, Mrs. Sykes; the hostess's own precedence is between 1 and 2. The Colonel and the explorer are both Companions of Orders, the C.B. ranking highest. The precedence between the two men left is a good typical case—the K.C. is a gentleman by profession, while the naval lieutenant, like the military captain, is an esquire by office. But if the K.C. is a much older and more important man, the host would probably ask him to escort Lady Caird, the lieutenant would accompany Miss Neale, and the hostess would probably elect to send in young Mrs. Sykes by herself, and would take the arm of Mr. Jennings.

Here is another party: You have staying with you a young married ward brought up as a daughter in your house, and her husband, Mr. D, who is the son of a knight; Miss Jane Vavasour, the daughter of a late chief justice, a woman who enjoys a great deal of social position; Colonel and Mrs. Blair, as before; and yourself, the host. This is how they should be arranged: First night: host and Mrs. Blair, who is the wife of a D.S.O.; Mr. D and Miss Jane Vavasour; Mrs. D and Colonel Blair. Second night: host and Miss Jane Vavasour; Mr. D and Mrs. Blair; Colonel Blair and Mrs. D again.

In a third case there is little or no precedence among the party: We have the wife of an Indian judge, a general officer and his wife, the granddaughter of a C.B. married to an army captain, a barrister, and a parson and his wife. Let the general and his wife be the hosts. The wife of an Indian judge has no actual place in the English table of precedence, but might well be accorded the same place as English and Irish county court

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judges, and go in to dinner with her host. The granddaughter of a C.B. has no precedence, and her husband is an esquire by office. The parson and the barrister rank as gentlemen by profession; the former would take in the captain's wife, and the barrister the clergyman's wife, and the captain would be in the proud position of escorting the wife of his chief. If the captain were a very young man or an *habitué* of the house, the hostess might give her arm to the clergyman. Between the clergyman and the barrister, also, there is little or no choice; if the former were your near familiar neighbour, or the curate, the hostess would probably give her arm to the barrister.

In a second article I hope to classify the titles below that of a peer, the esquires, and the gentlemen by profession, and show the place accorded to the Church, the Law, Navy, and Army, with the object of assisting our general notions of English precedence. The King has just made a contribution to the subject by determining the precedence of the Prime Minister—a position hitherto unrecognised alike by the Constitution and the Court. At the same time I hope to show the complete change which conventional manners undergo from one generation to another.

MANTEAU ROUGE.

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THE HAUNTED ISLANDS

THERE are no doubters in the Haunted Islands. The veil between things visible and things invisible has scarcely thickened for them since angels fought in the air for the souls of the dead, and Columcille joined in the fight, or since those yet earlier heroic ages when sons of gods mated with the fair daughters of men. They have not been moulded in that dogma which makes belief in the after life an essential, but a belief in the shadowy visit of a spirit yearning after those it has loved a vanity, a failing of that common sense which is the one thing needful. They are not striving, like the dwellers in far-off barbarous England, to patch on again after a generation of denial what they had cut off, to sew on to the head of the quilt the strip torn from its foot, to work through science, through experiment, through testimony, for the bringing back of the cloud of witnesses. There is an invisible life about the people of the islands, they all know that; and it becomes visible sometimes, many of them have seen it. There is another community very near, there is some power outside themselves, under God, subject to mysterious laws of its own, sometimes mocking, less often friendly; working by a look or a touch, unseen, or given through human bodies, to snatch away the dearest and the comeliest for its own delight. Unseen presences are always at hand, whirling, insatiable, coveting; keeping still the name of the Sidhe, the dwindled defeated gods, but it may be old dwellers in a yet higher heaven.

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"Fallen angels they are said to be. God threw a third part of them into hell with Lucifer, and it was Michael that interceded for the rest. And then a third part were cast into the air, and a third in the land and the sea. And here they are all about us, as thick as grass."

The talk in the islands is often of them and of their doings. The fishers are home and have eaten, the fire is stirred and flickers on the dried mackerel and conger eels hanging over the wide hearth. The little vessel of cod oil has a fresh wick put into it and lighted. The men sit in a half circle on the floor, passing the lighted pipe from one to another; the women still find some work with yarn or wheel. An old man says: "I know a good many on this island have seen *those*, but they wouldn't say what they are like to look at, for when they see them their tongue gets like a stone."

But another, younger and more daring, tells of their appearance and their many shapes, and then one after another takes up the tale.

"They are everywhere. And sometimes you would see them coming on the sea, just like a barrel on the top of the water. And when they would get near you, no matter how calm the day, you would have a hurricane about you. That is when they are taking their diversions.

"You know that sand below on the south side. When the men are out with the mackerel boats at early morning, they often see those sands covered with boys and girls.

"Sometimes they travel like a cloud or like a storm. One day I was setting out the manure in my own garden and they came and rolled it into a heap and tossed it over the wall, and carried it out to sea beyond the lighthouse."

A young man says: "My father told me that he was down one time at the shore gathering wrack, and he saw a man before him that was gathering wrack too, and stooping down. He had a black waistcoat on him, and the rest of his clothes were flannel, just like the people of this island. And when my father drew near him he stooped himself down behind a stone, and when

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he looked for him there was no sight or mind of him. One time myself, when I was a little chap about the size of Michael there, I was out in the field and I saw a woman standing on the top of a wall, and she having a child in her hand. She had a long black coat about her. And she got down and crossed over the field, and she was only about three feet high, and it seemed to me all the time there was about two feet between her and the ground as she walked, and the child always along with her; and then she passed over another wall and was gone.

"My uncle told me that one night they were all up at that house by the road, making a match for his sister. And they stopped till near morning, and when they went out they all had a drop taken. And he was going along home with two or three others, and one of them, Martin Flaherty, said he saw people on the shore, and another of them said there were not, and my uncle said: 'If Flaherty said that and it is not true, it would be no harm to bite the ear off him.' And then they parted, and my uncle had to pass by the shore, and there he saw whole companies of people coming up from the sea, that he didn't know how he would get through them, but they opened before him and let him pass."

A very old man, one Deruane, says then: "This island is as thick as grass with them, or as sand; but good neighbours make good neighbours. And no woman minding a house but should put a couple of the potatoes aside on the dresser, for there is no house but they'll visit it some time or another. Myself I always brush my little tent clean of a night before I lie down, and the night I'd do it most would be a rough night. How do we know what poor soul might want to come in?

"I saw them playing ball one day where the slip you landed at was being made, and I went down to watch the work. There were hundreds of them in the field at the top of it, about three feet tall, and little caps on them—but the men that were working there, they couldn't see them. And one morning I went down to the well to leave my pampooties

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in it to soak: it was a Sabbath morning, and I was going to Mass, and the pampooties were hard and wore away my feet. And I left them there, and when I came back in a few minutes they were gone, and I looked in every cleft, but I couldn't find them. And when I was going away I felt *them* about me, and coming between my two sticks that I was walking with. And I stopped and looked down and I said, 'I know you are there.' And then I said, '*Gentlemen*, I know you are here about me.' And when I said that word they went away. Was it they took my pampooties? Not at all. What would they want with such a thing as pampooties? It was some children must have taken them, and I never saw them since.

"One time I wanted to settle myself clean, and I brought down my waistcoat and a few little things I have, to give them a rinse in the sea water, and then I laid them out on a stone to dry, and I left one of my sticks on them. And when I came back after leaving them a little time, the stick was gone. And I was vexed at first to be without it, but I knew they had taken it to be humbugging me, or maybe for their own use in fighting. For there is nothing there is more fighting among than them. So I said, 'Welcome to it, *gentlemen;* maybe you will make more use of it than ever I did myself.'

"Down by the path at the top of the slip, from there to the hill, that is the way they go most nights, hundreds and thousands of them. There are two old men on the island got a beating from them. One of them told me himself, and brought me out on the ground that I'd see where it was. He was out in a small field, and was after building up a gap, and the sky got very black over him and very dark. And he was thrown down on the ground and got a great beating, but he could see nothing at all. He had done nothing to vex them, just minding his business in the field.

"And the other was an old man too, and he was out on the rocks, and they threw him there and beat him, that he was out of his mind for a time. One night, sleeping in that little cabin

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of mine, I heard them ride past, and I could hear by the feet of the horses that there was a long line of them."

They have even appeared in the shape of policemen :

"There is a woman, a friend of this man, is living over in the middle island, and one day she came down to where a man of this island was putting out his curragh to come back, and she said, 'I just saw a great crowd of them (that's the Sheogues) going over to your islands like a cloud.' And when he got here he went up to a house there beyond, where the old woman used to be selling poteen on sly. And while he was there his little boy came running to him and cried, 'Hide away the poteen, for the police are in the island! Such a man called to me from his curragh to give you warning, for he saw the road full with the crowd of them, and they with their guns and cutlasses and all the rest!'

"But the man that was in the house knew well what it was, after what he heard from the woman in the other island, and that they were no right police, and sure enough no other one ever saw them.

"And that same day my mother had put out wool to dry in front of where that house is with the three chimneys near the chapel. And I was talking to some man, one on each side of the yard and the wool between us, and the day was as fine as this day, and not a breath stirring, and a woman that lived near by had her wool out drying too. And the wool that was in my mother's yard began to rise up as if something was under it, and I called to the other man to help me to hold it down. But for all we could do it went up in the air a hundred feet and more till we could see it no longer, but the wool belonging to the neighbouring woman was never stirred at all. And after a couple of hours it began to drop again like snow, some on the thatch and some on the rocks and some in the gardens. And I think it was a fortnight before my mother had done gathering it. And one day she was spinning it, I don't know what put it into my mind, but I asked her did she lose much of that wool. And what she said was, 'If I didn't get more than

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my own, I didn't get less.' That is true and no lie, for I never told a lie in my life I think. And the woman that had the wool that wasn't stirred, she is the woman I married after, and that is now my wife."

Another man tells of like mischief:

"One time I was out putting seed in the ground, and the ridges all ready and the seaweed spread on it. And it was a fine day, but I heard a storm in the air, and I knew by signs that it was *they* were coming. And they came into the field and tossed the seaweed and the seed about, and I spoke to them civil, and then they went on to a neighbour's field and from that down to the sea, and there they turned into a ship, the grandest that ever I saw."

Another of the fishers says:

"All I ever saw myself was one day I was out fishing with two others. And we saw a canoe coming near us, and we were afraid it would come near enough to take away our fish. And as we looked it turned into a three-masted ship, and people in it. I could see them well, dark coloured and dressed like sailors. But it went away and did us no harm."

Sometimes they are heard, but not seen:

"One time myself I was up at the wall beyond, and looking into the field, a very fine day and no breath of air stirring, and the stooks of corn were ripe standing about me. And all in a minute a noise began in them, and they were like as if knocking at each other and fighting like soldiers all about me."

Sometimes they appear in a more terrible form: "There was a girl that had been to America and came back. And one day she was coming over from Liscannor in a curragh, and she looked back, and there behind the curragh was the *Gan-ceann*, the headless one. And he followed the boat all the way, but she said nothing. But a gold pin that was in her hair and that she had brought from America, fell out and into the sea, and then it disappeared. And her sister was always asking her where was the pin she brought from America, and she was afraid to say. But at last she told her, and the sister

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said, 'It is well for you it fell out, for what was following you would never have left you till you threw it a ring or something made of gold.' It was the sister herself that told me this."

But they are not content with mischief or with trinkets, and voices grow low and sad as the mysterious "touch" is spoken of, the call to join the riders of the air:

"There was a smith, and a man called on him late one evening and asked him to shoe a horse for him, and so he did. And then he offered him pay, but he would take none. And the man took him out behind the house, and there were three hundred horses with riders on them, and a hundred without, and he said, 'We want riders for these,' and they went on out of sight.

"There were three women died within a year, one here, Shawn Fitzpatrick's wife, and two in the next island. And a year after they were all seen together, riding on white horses at the other side of the island."

A woman says: "I will tell you what happened to a son of my own that was so strong and so handsome and so good a dancer, he was mostly the pride of the island. And he was that educated that when he was twenty-six years he could write a letter to the Queen. And one day a pain came in the thigh, and a little lump came inside it, and a hole in it that you could hardly put the point of a pin in, and it was always drawing. And he took to his bed, and was there for eleven months. And every night when it would be twelve o'clock he would begin to be singing and laughing and going on. And what the neighbours said was, that it was at that hour there was some other left in his place. I never went to any one or to any witchcraft, for my husband wouldn't let me, but left it to the will of God. And anyway at the end of the eleven months he died.

"And his sister was in America, and the same thing came to her there, a little lump by the side of the face, and she came home to die. But she died quiet, and was like any other in the night."

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And an old man says: "I had a son that it was mostly given in to be the best singer to give out a couple of verses; so that he would hardly go out of the house but some one would want to be bringing him into theirs. And he took sick on a sudden with a pain in the shoulder. I went to the doctor and he says, 'Does your wife take tea?' 'She does when she can get it,' says I. And he told me then to put the spout of the kettle to where the pain was. And after that he went to Galway hospital, but he got no better there, and a Sister of Mercy said to him at last, 'I'm thinking by the look of you your family at home is poor.' 'That's true enough,' says he. 'Then,' says she, 'it's best for you to stop here, and they'll be free from the cost of burying you.' But he said he'd sooner go die at home if he had but two days to live there. So he came back, and he didn't last long. It is always the like of him that is taken, that are good for singing or dancing or for any good thing at all."

Old Deruane speaks with authority: "I can speak English because I went to earn in England in the hard times, and I was for five quarters in a country town called Manchester, and I have threescore and fifteen years. I knew two fine young women were brought away after childbirth, and they were seen after in the north island going about with *them*. One of them I saw myself one time I was out late going to the east village, and I saw her pattern walking on the north side of the road near me, but she said nothing. And my body began to shake, and I was going to get to the south side of the wall, to put it between us. But then I said, 'Where is God?' and I walked on and passed her, and she looked aside at me, but she didn't speak. And I heard her follow me a good while, but I never looked back, for it's best not to look back at them. And then she left me; and when I got home I took holy water and made the sign of the cross as well as I could. And there was another woman had died; and one evening late I was coming from the schoolmaster, for he and I are up to one another, and he often gives me charity. And there I saw her

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or her pattern walking along that field of rock you passed by a while ago. But I stopped and I didn't speak to her, and she went on down the road, and when she was about forty fathoms below me I could hear her abusing some one, but no one there. I thought maybe it was that she was vexed at me that I didn't question her. She was a young woman too. I'll go bail they never take an old man or woman—what would they do with them? If by chance they would come away with them they'd throw them out again.

"Another night I was out and the moon shining. I knew by the look of it the night was near wore away. And when I came to the corner of the road beyond, my flesh began to shake and my hair to rise up, and every hair was as stiff as that stick. So I knew some evil thing was near, and I got home again."

The body is sometimes taken:

"There was a fine young man was buried in the graveyard below and a good time after that there was work being done in it, and they came on his coffin, and the mother made them open it. And there was nothing in it at all but a broom, and it tied up with a bit of a rope."

And the man of the house says:

"This I can tell you and be certain of, and I remember well, that the man in the third house to this died after being sick a long time. And the wife died after, and she was to be buried in the same place, and when they came to the husband's coffin they opened it, and there was nothing in it at all, neither broom nor any other thing.

"My father's brother was going home one night when he had been out late making court, and he heard the cry of a child in the air above him. And that same night a woman in the village lost her child, and it seemed to her as it died that there was the shadow of two women under the window. For children used often to be taken, but there's a good many charms in these days that saves them. A big sewing needle you'll see the women looking for to put with a baby, and as

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long as that's with it it's safe. But anyway they are always putting them back into the world again before they die, in the place of some young person. And even a beast of any consequence, if anything happens to it, no one in this island would taste it. There might be something in it, some old woman or the like."

Sometimes those who have been taken return again:

"Young women are often taken in that way, both in the next island and here. There was a coastguards wife above there was all but gone, but she was saved after. And there is a boy here now that they'd have given the world he was gone altogether with the state he was in, and now he is as strong as any boy in the island—and if ever any one was *away* and came back again it was him.

"I remember my father being at Cruachmaa, and telling me of a girl that was *away* for seven years, and all thought she was dead. And at the end of seven years she walked back one day into her father's house, and she all black looking. And she said she was married there, and had two children, but they died. And she stopped on in her father's house, but the neighbours used to say she would go up the hill and be there crying for one or two hours.

"And an old woman up there, you might have seen her, says she remembers a young man coming to the island forty years ago that had never been in it before, and that knew everything that was in it, and could tell you as much as to the stones of the chimney in every house. And after a few days he was gone and never came again, for they brought him about to every part, but she saw him and spoke with him herself."

And old Deruane says:

"This is a story was going about twenty years ago. There was a curate in the island, and one day he got a call to the other island for the next day. And in the evening he told the serving-maid that attended him to clean his boots good, and very good, for he would be meeting good people where he was going. And she said, 'I will, holy father, and if you will

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give me your hand and your word to marry me for nothing I'll clean them grand.' And he said, 'I will, whenever you get a comrade I'll marry you for nothing, I give you my hand and word.' So she had the boots grand for him in the morning. Well, she got a sickness after that, and after seven months going by she was buried. And six months after that, the curate was in his parlour one night and the moon shining, and he saw a boy and a girl outside the house, and they came to the window, and he knew it was the serving-girl that was buried. And she said, 'I have a comrade now, and I came for you to marry us as you gave your word.' And he said, 'I will hold to my word since I gave it;' and he married them then and there, and they went away again."

Sometimes the touch is given through the evil eye of a neighbour:

"There are some people the fishermen would not pass when they are going to the boats, but would turn back again if they would meet them. One day two boys of my own, Michael and John, were down on the rocks bream-fishing with lines. And I had a job of washing with the wife of the head coastguard. But when it came to one o'clock something came over me, and I thought the boys might have got the 'hunger,' and I went to Mrs. Patterson and I said I must leave work for that day. And I went and bought a three-halfpenny loaf, and brought it down to where they were fishing. And when I got there I saw that Michael, the youngest one, was limping, and I said, 'It must be from the hunger you are not able to walk.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'but it is a pain I got in my heel, and I can't put it to the ground.' And when we got home he went into his bed, and he didn't leave it for three months. And one day I said to him, 'What was it happened you? Did you meet any one on the road that day that said anything to you?' And he said, 'I did. I met a woman of the village, and she said, 'It is good to be you, and to have a fine basket of bream,' and she said no more than that, and that very minute the pain came in my heel. But I won't tell you her name, for fear there would be

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a row.' But I made him tell me, and I promised never to tell, and I never did. But he is not the first she did that to.

"There was another man on the island besides that neighbour of mine that would give the *drochuil*—Tom Mullins his name was. There was one Flaherty came back from Clare one day with three bonavs he bought there. And Mullins came out as he passed and said, 'No better bonavs than those ever came into the island.' And when Flaherty got home, there was a little hill in the front of the house, and two of them fell down against it on their side. And when Mrs. Flaherty came out to see the bonavs, there was only one of them living before her.

"One time there were two brothers standing in a gap in that field outside. And a woman passed by; I wouldn't like to tell you her name, for we should speak no evil of our neighbours, and she is dead now, the Lord have mercy on her. And when she passed they heard her say in Irish, 'The devil to you,' but whether she knew they were there or not I don't know. And the elder of the brothers called out, 'The devil take yourself as well,' but the younger one said nothing. And that night the younger one took sick, and through the night he was calling out and talking as if to people in the room.

"And the next day the mother went to a woman that gathered herbs, the mother of that woman that does cures by them now, and told her all that happened.

"And she took a rag of a red coat, and went down to the west village and into the house of the woman that had put it on him. And she sat there and was talking with her and watched until she made a spit on the floor, and then she gathered it up on the rag and came to the sick man in the bed and rubbed him with it, and he got well on the minute.

"It was hardly ever that woman would say, 'God bless the work' as she passed, and there were some would leave the work and come out on the road and hold her by the shoulders till she would say it."

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One Martin Connor tells of the evil eye: "I had a son that was just three years old, and as fine and as strong as any child you would see. And one day my wife said she would bring him to her mother's house. And there was a neighbour of mine, a man that lived near us, and no one was the better of being spoken to by him. And as they were passing his house he came out and he said, 'That is the finest child that is on the island.' And a woman that was passing at the same time stopped and said, 'It was the smallest that ever I saw the day it was born, God bless it.' And the mother knew what she meant, and she wanted to say, 'God bless him,' but it was like as if a hand took and held her throat and choked her, that she could not say the words.

"And when I came to the mother's house and began to make fun with the child, I saw a round mark on the side of his head, the size of a crown piece. And I said to the wife, 'Why would you beat the child on the head? Why don't you get a little rod to beat him if he wants it?' And she said she never touched him at all.

"And at that time I was very much given to playing cards, and the next night I went out to a friend's house to play. And the wife before she went to bed broiled a bit of fish, and put it on a plate with potatoes and put it in a box in the room, for fear it might be touched by a cat or a rat or such like. But I was late coming in, and didn't mind to eat it. And when we were playing cards we would play first with tobacco, and then we'd go on to tea, and we would end up with whisky.

"And the next morning when the wife opened the box she laughed and she said, 'You didn't drink your tea when you were out last night, for I see you have your dinner eaten.' And I said, 'Why should you say that? I never touched it.' And she held up the plate and showed me that the meat and the potatoes were taken off it, but the fish was not touched, for it was a bit of a herring and salty.

"Well, the child was getting sick all that day, and I didn't go out that evening. And in the night we could hear the

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noise as if of scores of rats going about the room. And every now and again I struck a light, but as soon as the light was in it we would hear nothing, but the noise would begin again as soon as it was dark. And sometimes it would seem as if they came up on the bed, and I could feel the weight of them on my chest as if they would smother me.

"And in the morning I chanced to open the box where the dinner used to be put, and it was as big a box as any in the island. And when I opened it I saw it was all full of blood, up the sides and to the top, that you couldn't put your hand in it without getting bloody.

"I said nothing, but I shut the lid down again; but after, when I came into the house, I saw the wife rubbing at it with a flannel, and I asked her what was she doing, and she said, 'I am cleaning the box, where it is full of blood.' And after that I gave up the child, and I had no more hope for its life. But if they had told me then about the neighbour speaking to him, I'd have gone over and I'd have killed him with my stick, but I'd have made him come and spit on him.

"After that we didn't hear the same noise, but we heard like the sound of a clock all through the night and every night. And the child got a swelling under the feet that he couldn't put a foot to the ground, but that made little difference to him, for he didn't hold out a week."

Those who have had the touch, either from a visible or an invisible passer-by, may sometimes be saved by a knowledgeable man—old Deruane is one of these, and he says:

"There are many can do cures, because they have something walking with them, what we may call a ghost, from among the Sheogue.

"A few cures I can do myself, and this is the way I got them. I told you I was for five quarters in Manchester, and where I lodged were two old women in the house, from the farthest end of Mayo, for they were running from Mayo at that time because of the hunger. And I knew they were likely to have a cure, for Saint Patrick blessed the places he

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was not in more than the places he was in, and with the cure he left and the fallen angels, there are many in Mayo can do them.

"Now it is the custom in England never to clean the table but once in the week, and that on a Saturday night. And on that night all is set out clean, and all the crutches of bread and bits of meat and the like are gathered together in a tin can and thrown out in the street. And women that have no other way of living come round there with a bag that would hold two stone, and they pick up all that is thrown out, and live on it for a week. But often I didn't eat the half of what was before me, and I wouldn't throw it out, but I'd bring it to the two old women that were in the house, so they grew very fond of me. Well, when the time came that I thought I'd draw towards home, I brought them one day to a public-house and made a drop of punch for them, and then I picked the cure out of them, for I was wise in those days.

"Those that get a touch I could save from being brought away, but I couldn't bring back a man that is away, for it is only those that have been learning them for a while can do that.

"There was a neighbour's child sick, and I got word of it, and I went to the house, for the woman there had showed me kindness; and I went in to the cradle and I lifted the quilt off the child's face, and you would see by it, and I knew the signs, that there was some of *their* work there. And I said, 'You are not likely to have the child long with you, ma'am.' And she said, 'Indeed, I know I won't have him long.' So I said nothing, but I went out, and whatever I got there and whatever I did, I brought it in again and gave it to the child, and he began to get better. And the next day I brought the same thing again, and I gave it to the child, and I looked at it, and I said to the mother, 'He will live to comb his hair grey.' And from that time he got better, and now there is no stronger child on the island, and he the youngest in the house.

"After that the husband got sick, and the woman said to

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me one day, 'If there is anything you can do to save him, have pity on me and my children, and I'll give you what you'll ask.' But I said, 'I will do what I can for you, but I'll take nothing from you, except may be a grain of tea or a glass of porter, for I wouldn't take money for this, and I refused two pounds one time for a cure I did.' So I went and I brought back the cure, and I mixed it with flour and made it into three little pills, that it wouldn't be lost, and gave them to him. And from that time he got well.

"There is a woman that lives down the road there, and one day I went into the house, where she was after coming from Galway town, and I asked charity of her. And it was in the month of August, when the bream-fishing was going on, and she said, 'There's no one need be in want now, with fresh fish in the sea and potatoes in the gardens,' and she gave me nothing. But when I was out the door she said, 'Well, come back here.' And I said, 'If you were to offer me all you brought from Galway I wouldn't take it from you now.'

"And from that time she began to pine and to wear away and to lose her health. And at the end of three years she walked outside the house one day, and when she was two yards from her own threshold she fell on the ground, and the neighbours came and lifted her up on a door and brought her into the house, and she died.

"I think I could have saved her then—I *think* I could, when I saw her lying there. But I remembered that day, and I didn't stretch out a hand, and I spoke no word.

"But I am going to rise out of the cures and not to do much more of them, for *they* have given me a touch here in the right leg, so that it is the same as dead. And a woman in my village that does cures, she is after being struck with a pain in the hand."

When Martin Connor told of the box in his house filled with blood, the listeners knew it meant that there had been a fight for the life of the dying child, and that those who fought for him had been worsted. "For there is often fighting heard

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about the house where one is sick. That is what is called 'the fighting of the friends,' for we believe it is the friends and the enemies of the person fighting for him.

"I knew a house where there were a good many sleeping one night, and some of them near the hearth in the kitchen, for it was a poor house. And they heard a great noise of fighting in the night, and in the morning there was blood on the threshold, and the clothes of those that slept on the floor had blood on them. And it was not long after that, that the woman of the house took sick and died."

And a woman says:

"You may remember hearing of the time when fifteen corpses were laid out on that beach; it was a wave came and took them from the rock where they were fishing. There were two brothers of my husband among them, and the mother was near out of her mind, but she is living yet.

"One night there was one of my boys lay sick with me, and in the morning the grandmother said she heard a great noise of fighting in the night about the door. And she said, 'If it hadn't been for Michael and John being drowned, you would have lost Martin during the night. For *they* were fighting for him, I heard them, and I saw the shadow of Michael; but when I tried to take hold of him he was gone.'"

All who die may not be among the riders of the air, but all may return and wander about the home. It is oftenest a mother who comes back to keep or tend her child:

"I know a girl that lost her mother after she was born. And surely the mother came back to her every night and suckled her, for she would lie as quiet as could be, without a bottle or a ha'porth, and they would hear her sucking. And one night the grandmother felt the daughter that was gone lying on the clothes, and made a grab at her, but she was gone. Maybe she'd have kept her if she had taken her time, for there is charms to bring such back. But the little girl grew, that she was never the same in the morning that she was the night before, and there is no finer girl in the island now.

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"I call to my own mother sometimes when things go wrong with me, and I think I am always the better of it; and I often say those that are gone are troubled with those they leave behind. But God have mercy on all the mothers of the world!

"And two years ago there was a fine young woman brought away within a week of her baby being born.

"And lately I heard that her own little girl and another little girl that was with her saw her appear in a cabin outside, where she came to have a look at the child she left, but she didn't want to appear herself."

And one says, and the others corroborate, that there was a man who died in the middle island that had had two wives, And one day he was out in the curragh he saw the first wife appear. "And after that one time the son of the second wife was sick, and the little girl, the first wife's daughter, was out tending cattle and a can of water with her, and she had a waistcoat of her father's put about her body, where it was cold. And her mother appeared to her in the form of a sheep and spoke to her, and told her what herbs to find to cure the stepbrother, and sure enough they cured him. And she bade her leave the waistcoat there and the can, and she did; and in the morning the waistcoat was folded there, and the can standing upon it. And she appeared to her in her own shape another time after that. Why she came like a sheep the first time was, that she wouldn't be frightened. The girl is in America now, and so is the stepbrother that got well."

Another says:

"One time I was tending a farm for Flaherty, and I came in late one evening, after being out with the cattle, and I sent my wife for an ounce of tobacco, and I stopped in the house with the child. And after a time I heard the rattle of the door, and the wife came in, half out of her mind. She said she was walking the road and she met four men, and she knew they were not of this world, and she fell in the road with the fright she got. But she thought one of them was

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her brother, and he put his hand under her head when she fell, so that she got no hurt. And for a long time after, she wasn't in her right mind, and she would bring the child out into the field to see her brother. And at last I brought her to the priest, and when we were on the way there she called out that those fields of stones were full of them, and they all dressed in tall hats and black coats. But the priest read something over her, and she has been free from them since then."

And yet another says:

"I know a woman on this island, and she and her daughter went down to the strand one morning to pick weed, and a wave came and took the daughter away. And a week after that, the mother saw her coming to the house, but she did not speak to her.

"There was a man coming here from Galway, and he had no boatman. And on the way he saw a man that was behind him in the boat that was putting up the sail and taking the management of everything, but he spoke no word. And he was with him all the way, but when the boat came to land he was gone. And the man was not sure, but he thinks it was his brother that had died.

"There was a man, one Power, died on this island And one night that was bright there was a friend of his going out for mackerel, and he saw these sands full of people hurling, and he well knew Power's voice that he heard among them.

"There is a house down there near the sea, and one day the woman of it was sitting by the fire, and a little girl came in at the door, and a red cloak about her, and she sat down by the fire. And the woman asked her where did she come from, and she said she had just come from Connemara. And then she went out, and when she was going out of the door she made herself known to her sister that was standing in it, and she called out to the mother. And when the mother knew it was the child she had lost near a year before, she ran out to call her, for she wouldn't for all the world to have not known her when she was there. But she was gone, and she never came again.

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"Down there near the point, on March 6, 1888, there was a curragh upset and five boys were drowned. And a man from county Clare told me that he was on the coast that day, and that he saw them walking towards him on the Atlantic.

"There was this boy's father took a second wife, and he was walking home one evening and his wife behind him, and there was a great wind blowing, and he kept his head stooped down because of the sand blowing into his eyes. And she was about twenty paces behind, and she saw his first wife come and walk close beside him, and he never saw her, having his head down, but she kept with him near all the way. And when they got home she told the husband who was with him, and with the fright she got she was bad in her bed for two or three days. Do you remember that, Martin? She died after, and he has a third wife taken now.

"There was a girl one time, and a boy wanted to marry her, but the father and mother wouldn't let her have him, for he had no money. And he died, and they made a match for her with another. And one day she was out, going to her cousin's house, and he came before her and put out his hand, and said: 'You promised yourself to me, and come with me now.' And she ran, and when she got to the house she fell on the floor. And the cousins thought she had taken a drop of drink, and they began to scold her.

"Another day after that, she was talking with her husband and her brother, and a little white dog with them, and they came to a little lake. And he appeared to her again, and the husband and the brother didn't see him, but the dog flew at him and began barking at him, and he was hitting at the dog with a stick, and all the time trying to get hold of the girl's hand. And the husband and the brother wondered what the dog was barking at, and why he drew down to the lake in the end and went into the water. For it was into it that he was wanting to draw the girl."

And a moral comes into the last story:

"There were two young women lived over in that village

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you see there, and they were not good friends, for they were in two public-houses. And one of them died in January after her baby being born. Some said it was because of her mother or the nurse giving her strong tea, but it wasn't that, it was because her time was come. And when the other woman heard it she said to her husband, 'Give me the concertina, and I'll play till you dance, for joy that Mrs. Rosengrave is gone.' But in April her own child was born, and though the doctor tried to save her he could not, and she died. And since then they are often seen to appear walking together. People wonder to see them together, and they not friends while they lived. But it is bad to give way to temper, and who is nearer to us than a neighbour?"

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

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ACCURSED RACES

EVER since Europeans became familiar with the East they have known that in almost every part of it there are certain races held accursed by the majority. But few persons at the present day are aware that in France, from time immemorial till the beginning of the last century, such unfortunates existed, not only as individuals or in small communities but in great number, scattered over most parts of the realm, but always recognised as one people. When M. Francisque Michel published an account of them, in 1847, he astounded the world. Foreigners who had lived in the rural districts of France might have learned that the peasantry regarded certain neighbours or families with aversion, calling them Gahets in Brittany, Trangots in Normandy, Cagots and Capots in the South. But very few grasped the whole truth. Had not M. Michel taken up the subject just at that time, when enough of the old traditions and the old feeling remained to supply him with living witnesses, at this day Frenchmen might conscientiously protest that the state of things described was impossible—that the evidence unearthed applied only to the Middle Ages. For when that generation had gone by the people hastened to forget the national disgrace. Frenchmen of culture only recognise the word Cagot now as signifying bigot; if somewhat better informed, they think it equivalent to *crétin*. Antiquarians, of course, know better; for it is to be observed that M. Michel's statements have never been disputed, though some authorities do not accept his view of the origin of

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the Cagots. It will be convenient to let this question stand over, important as it is.

In some parts they were called Christians—Chrétiens. If this name was applied so early as 1000 A.D., Cagots are mentioned in the Chartulary of the Abbey de Luc. They certainly appear under the name of Gaffos in the old Customs of Navarre, 1074. But we may descend to 1460, when the Etats de Béarn presented a petition to their prince, begging him to command that the Cagots should be forbidden to walk barefoot—their feet to be transfixed with an "iron" in case of disobedience; further, the Etats demanded a re-enactment of the good old law, lately fallen into disuse, which obliged them to wear a goose's foot upon their clothes. The first prayer calls for explanation. Cagots were supposed to be hereditary lepers by reason of their origin, as we shall see. Accordingly their touch was infectious. Walking barefoot along the highway, they carried disease from place to place—therefore they must wear shoes. A people so numerous in the South could not be excluded from market; but they were not allowed to sell, and in buying they had to stand at a distance, offering the money, and receiving the goods, at the end of a stick. Meeting travellers on the road, Cagots must give notice of their presence and turn into the bush till the others had passed by. Their breath was pestilential, an abominable stench proceeded from their bodies. Buon, who is called the father of French Surgery, had no doubt of this; he wrote: "if one of them keeps a fresh apple in his house for an hour it becomes dry and withered as if exposed to the sun for a week." There is no need to say that these charges were utterly groundless. When, in the eighteenth century, the Cagots came to be examined without prejudice, they proved to be healthier, cleaner, and better-looking than the average of French peasants.

The Royal Council of Béarn dismissed both petitions in silence, but we cannot be sure that its action was due to enlightenment or charity at a time when similar measures were enforced elsewhere. Béarn was the headquarters of the Cagots,

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and the Government may have thought it unsafe to annoy them. But this suggests the question—how many were they? We have never seen a categorical assertion—perhaps there was no means of ascertaining. The references do not give figures. In Béarn were "many thousands," in Navarre "whole villages," in Aquitaine "multitudes," in Bas-Poitou the smallest hamlet contained a family. A schoolmaster in the Basses Pyrénees, and a sensible man, observes that the commune where he was born, before the Revolution, had about a hundred and forty houses, of which a hundred "at least" were occupied by Cagots. But these Southern provinces were their home, saving a detachment in Brittany; thence they spread over France, nowhere, I think, forming large communities at a distance from these seats. The impression left in my mind would give them not less than a hundred thousand souls at the Revolution—but the number may have been doubled. It is stated that "many thousands" emigrated to America after their emancipation.

In 1555, and again in 1592, the Parlement of Bordeaux forbade Cagots to show themselves in public unless wearing a bit of red cloth in some conspicuous part of their clothes, under penalty of a flogging—men, women, and children. By the later edict the goose's foot was enjoined also. Both had long been in use elsewhere—as far as records extend, in fact. And walking barefoot was forbidden. A contemporary has left us a mild protest against these laws. He thought the Parlement was guided rather by prejudice than by judgment—perhaps the good man had inspected the unfortunates, and, using his eyes and nose, had convinced himself that they were not leprous nor did they stink.

> But [he continues] I will not deny that the Cagots are held in public scorn to such a degree that even in their native country they are treated as aliens, never admitted to office or distinctions, nor allowed even to enjoy the common rights of neighbours dwelling in the same street or the same village.

They might not use the public well, for instance. This intelligent witness proceeds:

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Intermarriage with Frenchmen and all other social relations are forbidden. In most communes they have their dwellings far apart; even in church their place and their *bénitiers* (holy water basins) are separate. They are condemned to vile handicrafts; their lives are wretched and abject.

The attitude of the Church is most significant. In 1514 the Cagots of Gascony and Navarre complained to Pope Leo X. that the priests would not admit them to Confession nor to the Sacraments. This monstrous pretension was suppressed, but in many parts a special bell summoned the Cagots to church after that designed for the ordinary congregation. In the sacred building they might not pass beyond the holy water basin. The faithful approached the altar to present their offerings; but the priest marched to the church door, after service, to receive the offerings of the Cagots. He did not give them *la Paix* at Mass, or if he did, it was with a *porte-paix différent ou avec le revers de la porte-paix ordinaire.* I do not attempt to explain this statement, which is quoted from the report of an indignant Jesuit in 1621. In the commune of Arengosse, Department des Landes, just before the Revolution, the walls of the church cracked; so the orthodox refused to let the Cagots of the village attend service lest their accursed presence should bring them down bodily. The Cagots' door, bricked up, remains as a token. Finally they were buried apart, *presque sans nulle cérémonie,* says Belle Forest in 1575.

To contract marriage with these people is infamy, and there is no example of such an alliance up to the present time, 1621. [I am citing the Jesuit again.] Two hundred years later, in 1841, at Chenot, in the Basses Pyrénées, the marriage of a girl with a Cagot was broken off, though she was willing, and both her parents approved; the grandmother protested that *tant qu'elle vivrait le sang de la famille resterait pur.*

We are told that in this Department children were taught to pray: "Dieü lé preservé de la man (main) du Trangot et del dime (argent) du Cagot": evidence by the way that these outcasts had a reputation for wealth already, so industrious and thrifty were they.

No serious attempt was made to secure equality for the

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Cagot among his fellow-Christians at divine service till the eighteenth century—and then it was fiercely resisted. At Biarritz, in 1722, one of them ventured to claim his newly acknowledged right of sitting in the body of the church; forthwith two Jurats of the parish, backed by the second Abbé, ejected him. The wretch was so shameless as to defend himself; moreover, he brought an action at law—worse still, he gained it. The Lieutenant-Criminel condemned his assailants to make public reparation on their knees at the church door. They appealed, of course, but the Parlement of Bordeaux confirmed the sentence—the Middle Ages were drawing to an end at last. The records of the same Parlement supply precious evidence of the persecution of the Cagots in former times. But even after the Revolution and the Empire, in few districts were they granted real equality. A Cagot was appointed Maire of Borce, Béarn, in 1817. All the neighbourhood signed a protest, which was delivered to the Prefect by a deputation of the foremost inhabitants. That functionary persisted in taking no notice; but the agitation continued until, in 1880, the Maire, worn out, resigned. In 1847, we hear, the hatred roused against him and the Conseil Municipal was still lively.

It is significant that whilst the Cagots were charged with leprosy, crétinism, and a horrible stench, no one attacked their personal appearance. They were *viles*, *ladres*, *misérables*, and all that is offensive in the moral sense—but not ugly. The earliest as the latest writers who touch on that point, refer to their good looks. Belle Forest, already quoted, described the men as *beaux hommes* in 1575, and of the women he says, "however beautiful they may be they are, in short, malignant wretches." Buon, father of French surgery, notes that many have handsome faces and soft, smooth skins. In a Breton folk-song a Bergère exclaims, in translation:

> Parmi tous les gens le Cagot est reputé le plus beau,
> Cheveux blonds, peau blanche et yeux bleu;
> Vous êtes le plus beau des Bergers que j'ai vus—
> Pour être beau faut-il être Cagot?

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Fair hair, blue eyes, white skin, tall stature are always assigned to them, as characteristics of the race. At the beginning of the last century, when specimens of pure blood could still be identified, all these points were insisted upon. But of the mass it is stated generally that they could not be distinguished from other Frenchmen. In truth, if the Cagot girls were as good-looking as is alleged, the blood would become very mixed in the course of a thousand years, in spite of scorn and hatred and superstition. It has been mentioned that in one commune not less than a hundred houses in a total of one hundred and forty were occupied by Cagots. Intermarriage must have been common in that district. Abbé Chandon says in 1815:

> Les Capots (Cagots) dans les derniers temps étaient en général d'une constitution saine, et leurs femmes surtout avaient des traits reguliers. On peut dire autant de leur moeurs; jamais des querelles entre eux ni avec des autres citoyens, qui s'adressaient de preference à eux pour les ouvrages de charpenterie et de menuiserie (auxquels ils se consacraient presque exclusivement) parcequ'ils étaient laborieux dans le travail et moderé dans le prix.

This is the universal report—Cagots were the most hardworking of the rural population, as were Huguenots of the townspeople. And they throve accordingly. Many of them had become *propriétaires* before the Revolution.

One peculiarity alleged must not be overlooked, because, if there be any ground for the assertion, it may have a significance which could not be perceived while the origin of the Cagots was discussed fifty years ago. There was a general belief that they had no lobe to the ear. In the Breton ballad already quoted the Berger replies:

> Voici par où l'on reconnait celui qui est Cagot,
> On lui jette le premier régard sur l'oreille;
> Il en a une plus grande, et comment est l'autre?
> Plus ronde et de tout coté couverte d'un duvet!

In 1843 M. Guyon read a paper before the Académie des Sciences which rather took for granted than asserted that Cagots have *un caractère physique distinctif dans l'absence*

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du lobule de l'oreille. A schoolmaster at Lourdes testified: "le peuple ne reconnait les Cagots qu'à l'absence du lobule auriculair"—he could verify the report with his own eyes, if so conscientious, for several families dwelt at Lourdes. The same statement comes from various parts, almost in the same words. Upon the other hand, the careful memoir of M. Palassou in 1815 explicitly declares: "le peu d'étendue du lobe de l'oreille n'est point le caractère distinctif de ce caste." Unfortunately, there is no hope that the question will be settled now. It is to be observed, whatever the observation may be worth, that the same peculiarity of a missing lobe, or one disproportionately small, is a recognised characteristic of the Berber race—also tall, fair, and blue-eyed. Some leading anthropologists believe that Southern Europe was occupied by Berbers in a prehistoric age.

I have tried to set forth the condition of this most hapless race without going into detail. In truth there is little to give. M. Michel fills a closely printed volume with reports, ancient and modern, from almost every district where they were established. His work is a monument of learned industry, and the accumulation of evidence was needed when so few understood how numerous the Cagots were, and how systematic their persecution from the earliest records until the opening of the last century. But it is a continual repetition of the same facts from different quarters, wearisome to read now.

The grand question remains—how did these intelligent people fall under such a curse?—what was their origin? The theories current in 1575 are propounded in "La Cosmographie Universelle de tout le Monde" of that date: they were descended from leprous Jews; or from Arian Visigoths who lingered on this side the Pyrenees when the main body crossed into Spain; or from the Albigensian heretics. Other theories were added later, but these held the field; it is noteworthy that the people always recognised the Cagots as Goths, though they might not have been able to tell who the Goths were. Reviewing all the evidence, M. Michel decided in favour of this

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tradition—only, the ancestors of the Cagots were Gothic refugees who followed Charlemagne after the collapse of his Spanish expedition in 779. They were a great multitude, as the chroniclers state, and the Emperor granted them waste lands on the frontier. As might be expected, the natives did not welcome them. In a decree of 812 Charlemagne sharply commands the Seigneurs of Bera, Narbonne, Roussillon and parts adjacent, to cease plundering the "Spaniards," whom he had settled in their neighbourhood thirty years before. The Archbishop of Paris is ordered to investigate the matter. Upon his report, three years afterwards, Louis le Debonnaire defined the rights and duties of the "Spaniards" in a long edict, which shows incidentally that refugees were still crowding in. But the native jealousy rose higher and higher. The intruders were charged with persisting in the abominable Arianism of their forefathers. And St. Gregory of Tours has left it in writing that Arians are smitten with leprosy. Here perhaps is the key of the problem. A precept of Charles the Bald in 844, reasserting the rights and privileges of the "Spaniards," suggests that they had serious grievances already. A long silence follows; the Danish invasions and many troubles absorbed the attention of the Government. It seems likely that the oppressed people rose, and such as escaped massacre were driven from the mountains, which they had brought under cultivation, as outcasts, pursued by hatred and calumny.

This seems the most probable explanation, since an explanation of some sort there must be. That a Teutonic race may preserve its characteristics of fair hair and tall stature among a Latin peasantry even for a longer time, is shown by the Sette Commune on the hills north of Venice, if tradition may be accepted. These mountaineers are said to be descendants of the Cimbri who escaped after the victory of Marius. Few believe that nowadays; but they have occupied their present seat for an indefinite time, and Italian savants are still at a loss to account for such a large and compact body of Germans on

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that spot. Few of them spoke Italian thirty years ago. But the strongest argument against the origin alleged is just their language. It has a number of inexplicable words, and the constructions are unique; but all the same a traveller speaking low-German can get along quite comfortably. He would not have been at his ease with the Cimbri.

Before passing to other accursed races, a remark of Bishop Stubbs may be noticed. "Historians of the time," he says, "seldom speak without horror of the Brabaçons," the professional mercenaries of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, "as a race by themselves, without nationality, country or religion." They were solemnly cursed by the Vatican Council of 1179, and they were excommunicate *ipso facto*. The great scholar concludes, "It may even be a question whether the mysterious proscribed races formerly existing in some parts of Europe may not have been descendants of these detested bodies of men." But I am not aware that Bishop Stubbs had ever looked into the history of the Cagots; perhaps he was not thinking of them. Other accursed races could be named in France, but their communities were so small comparatively, and so local, that I omit them.

Taking a general survey of these unfortunates throughout the world it is not a little strange to note how many are distinguished for good looks among the people with whom they dwell. We have seen that the beauty of the Cagot women and the fine appearance of the men were always recognised. Other instances may be given. The Rodiyas of Ceylon were more cruelly oppressed than any perhaps, though that is much to say, until the British occupation of Kandy. Even now they scarcely understand that they have any rights. The word means "filth." Formerly they might neither cultivate the soil nor learn a trade. A roof was forbidden them; their huts might have only a single wall, against which they placed a hurdle packed with boughs to sleep under. The head must always be bare, and the only dress allowed was a single garment covering them from waist to knee. They

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might not cross a ferry, enter a village or use a well. Point after point we recognise the treatment of the Cagots; as might be expected indeed, when, in either case, men urged by panic and hatred sought to avoid contact with a group of neighbours, and at the same time to humiliate them. On the highway a Rodiya had to bawl when another mortal came into sight, that he might not advance until "the abominable one" had hidden himself. To cross the threshold of a temple was forbidden; standing at a distance he beheld the face of Buddha the Merciful, and he was free to pray if so disposed. I do not recollect that the Cagots were formally excluded from the Courts of Justice, though we may be quite certain that in effect they could not obtain a hearing. But a Rodiya might not pass the door. He must stand outside and shout his grievances; or, if the matter were pressing, he might appeal to the executioner, who, himself an outcast, would not be so greatly contaminated by speaking to him. And this functionary, for a consideration, doubtless, would put his case before the judge.

Legend tells that the Rodiyas fell under this curse because they supplied human flesh when ordered to furnish venison for the Rajah's table—being hunters of the Veddah stock. Sir Emerson Tennant supposed them to be descended from Indian emigrants of a prehistoric era. Perhaps he saw good cause to reject the more obvious explanation that they represent the survivors of one among the numerous armies that invaded Ceylon from the mainland. Their language now is a *patois* of Cingali, but interspersed with many words of unknown source. The Rodiyas, however, look down on the Barber caste and loathe the vagrant Hanomoreyos, whose occupation is making boxes for carrying the betel-nut. Pitifully droll is it to hear that when these poor savages meet, the former tie up their dogs carefully, lest they should stray into the opposite camp, and so introduce pollution. But the point is that they are remarkable for beauty, especially the women, whose fine figures rouse the enervated ladies of Ceylon to jealousy.

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So the Do-be race of China is distinguished for the vigour of the males and the good looks of the other sex. Perhaps it is identical with the To-min of Ningpo; at least, one description applies to both. The men are not allowed to enter for examinations, nor to follow a profession, nor to practise a trade. They are pedlars, sedan-chairmen, barbers, and, especially, actors. Public opinion forbids any social intercourse with them. But the women form an important class in Chinese society, almost monopolising the business of match-making in the districts where they are found. Each matron has her circuit, traversed periodically, and parents with marriageable sons and daughters look out for the Do-be woman anxiously at her appointed time. She can always be recognised at a distance by an umbrella with a very long stick and a bundle of blue and white check, containing spare clothes. These are the insignia of the Do-be go-between. For the rest her attire is invariably plain and neat, but she never covers her hair, which is notably fine and abundant, as a rule. The feet are bound, as a token of respectability—the *bona fides* of a match-maker who had natural feet would be suspected. But a marriage could not be solemnised without the attendance of the district Do-be woman. Even though it had been concerted without her knowledge, she must be engaged to stay with the bride for some days before the ceremony and for some days after—which is more curious still. Further, she worships with the bridegroom at the ancestral shrine, attends him when the kinsfolk pay him visits of congratulation, and accompanies him in returning them. During this time the representative of the accursed race is treated with high honour.

One recalls a more striking instance of this contradiction. The Bhils of Central India are not held accursed, unless by extreme bigots, but they are outcasts, scorned by the meanest Hindoo, and cruelly oppressed until the British Government took them under its protection. Nevertheless, when the highest living representative of Brahmanism, the sacrosaint Maharajah of Udaipur, comes to the throne, it is not the high

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priest nor the leader of Rajput chivalry who puts the sacred mark upon his forehead, but a wild Bhil from the jungle. And he does it with his impure hand, which cannot be touched by the orthodox under peril of damnation. To crown the horror, which on this occasion is a holy rite, the *tecka* is a smear of blood—upon the forehead of a Hindoo!

To resume. These handsome Chinese pariahs are said to be descendants of brigands who held the northern provinces in the eleventh century; or else of the traitors who assisted the Japanese in the sixteenth. We may suspect that their degradation is older than this date at least.

The Soleib or Solibah Arabs offer another example, and one noteworthy on various grounds. I do not recollect that Burton mentions them, but there must be a reference, and more than one, in his voluminous works. This curious people is found in all parts of Arabia, and more sparingly in the Asiatic desert. Lady Anne Blunt does not give the Solb—her version of the name—among the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrates; indeed, she takes it for granted that they are of Indian descent, akin to the gipsies. Palgrave believed them to be Syrian, and he derived the name, though dubiously, from Saleeb, a cross, fancying that they were Christian originally. Certain it is that they differ from the Bedouins in type as in character, but the latter recognise them as a branch of the family, though outcasts. Fair hair and grey eyes are usual with the Solibah of Arabia, who, no doubt, are comparatively pure; but on the Euphrates they have lost these characteristics, though still preserving a marked distinction from the ordinary Bedouins. Explanations of their outlawry are various; the one most favoured asserts that the ancestors of the Soleibs abandoned Hassan and Hosein at Kerbela, leaving them to be slaughtered. Therefore Allah cursed the race, decreeing that henceforth they should be treated as women. From that time the Soleibs have not been allowed to mount a horse, riding only donkeys—and even these not astride. But when thus disgraced they gave themselves to improving the breed of

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asses, and according to tradition they produced the superb strain called Bagdad or Jeddah donkeys, which some enthusiasts declare the most beautiful creatures extant. I remember offering £50 for any one of six just landed at Suez in 1882, and it was declined.

The curse of Allah was invented, no doubt, to explain the peculiar customs of the Soleib. They never rob travellers or caravans, never make forays, and decline to take part even in war. Their business, says Dr. Wright, is to nurse the wounded, whether victor or vanquished. That is why they are tolerated though despised. It does not appear that the Soleib of the Euphrates are credited with any special skill, though the circumstances suggest that it would be so. But Palgrave reports that the Solibah are famous as "inspired doctors" throughout Arabia, practising paracentesis—whatever that may be—lithotomy and "still more difficult operations." So many stories reached him, with circumstantial details, that he inclined to believe them possessed of valuable secrets—and Palgrave had studied medicine. They gain their livelihood by hunting, gazelles in especial, and they are clothed in the skins from head to foot, looking like Esquimaux. It is not very strange to find that the Bedouins regard such abnormal kinsfolk with distrust. The notion of training Soleib boys and girls as teachers occurred to our missionaries at Baghdad, who thought that young people, very clever, against whom no tribe cherished a feud, would be particularly useful for the purpose. But on consulting the Bedouin chiefs they learned their error. We don't mind Frank teachers, said these, nor Christian Arabs nor Jews—but never Soleibs.

All the same their beauty must be remarkable. Lady Anne Blunt saw very little of the tribe, but once she came across a family. "The two younger men were exceedingly good looking, with delicately cut features, and the whitest possible teeth. The boy was perfectly beautiful, with a complexion like stained ivory, and the two girls, fourteen or fifteen years old, were the most lovely little creatures I ever

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saw." Lady Anne remarks that the prejudice of the Bedouins must be very strong indeed when young men are never captivated by such charming girls. Dr. Wright also speaks of the "exquisite beauty of the children—though unwashed and almost unclad"—very characteristic this of the amiable missionary, unwilling to admit that nakedness can be beautiful —"they appeared to me the most graceful and the sweetest little animals I ever saw, in the desert or elsewhere."

I shall pass by the outcasts of India, not for want of instances, but because the number and variety of them are embarrassing. Also, much has been written on the subject. A remark of Sir Henry Maine's will suffice:

> In Central and Southern India there are villages to which a class of persons are hereditarily attached, in such manner as to show most unmistakably that they form no part, national or organic, of the aggregate to which the bulk of the villagers belong. Essentially impure, they never enter it, or only portions reserved for them. Their touch is contaminating. They have definite duties, one of them the settlement of the village boundaries, on which their authority is allowed to be conclusive.

It may be worth while to mention that the Pooliars of Canara were obliged to carry spittoons round their necks, within the memory of living people. Was it understood of old that spittle conveyed infection? I could give some examples to show that the notion is not so improbable as it might be thought.

Sir Henry does not doubt that these unfortunates descend from "aliens." As a rule strange blood is mingled gradually and lost. "But some materials are too obstinately and obtrusively foreign to be completely absorbed."

The case of the Temple slaves in Burmah is significant. Though by reason of their employ they must handle the most sacred objects of a creed which teaches mercy above all other virtues, no race of men had such a hopeless lot before the British came. There was no escape, and even now one who withdraws and settles at a distance lives in such terror of discovery that few venture to quit the Temple. They could

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not even find a change of occupation formerly, for the King himself was threatened with ruin in this world and in the next if he employed one in the meanest capacity. Other slaves might buy their freedom or receive it as a gift; but not a slave of the Pagoda. If a man, unknowingly, married a girl of this class—the wilful act was inconceivable—he shared her fate; further, any children he might have by an earlier marriage were included. But these Temple slaves were not aliens. No mystery enveloped their origin. Their ancestors or they themselves had been prisoners of war or criminals. When this remarkable state of things could arise in a nation like the Burmese, intelligent, far removed from barbarism, and devoted Buddhists, we cannot safely assume that other outcast races were foreigners or even schismatics at the beginning.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

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THE EXPIATION OF KINKOMETTA

I

IN the long after-years when Kinkometta had left the West for ever, the one and only poet of the high prairies took her for the subject of a set of verses. He sent me a fair copy, and with it a letter in which he made his excuses for "a bad case of literary abduction." "We were in the midst of a debate on petty finance," wrote the bleached, bone-dry politician, whose epigrams have stuck like burrs to the personalities of Sir John A. Macdonald's ministers, "and listening to the wise and tooweighty words of George Eulas. There never lived a man who was so good as George Eulas looks when talking petty finance. The house was as chokey and dry as a patch of burnt-out bush on a hot June day. Not a vestige of humour in the world—except in the half-shut eyes of Sir John A., who was watching Wilfrid Laurier and hoping to see him jump up and shoulder his musket. The old lion loves the young lion as a father should love his son. But I lay a-dreaming of the West, the far, fair West; the rose-starred sea of grasses, the lapis-lazuli pools of water bitter as a dying man's sweat, the tinkling cry of a gopher, the spicy twang in the air of burning spruce-logs —all the sights, and sounds, and odours that are still a good half of my life, and were once all my living. The wood of this accursed seat in Parliament has long since entered into my

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soul; the politician has taken root in the poet. It was Oh, to be hay-making once more in the unfenced meadows of Kisikitchewan, the 'Swift-flowing River.' And yet—too well I know that, if the wish were granted, I should be sighing for Ottawa once more, and the joyous harrying of the sour-faced critics at the Speaker's wrong hand.

"Thinking these thoughts I looked up to the Galleries, and there was the West incarnate smiling at me inscrutably! I knew her at once. There was, and is, and shall be only one Kinkometta from Manitou's land. What they call a happy marriage has not changed her in the least. She still looks taller than she is; she still keeps her wonted silence, waiting for some word of heathenish inspiration; she is still virginal as a young poplar when the chinook blows through and the white side of every leaf is given to the sun. She has a little sturdy three-year old boy, and she suffers in a fire of love for the child, but never flinches at the flames. At all times there is a drop of the good old cold Indian blood in her mother's heart; the same that enabled her ancestors to stand silent at the stake. The little boy does not know how to cry; he was kneaded of iron, and some day she'll make steel of him. When I saw him he was marching up and down 'tending to be a captain with a wooden sword held erect. There was the stirring of a smile in her eyes when he saluted her, and I guessed that she wished me away—so as to be able to wreak her heart on him.

"Show her mother the verses and explain that they were scribbled within the precincts of the House, which accounts for their vileness. Then ask her for the last scene of the tragical comedy of Kinkometta and her Captain which the wise old lady—she'll never leave the West—revealed to me years and years ago. You know all but that last strange scene in the bed-chamber. Hear and remember every word the old lady says—being English through and through she'll whisper most of it shamefacedly—and ride home across the high rim of the prairies, and, having first stabled and fed your horse, go to

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your study and close the door and stand at the westward window, and proudly thank the Manitou for the soul of Kinkometta."

Here the old poet ceased abruptly, and the politician reappeared. Therefore the fag-end of the letter may be taken as unread. But a word or two about his poem—and a line or two of it—should fill the place of a genealogical digression. It was idiotically entitled "The Fair Quadroon," because four paths—three highways and a by-way—of mankind's marching came together in the maiden's being. Many a suicide is buried at such racial cross-roads; the stake thrust through is labelled "heredity" in these latter days. For the old poet her mother's blood—half of the heart's beating—was the gift of a red rose sweet; the Scots blood in her—almost all the other half—was the guerdon of the purple thistle. "Largesse of wit and languor of grace" were, as he said in his most literary manner, the gifts of the poor French girl who more than a century ago journeyed into the setting sun of New France, and lived just long enough to become Kinkometta's great-great-great grandmother. Last of all, in lines that may well be quoted, he sang how the long-forgotten Cree chief's daughter

> . . . Did treasures bring
> From prairie and from brake;
> The columned dusk, the wild swan's wing,
> The lonely glimmering lake,
> The white Falls' startling solitude. . . .

There, in the last and best line, is heard the lyric cry of truth. It is true that this old poet's metaphors never aged into similes. But who could have guessed that he, who had never visited the Falls on the great river curving past far below her father's house, would have chanced on this vital metaphor of Kinkometta as the West incarnate—which she truly was for all her true friends and always.

For one who sits a-fishing below the Falls (there are great gold-eye in the deep backward-circling pools) the sound of the waters, falling in a white flurry, becomes inaudible in a short

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while. Indeed, for hour after hour the sound is but the unperceived flowing out of the under-silence—a background of tone against which the least of the river-voices stands out strangely clear. But, sooner or later and suddenly, that mighty under-tone asserts its power again, sweeps away every thought in its rhythmic flow, and becomes, as it was for those who first named the Falls, veritably the "Voice of the Manitou." I have often thought of it as the still great cry of the conscience of the West. More often still it has recalled the presence of Kinkometta, the maiden of sweet austerities and a purposeful silence.

When her mother read the poem and the letter, she shook her head once, twice. But she told me the ending of the story, conjuring up a fair still picture as she whispered it. Therefore the last of these witnesses may now be dismissed.

II

When the Captain got out of the Regina-Prince Albert train at Mistowasis, and called for a porter, everybody on the platform turned to look at him. There was a touch of the parade-rasp in his well-preserved voice, and every wandering glance sought and found his face as at a word of command. In the circumstances it was not surprising that nobody observed the presence of a stray Chicago bagman who stood on the gangway between the first and second cars and playfully pointed a bottle at the crowd pistol-wise. On any other evening such a bottle with such a man behind it would have been welcomed as a shining omen of the boom which Mistowasis then expected—and still expects after the toil and moil of so many weary years. Sad to say, there is the silver smear of sage-weed in her broad pastures for a token of aridity, the American immigrants see it and pass by northward. But of the nineteen persons, most of them French half-breds, who had assembled to see the train safely in and out, not one had

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ever hoped to see a soldier and a gentleman from the old country breaking his journey at the little wayside settlement.

"Porter!" cried the spruce old gentleman for the second time; whereupon the conductor shouted "All a-board!" and the train, which is a prairie-liner, as certain tall waggons are prairie-schooners, began to move out. By this time the crowd had made a half-circle about the stranger and his baggage, and one and all were busily engaged in an attempt to grasp his meaning. The pulse in the cheek of each tobacco-chewer jigged at fever-rate as he (or she, in one instance) considered the evidence in the case: White hair and a long grey moustache and set-up jest so—must be an oldish man and been in some force o' mounted police, like enough. Calls for a porter, an' what's a *porter?* A stranger from the old country, sure*ly*. Good English clothes and a pile o' baggage—two big trunks, two grips, a gun case, one other case, and a queer metal tub covered over—guess he's a gentleman and has the dollars.

It was the saloon-keeper who was first to get to the point where reasoning ends and reckoning begins for every dweller in an unboomed township. He ceased to chew, and had made himself up to speak when a low voice of even sweetness was heard.

"Good evening, Madame Vachon," said the voice. The old tobacco-chewing half-caste woman turned and made way. Then the owner of the voice, a long slip of a girl, with dark hair tumbled about her shoulders, and a buggy whip lying along one arm, came within the half-circle. She took a long, steady look at the stranger, glanced at his baggage, and, to his vast astonishment, called him by his name and offered help. With those dark eyes of hers—large as a mosquito-hawk's, and as keenly observant in the half-light—she had in that very moment read it on the label of the nearest piece of luggage.

That was how Kinkometta and her first Captain became acquainted. Never was she more of a friend-in-need to the child-like old soldier. Incredible as it may seem to those who

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do not know how the Englishman drops himself, or is dropped, at haphazard into this or that corner of the West, he had chosen Mistowasis as the end of his journey simply because the name on an emigrant's map caught his eye and kept his fancy. The mystery and aloofness of the wilderness breathed in its syllables for him from far away. He came without introductions and with none too many of those bright, ringing, golden coins which, in a land where every bit of money is a paper creased and crumpled and soiled with handling, have a value apart from the rate of exchange—are, in point of fact, silently accepted as symbols of the British character from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He brought seventy sovereigns in a little leather bag. It was all the old man's capital.

Why did he leave his home in England to find a homestead on the northern rim of the high prairies? The truth is not and never will be known; the secret, if the secret was ever told in the West, is locked safe in the heart of Kinkometta, and she will never tell. The West is full of Englishmen, good and bad, but mostly indifferent, who have never explained why and whence they journeyed out. As to what they have been the West is incurious; she is curious only as to what they are and will be to her. Indeed, the West is neither a land or a people, but a habit of the mind—the habit of keeping one's eyes fixed on the future, of gazing Westward, of ignoring the past, of turning one's back on the East.

The West undervalued the Captain from the first. On the very evening when Kinkometta rescued him from a net of petty troubles and drove him home to her father's house, he was weighed in the balance and found wanting in "horse-sense." After supper he and his host and two visiting ranchers sat by a little smoke-fire of chips (to keep off the mosquitoes) and talked together in the twilight. The alien dusk was thronged with unfamiliar sounds; the prairie owl's mellow reduplicated plaint, the far-off childish crying of a coyote, the frou-frou of the many wings of flighting wild duck, and—strangest of all to the English emigrant—the bassoon-like note of the mosquito-

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hawk's upward swoop. Hearing this last the Captain blurted out the question, "Can that be a bear?" The only answer was a blare of laughter from the two ranchers. Not to know the meaning of the sound was pardonable. But to have exposed his ignorance in so ridiculous a manner—such a lack of four-footed common sense could not be forgotten or forgiven. From the next morning on he was spoken of as "Old Man Cinnamon" by the young English-speaking bloods of the outlying farms and ranches. There is still one cinnamon bear left in the half-settled lands between the streams. But he wears a chain, and his home is in the yard of the barracks belonging to the F Division of the Mounted Police.

The ridiculous failure of his attempt to farm a quarter-section deepened this first impression of his uselessness to the West. Seventy pounds would have been the seed of a competence for life with several of the farmers in the neighbourhood. But these were Scots, twice welded in the white-hot cold of bygone Canadian poverty—their grandfathers toiled in Ontario, their fathers at Red River—and knew the power of cash in a land without currency. They would have used this trifle of money as powder is used in a cap—to set agoing some vast and portentous business. But the poor old Captain laid it out in machinery for which he never had any use, since his only crop could have been harvested with a scythe. A little sod-roofed hut that had been put up with the help of a "bee" was all he really owned at the end of a year. His credit had been dissipated in a number of small debts—one large debt would have been a kind of capital—and he was compelled to shoot his dinners or fish for them below the Falls. He had sold most of his possessions, and grew shabbier every day. But he was not unhappy—at any rate when out of doors. Every morning he had his cold tub; his health was fairly good; the older men treated him with courtesy; and Kinkometta was often his hunting companion.

The gift of womanhood had come to the child on a certain midsummer's day. It is so with all maidens who have Indian

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blood at heart. You ride at the end of May across a meadow of the prairies falling slowly towards the river. It is all a sea-green pleasance, a-ripple in the warm western wind. Ride there at the beginning of June and you shall see scarlet lilies without number, constellation after constellation, as far as the eyes can bear to see. It is the miracle of a summer's night when the dew of starshine is falling—this blushing of the virgin prairie. Even so is given the gift of womanhood to maidens with Indian blood at heart. (Perhaps that is why the ancient pairing-place of the Cree nation is at Lily Plain on the Qu'Appelle River.) Even so, Kinkometta grew to a woman between sunset and sunrise—and she put up her hair early in the morning.

The young men of Mistowasis soon—far too soon, thought her mother—became aware that this miracle had been wrought. They called on ridiculous pretexts, lounged in the porch in uncomfortable platitudes, and departed without speaking to the girl. The boldest in this puppet show of dangling lovers, hearing that Kinkometta had gone fishing with the Captain, decided that he would "go an' see if Ole Man Cinnamon could be shifted somehow." He got as far as the hedge of alders growing just above the gravel and boulders of the river-beach, and then hastily retreated.

"I guess Kinky's sot on Ole Man Cinnamon," said he to his confidential hired man that evening, "an' we uns 'll hev' to ride him out of Mistowasis on a rail. I seen 'em down below the Falls this a'ternoon, an' blamed if he wasn't palaverin' to her 'an she a-pawin' of his arm. An' him too old to be her father an' not worth a cent. . . . I guess it sh'ud be stopped. I ain't *right* fer a young gal, an' we old settlers has a duty What say, Billy?"

Billy had much to say, and at last suggested that his friend the Deputy-Sheriff might be helpful. The pair sat up late spinning a web of intrigue wherein to snare the old man's failing footsteps.

But if they had heard and understood the conversation in

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the startling solitude below the Falls it is certain that the web would never have been wrought. The old man was telling Kinkometta a tale of frontier warfare in India; a tale of which he also had been a part. Their fishing-rods had been stuck into the bank in order that the tactics of the matter might be explained by the disposition of stones of various colours in a blank space of sand. When he came to tell of the final attack on the squat tower high in the hills, and of the flashing of Gourkha knives, and of the white smoke-flowers in every cranny of the stark precipice, and of the charge onwards and upwards —then she had been moved out of her aloofness and had laid her hand on his arm. When the tale was over, when England had buried her dead in silence, the little sunburnt hand did not fly away. He looked at her face; her lips were quivering; the very soul of the maiden was at the brink of her eyes. Sorrow and gladness and a proud lament—the mood of England's mourning—were expressed in a single slowly gathering tear that was the jewel of her half-smile. Since she thus honoured the death of a friend of his far-off youth, how must he honour her? He bowed his head and kissed the little hand that lay on his shabby sleeve. It was the kiss of heartfelt courtesy and an intellectual thing. And it consecrated this fair friendship between the brave, broken, foolish soldier and the girl wisely in love with the bravery of men, not with men at all.

III

In the harvest-time Kinkometta and her mother travelled from the Mission to Regina and stayed at Government House for a month. Her father was in the Mackenzie country buying furs. "His Honour" was an old family friend, and "Madame," as it happened, fell in love with the tall, shy girl. "Ve will give for her ze honneur of a ball," said the little old French-Canadian lady, "and she s'all dance only wit ze go-od boys. Ah, not him," answering a look of the *aide* in blue-and-

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white uniform, and forgetting that she was really a pro-Queen, "he is ver' bad boy, so fo'ward." A fortnight later Kinkometta had her dance, and, though several pink and white girls came out on that occasion, she was the arch-beauty—no doubt of it. Joy of living flushed her pale cheeks, flashed in her dark eyes; as she swayed in the dance His Honour compared her with the flower called prairie-smoke, which was a very pretty compliment. Once or twice in the evening she prattled gaily in Saskatchewan French to Madame, who insisted upon being her mother until supper-time. "You speak French like a l'ile stock-duck, ma chee-rie," said Madame, "and must come wit me and Hippolyte, His Honneur, to Quebec some days to learn our French. But it is ver' pretty talk, and thou also s'all teach us some tings at Quebec." Except with Madame she kept her wonted silence, and the pink and white girls thought her dull and by no means "smart," and sighed for a Lieutenant-Governor with an English-thinking wife. None the less Kinkometta's presence was always the central point, the cruxical nirvana of the whirling social wheel. They do dance tempestuously at the little home-like court in Regina, or did so—until the young men and maids of St. Paul and Minneapolis appeared there, creatures who, when seen together, suggest the sign of the dollar ($) and are too unlike in figure to waltz at the double.

Two or three hundred miles to the north the old Captain sat in a little room at the barracks of F Division, and thought of nothing whatever. The policeman at sentry-go in the quadrangle looked into his cell as he passed and spoke a word of good cheer, the honest, good fellow. "You're lookin' tired, sir," he said, "and should turn in. We mean to have you out in a day at latest, sir." But the old soldier answered never a word. His face was a bloodless cypher and had shrunk strangely; his finger-nails were in mourning. So when Corporal Latter went off guard, he sent a message down town for the doctor, and when he arrived helped him to put the prisoner to bed. In the morning he was better and asked

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for a pencil to write a letter. The letter was written and smuggled out of the barracks to the person to whom it was addressed, though this was against the rules. In the afternoon the old Captain fell into a coma, and he was dead of his shame before midnight. Next day the senior duty sergeant called a meeting in the "Rec" and all the men gave a day's pay to buy him a decent oak coffin. Not that any of them knew even so much as the style of his old regiment—it was sufficient to surmise from his bearing and manner of speech that he too had worn the Queen's coat. "When I was on patrol Mistowasis way," said Corporal Latter, "I met and talked with the old gentleman and saw he was no durn' quarter-section farmer. Wa-al, boys, the old Captain's taking up a new homestead—a six by three claim—and here's my dollar towards the registration fee. Why shouldn't each of us give him a day for the sake of the old country?"

That is one of the unofficial duties of the North-West Mounted Police—to give the forgotten stranger his unremembered grave.

But how came the old man to be arrested? Billy's plot had worked out with the devilish deftness of a tragical play by Sardou. His trifling debts had been brought up, and then an affidavit had been sworn before a magistrate to the effect that he was preparing to leave the country. A warrant could then be obtained and the Deputy-Sheriff, who was too easily hoodwinked, was sent down to arrest the intending fugitive. The Deputy, with the blue paper in his hip-pocket, drove to Mistowasis in his buggy, and, as luck would have it, met his man in the beaten trail, gun in hand, looking for a prairie chicken. Jack Hourie—that was the Deputy's name—jumped out of the buggy, thrust the paper under his nose, and took him in the Queen's name. He was about to suggest a way of unlawfully evading the arrest when the old man made an unfortunate remark.

"But, my dear sir," he said, "I really can't come with you

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just now. I must go and get my brushes and things first—if you'll permit me."

Jack Hourie was one of the old-fangled Westerners who, as they say in Sasketchewan, will wash only in the waters of Red River—which is a safe five hundred miles away. The allusion to toilet necessities, for which he had little or no use, seemed a covert sarcasm; the more so as it was uttered in the "chippy" accent which the rough, tough Westerner looks on as a sign of the Englishman's meagreness of soul. "B'gosh, you'll leave your brushes and things behind," he snarled out, "and you'll climb up into the buggy good and quick, or, old as you be, you'll walk to town behind—with the dawg. The folk down here don't want you round no more sparkin' their girls—no, siree!" Afterwards he repented of his speech and was polite so far as he knew. But he could get no answer from the bewildered old man.

A week after the Captain's death Kinkometta and her mother arrived at the "Mission," and drove up to the barracks, where they had arranged to stay over-night as the Superintendent's guests. There was a great gathering at tea-time of the Old People—by which is meant the posterity of Hudson Bay officers and the few who were admitted into Saskatchewan society in the days before the immigration began—and the tale of Kinkometta's ball at Government House was told and re-told proudly. Among the aristocracy of the Swift-flowing River the girl's mother was treated as a well-meaning interloper; she was allowed only to partake of the conversation, Cree being spoken across her whenever secrets not suitable for an English stranger were touched on. But Kinkometta, as Mrs. McKay of Cumberland Hill remarked, was "one of us in all respects," and so soon as the girl had uttered a word or two of the privy language, to show that she had not lost pride in her prairie blood, that great old lady took her to her capacious jet-beaded bosom, and all the other grave nid-nodding ladies of the days before the Rebellion petted her finely. Little did

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they think that they would be holding up their hands over her before the evening was out.

When the names of eligible young Scots (such as a young clerk at the Hudson Bay post at Candle Lake, the junior Inspector at Fort Saskatchewan, and so forth) were used as exclamation points or marks of interrogation in the buzz of talk, Kinkometta—for there was no other girl in the room—thought it convenient to retire. She slipped out of the house, across the Superintendent's parsley bed, and went to look at the horses in the big stable. Corporal Latter was there mending his saddle, and he thanked his kind stars he was off duty. As she looked and talked to the horses he gave her the news of town and countryside; finally she heard for the first time the story of how and why her old friend would not welcome her back to Mistowasis. "She took it quiet at first," he afterwards told a friend, "and asked me a ter'ble number of questions and would not rest until she had all the names and knew where the Deputy was boardin'—at Nugent's Hotel. I tried to head her off, sure. But she ain't that make of a girl; the old fur-trader's a bit of a lawyer, as well he need be, an' she's her father's daughter. Quiet-like she took it at first—but at the end she was pantin', though there was no flush on her face that I could see. Maybe the stable was dark—but b'gosh, her look somehow called to mind Mekasto, the wicked Injun you and me took down at One Arrow's Reserve last Fall. Why, yes, she seemed jest to be pumpin' up her war-spirit—for all that she's only one cent in the dollar Injun. Last of all she asks for a horse, and what could I do but offer mine, and also my short whip, and your Mexican saddle, mine being damaged. I put the saddle on and led the horse out into the square, an' b'gosh! she was on the hurricane deck (and Belzy can kick and ain't ever before been handled by a lady, as you know) and off and out of the square before the sparks had stopped flying."

In the cool of the evening the Deputy-Sheriff sat among friends on the steps of Nugent's Hotel and smoked his pipe.

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He had had his evening meal, and a long horn of rye whiskey; at peace with all the world, and even with himself, he contemplated the colours of the sunset's gold in the gliding levels of the magnanimous river. Nearer and nearer in the after-dinner silence came the noise of the galloping of a horse, but he heard it not. Even the grating of chair-legs on the platform, and a sudden exclamation from a man sitting next on his left (the side from which sounds have the highest value for us), did not wake him from his meditation. Then came a clear silvery utterance, falling as from a great height above him: "Stand out, Jake Hourie!" Mechanically he arose and slowly advanced to the edge of the platform. The mists of meditation cleared away—the figure of a white-faced girl on a great black horse rushed on him out of the twilight of the day, out of the dimness of his meditation. A long jet-black curl lay along her cheek and curved across her shoulder, strangely enhancing the bloodless pallor of her face. Her eyes blazed with black fire; high above her head she held the short heavy whip in a steady hand. Instinctively he lifted his arm to guard himself. Then as the blow was withheld and he dimly began to understand, his arm fell to his side. But still the blow was withheld. The wrath died out of the girl's eyes; the whip was lowered; her face softened, flushed, was suddenly averted. The further hand pulled the reins, the great horse wheeled at the sign; horse and rider vanished as swiftly as they came. Seldom does will issue in action with those of mingled race—or, it may be, there was a kindlier reason. The diminuendo of the rider's departure had all but passed away when Jake, with a grim, frowning face, turned and walked in through the doorway. Nugent was standing there. "Wa-al, Jake," he said as the other passed, "I did think she was going to cut your face in half." Jake stopped and looked him up and down.

"By God," he said, "and why not? Stand aside!"

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IV

Here we are at the end of the story, for all save two or three in the world. It is not necessary to record the gossip of the Old People—their hands were uplifted in amazement rather than indignation—or to pry into the explanation between the girl and her mother. But in order that Kinkometta may be known through and through and freely forgiven, if forgiveness is the word, the veil must be drawn from the last scene of all. Heaven knows why the old poet did not make that the subject of a poem. No doubt the reason why is—that he was too old to trust himself with it.

After all, it was Jake Hourie who helped this ineffectual maiden to the means of expiation. The Captain's letter was addressed to him, and since he had been denied the atonement of a lash across the face, he was careful to fulfil its request. Jake Hourie, as requested, took the old soldier's most valuable possession, carefully packed it, and saw that the parcel was sent to Mistowasis and safely delivered into Kinkometta's hands. Then in his capacity of Deputy-Sheriff he credited the Captain's one creditor with a sum sufficient to pay him in full. It was not enough to atone for being the dupe of mean-minded men, or for his own littleness towards the dead. But it was good earnest of penitence, and should buy his discharge from the reader's contempt.

In the Factor's house at Mistowasis—the oldest house between streams—was a quaint little chamber above the porch, for all the world like a nice boy's room, and that was Kinkometta's bed-chamber. On the night of the day when she received Hourie's parcel she went to bed early—two hours before her mother, who held it a housewife's duty to make up household accounts on one particular night in the week. Something in the girl's look—the glimmer of some new purpose—had puzzled the mother. Moreover, she had been deprived of the much-loved task of brushing the girl's hair and weaving it

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into coils, and of stealing a shy kiss or two during the service, for she was truly half afraid of her tall, inscrutable child, and seldom dared to caress her except when she was in her night-dress and looked frail and childish, as will the stateliest of maidens when disrobed. So that this poor, shy mother, when bedtime came for her, stopped at her daughter's door, listened for the equable sound of breathing, could not hear it for the throbbing of her naughty heart, and finally—with a strange small sweet sense of guilt—opened the door quietly and entered. Then the candle nearly fell from her trembling hand.

For as she entered it seemed that a bright silvery flame ran down the bed and vanished suddenly. She moved the candle in her bewilderment, and yet again the silvery flame startled her eyes.

A naked sword lay along the narrow white bed. The hilt was at the girl's chin as she slept on her right side, the silver-gleaming blade lay on her half-disclosed breast, the point was at her feet. One arm, from which the sleeve had fallen away, crossed the living steel. The edge had cut it slightly, and there was a fleck of crimson on the counterpane below.

With her heart beating wildly the poor English mother looked into her dread daughter's face. The eyes were sweetly closed under the disparted night of her hair; she breathed in a sweet equanimity. The mother touched the steel here and there with a trembling finger; it was cold, so cold, even where it lay in her bosom. There was no danger; she would sleep, as was her habit, without stirring till morning. But seeing the fleck of crimson the mother's tears began to fall. With steady hands and infinite care she fell to extricating the sword. There was a name and an inscription of honour at the beginning of the blade.

As she worked she had a glimpse of the meaning of the thing. She understood, though she could not for many a day find words for it—that the sword and her girl were wedded lovers; that the hero-maiden was the bride of the symbol of all earthly heroism. But she did not and never could under-

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stand how the chill of the steel and the little wound had been welcomed as expiation for a month's forgetfulness of a friend. She did not know that the Indian soul courted pain—even the pain of death in a prairie-rose of fire—as the best of life's opportunities. Yet there is the key to the heart of Kinkometta.

E. B. Osborn.

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THE RECONCILIATION

"THE snow has ceased, the wind is hushed,
The moon shines fair and clear,
The night is drawing on apace,
Yet Evan is not here.

"The deer is couched among the fern,
The bird sleeps on the tree;
O what can keep my only son,
He bides so long from me."

"O mother, come and take your rest
Since Evan stays so late;
If we leave the door unbarred for him,
What need to sit and wait?"

"Now hold your peace, my daughter,
Be still and let me be,
I will not seek my bed this night
Until my son I see."

And she has left the door unbarred,
And by the fire sat still;
She drew her mantle her about
As the winter night grew chill.

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The moon had set beyond the moor,
And half the night was gone,
When standing silent by her side
She saw Evan her son.

"I did not hear your step, Evan,
Nor hear you lift the pin."
"I would not wake my sister, mother,
So softly I came in."

"Now sit ye down and rest, Evan,
And I will bring you meat."
"I have been with my cousin John, mother,
And he gave me to eat."

"Then have ye laid the quarrel by
That was 'twixt him and you,
And given each other pledge of faith
Ye will be friends anew?"

"We have laid the quarrel by, mother,
For evermore to sleep,
And he has given to me his knife
As pledge of faith to keep."

"O is it blood, or is it rust,
That makes the knife so red,
Or is it but the red fire-light
That's shining on the blade?"

"No rust is on the blade, mother,
Nor the fire-light's ruddy hue;
The bright blood ran upon the knife
To seal our compact true."

"O is it with the pale gray gleam
That comes before the dawn,
Or are ye weary with the road,
That ye look so ghastly wan?"

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"A long and weary road, mother,
I fared to reach my home,
And I must get me to my bed,
That waits for me to come."

"The night is bitter cold, Evan,
See that your bed be warm,
And take your plaid to cover you,
Lest the cold should do you harm."

"Yes, cold, cold is the night, mother,
But soundly do I rest,
With the bleak north wind to wrap me round,
And the snow white on my breast."

A. Margaret Ramsay.

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ON THE LINE

BOOKS written with humour and wit are always welcome —therefore we are glad to read and recommend Mr. Adam Lorimer's "Literary Book of the Road," entitled **The Author's Progress** (Edinburgh, Blackwood, 6*s*. net). We expected, on taking up the volume, to find it a writer's guide-book, giving some necessary plain advice as to the preparation and publication of literary works, large and small, so that the tyro should know exactly the particular tastes of, and the best means of getting his wares accepted by, publishers and editors; with some practical suggestions on the making of MSS., the revision of proofs—and so on. Mr. Adam Lorimer is, however, too clever for that. The youth "commencing author' will get little such assistance from this book. It is written for the delectation of the few behind the scenes by one who is also there. If Mr. Adam Lorimer is not a leading light in some publisher's office we are willing—borrowing Mr. Grimwig's metaphor—to eat our hat. The simple remarks about the literary agent and the Authors' Society are suggestive evidence as to his profession—no publisher could write humorously about the book-world without a gentle gird at them—while the continued protestation that the book is written from the author's view-point is, in the circumstances, quite sufficient confirmatory testimony. But what of that? The fun poked so pleasantly is thoroughly good-tempered, and the volume throughout is refreshingly amusing.

With the moral of this flippantly serious book all who witness

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the outpouring of the modern deluge of merely average novels must agree. There is no possible, probable shadow of doubt that the great majority of the books piled on the railway-stalls, clogging the booksellers' shops, are the fruits of hack-work, provided hurriedly to satisfy a hungry, indiscriminating public. Mr. Lorimer warns the youth who fingers his pen and has dreams and ideals to take service in a bank, to be an ironmonger, anything which brings an income, rather than swell the everlasting ranks of the Grub Street fraternity—who, though not so openly disreputable as were the Richard Savages of an earlier generation, are as much slaves to the quill as were their precursors—and write, with weary hand and exhausted mind, the stuff which gives the wrong kind of pleasure to a wasted twenty minutes. All this has been said before, of course, but still the "curse of the thousand words" is no mere phrase; it is a fact of the world of letters to-day, destructive to the possibility of good writing; and well it is—even at the eleventh hour—for a voice of warning to sound, so that in this generation of writers we may yet have a true successor to Thackeray and his pen-comrades of a more leisurely day. Mr. Lorimer's book is a joke—a joke in a dreadful binding.

Henry Sidgwick; a Memoir. By A. S. and E. M. S. (Macmillan. 1906.)—Of the men who make a University society some are teachers, some organisers, some students; and some, who may belong to one or other of these classes, are known and valued for themselves apart from their work. Henry Sidgwick's work proclaims itself in the stately buildings of Newnham, in volumes of patient truthseeking, and in the memories of his pupils; but to Cambridge and to his friends he was the delightful companion of leisure, the wise counsellor, the sympathetic friend, the inexhaustible fountain of brilliant talk, a friend whose heart was as capacious as his mind, and who was so bountiful in giving himself that over his study door might have been written *et amicorum*. This can be read

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between the lines of the fascinating Memoir which his wife and brother have compiled, chiefly from his own journals and letters. It is useless to ask for a complete portrait; to those who knew him the portrait is there; and the portraits which we imagine we have found in the lives of men whom we have not known, made up from letters and reported conversation, are, after all, but our own invention, as little real as dreams, only a little more real than echoes of the manner or voice of a singer or actor. Especially elusive is conversation, in which Sidgwick so greatly excelled; for the charm of his conversation lay not so much in the force or brilliancy of the things actually said, though they were forcible and brilliant enough to furnish many good talkers and leave to spare, but for the manner in which he conducted conversation, drawing their best sounds from his companions like the leader of an orchestra, or like a singer who plays his own accompaniment. He did not monopolise talk, he liked it to be a feast of reason, to which all brought their share. He would lead, not drive; and with so gentle a hand that he stimulated other talkers; that (to vary the musical metaphor) he tuned others to his own key without their knowing it, and unconsciously.

The burden of thought descended early upon Sidgwick's shoulders. After brilliant success at Rugby and Cambridge—where he became Senior Classic and Fellow of Trinity—his attention was divided between classics, with which his daily business was concerned, Biblical research, including the study of Oriental languages, and philosophy in the widest sense, which he finally took as his province. It is interesting to observe here what was the influence upon him of his place in the century, and how the trend of liberal thought, the speculations of the moment, the personal questions of conscience put upon him by advanced conclusions in Biblical criticism all converged, in harmony with an extreme susceptibility to evidence from every quarter, to a course of study apparently unsystematic, but the clue to which is the desire for and search after truth, in the double aspect of inquiry into the origins of

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religious belief, and the moral duties which the search for truth imposes.

Except incidentally, the Memoir does not give the history of Sidgwick's philosophical opinions; but we read between the lines that abstract speculation interested him on the whole less than applied philosophy. He did not lay great stress on his own writings; rather he spoke lightly of them as a useful attempt to settle some principles. But we know that his works on ethics and politics are authoritative wherever philosophy is studied. As for the temper in which he wrote, his books may seem to point to difficulties and disappointments; but we need his life to interpret his writings, even his letters and journals; to his friends he gave the truer impression of cheerfulness, eager hope and encouragement, and to enliven and stimulate was the principal effect of his personality. There was something in him which forbade thought and action to form a complete unity. "Oh, how I sympathise with Kant!" he cries, "with passionate yearning for synthesis and condemned by his reason to criticism." Therefore it was his fate to be looked upon as a destroyer of foundations rather than what he more truly was, a builder on foundations discreetly laid. The passage which follows sums up the history of a mind:—

"Every speculation of this kind ends, with me, in a practical problem, 'What is to be done here and now?' That is a problem which I must answer; whereas as to the riddle of the universe I never had the presumption to hope that its solution was reserved for *me*, though I had to try."

"I had to try!" there is the secret of the undefeated toil in many arid fields of learning, of the patient endurance of tedious hours spent in the company of spiritualist impostors, of the long battle against convention and prejudice which resulted in the establishment of women's university life, of the cheerful courageous grasp of life which was to others both a spur to duty and a rebuke to faint-heartedness.

The lesson of Sidgwick's life is one of hopeful endeavour,

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and in no department of it is this truer than in his persevering and successful championship of the cause of higher education for women. He had able helpers, his wife amongst the foremost, and the tide of opinion was with his work, whether we measure it by actual results, or by the quality of the opposition made to it; but he was more than a leader, he was the wisest of counsellors, as well as the most generous of benefactors; he never lost a step by hanging back, nor spoilt one by precipitancy. And the witness to what he did is not only built in stone and brick, but is written in the history of thousands of women's lives, to whom he and his fellow workers opened a new and worthy career. The growth of the Newnham and Girton movement is well described in the correspondence. More might have been said if Mrs. Sidgwick had been willing to praise her own work.

Readers in general will not take a deep interest in Sidgwick's lifelong attention to psychical research. As early as 1864 at the age of twenty-six he says: "As to Spiritualism . . . I find it hard to believe that I shall not discover some unknown laws, psychological or other"; and in 1882 he wrote of the indifference or hostility to psychical research as "a scandal to the enlightened age in which we live." Twenty years have passed and the world is still sceptical; but progress has been made. Thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion are generally accepted as genuine, telepathy and appearances at or near the time of death are considered probable; haunted houses are discredited; the passing of messages between this world and the other is still gravely debated; for so many "mediums" have been found out that the next is suspected to be like the last. The end of it all to Sidgwick seems to be summed up thus:

"I have been facing the fact that I am drifting steadily to the conclusion . . . that we have not, and are never likely to have, empirical evidence of the existence of the individual after death"; and his last words to the Synthetic Society seemed, to some at least of those who heard them, to bear the same meaning.

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Why should the world, when interested in a thinker, wish to find him on the side of faith; feel strengthened by the dogma which corrected Pascal's scepticism, and be glad that Mill's stoical reserve gave way before the need of belief? Is it because men must have hope in order to live, and find no repose in a world in which yes and no are continually at strife? Certainly, after balancing yes and no, as Sidgwick did throughout his life, it is comforting and encouraging to see that at the end he believed not only in a moral order, but in an Orderer, and that even when he was "in the darkness of the shadow of death" he did not fear extinction. The limits of religious belief extend from certitude to hope. Sidgwick's belief was nearer the lower limit. But it was not an accident that he built on the site of the Metaphysical Society, not an Analytic, but a Synthetic Society; and at the end of his life expressed his hope—if he was too completely honest to call it "belief"—in the moving words with which the Memoir closes: "Let us commend to the love of God with silent prayer the soul of a sinful man who partly tried to do his duty."

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A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER XVI

REVELATION

Aye, many flowery islands lie
In the waters of wild agony.

THAT night Téphany kept vigil, but towards morning she fell into a sweet and dreamless sleep, not waking till the sun was already high in the heavens. For a moment she lay in delicious subconsciousness, inhaling the morning's air, and knowing only that it was good. Sunshine, scented with roses and honeysuckle, streamed into the room between the half-closed shutters. When Téphany opened her eyes, she saw this broad shaft of light, in which myriads of atoms were dancing. The atoms were dust, but the sun had transmuted them into gold.

Téphany slipped out of bed and hastened to the window, which commanded a fine view. Although the sun was shining, rain had fallen during the night, and a mist, not yet dispersed, hung upon the river and the low-lying land about it. This mist, so Téphany observed, had subtly enhanced in beauty the

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finer upper features of the landscape, the noble slope of the Poulguen woods, the superb curve of the shore, the ancient castle, while obscuring what was drab-coloured and mean. The mud-flats, laid bare by an outgoing tide, shone like vast sheets of silver; the rocks assumed the shadowy forms of prehistoric monsters; the fields of the peasants were as fields of Ardath: white beneath the spell of a magician.

Under ordinary conditions—in the middle of the day for instance—this landscape, beloved by Téphany since her childhood, presented a pretty, but slightly monotonous aspect, not comparable, as Machie had pointed out, to the pastoral beauty of Surrey or Hampshire. That, however, was a partial Englishwoman's first impressions. Machie, later, admitted the existence of a fascination which might account for the home-sickness of Breton peasants whenever they left their own country. But, acknowledging the fascination, she proclaimed her inability to analyse it.

Téphany, however, contended that fascination, whether of human beings or of places, could be defined, and within a phrase. With things animate and inanimate, their power to charm might be measured by their capacity of seeming other than what they really were. The witchery of the sea, the fascination of the desert, lay in this quality. Was anything in the world less interesting than a handful of sand or a pint of sea-water? Yet each, multiplied indefinitely, represented enchantment. And to Téphany the subtle attraction of her native land was as the Sahara to the Sheik, because its aspect was eternally changing.

Gazing at Poulguen glorified by the spirit of the mist, she thought tenderly of Michael. Mist obscured him; yet she loved him. She felt inordinately glad that she was going to him; she counted the minutes, the miles that lay between them. A long vigil had but strengthened her determination to blind herself in regard to the past; she gazed fearlessly and steadfastly into the present and future.

Then suddenly some wandering breeze dispersed that por-

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tion of the mist which had changed mud-flats into shimmering sheets of silver. A faint, sickly smell assailed her nostrils as the foul marsh revealed itself. Then, as quickly, the mist descended, and Téphany smelled once more the roses and the honeysuckle of her garden.

But the joyous light had faded in her eyes as she turned from the window.

When she approached Trimour, upon the stroke of ten, the mist had vanished, and an incoming tide filled the estuary. Soft, rose-grey cloudlets flecked the skies, through which the sun shone with tempered rays. The heavy mist, in fact, had left behind a haze. Seen through this, the hills and valleys between Ros Braz and Pont-Aven assumed an incomparable delicacy of tint and tone: alike the delight and despair of such artists as beheld it. The contour of the hills melted into the horizon, so that it was almost impossible to determine where earth ended and sky began; from the tortuous valleys ascended filmy wreaths of amethystine vapour; the masses of moorland were etherealised; the brilliant yellows and too vivid madders of gorse and heather presented an exquisite harmony of lavender and gold. The sweet loveliness of the world filled Téphany's eyes and heart with a sense of intimacy and affection. Above all places on the glad earth, this place was especially dear to Michael and her. Together they had explored each winding lane; they had gathered every familiar flower; they knew every stone and tree and cottage.

Presently, she reached the grove of ash and chestnut and oak which surrounds the chapel. Through the foliage she could see the grey granite of its wall, the flamboyant window, the low door through which she had passed as a child to kneel with other children at the Pardon des Enfants.

Michael, however, was not in this familiar picture.

For a moment she was assailed by the fear that he had failed to keep tryst. Then, with a thrilling revulsion of feeling, she saw a man standing beneath the east window, upon the spot where Yannik had invoked the assistance and protection

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of the saint. Although her feet trod noiselessly upon the thick carpet of moss beneath the trees, he seemed to divine her presence. She saw him turn his head sharply.

It was Furic, not Michael.

He came forward, holding something white in his hand; a note from Michael. Téphany took it and tore open the envelope.

"If you are of the same mind as last night, come to the studio."

The note was unsigned and unaddressed. Téphany looked up to surprise Furic staring at her with his uncanny fixity of glance. Beneath his glance she flushed slightly as she thanked him for bringing the note. Then Furic said heavily:

"Monsieur Ossory has done with me. Do you want a model, Mademoiselle?"

"I? No."

"Your friend, perhaps——"

To get rid of him, Téphany nodded. Possibly Miss Machin or Mr. Keats might want a model. Furic would find them at Ros Braz.

"But you, Mademoiselle, you are going to Pont-Aven?"

"Yes."

Again she was conscious that the man's eyes were fixed upon her face with an interrogation and derision impossible to describe.

"You are going to Monsieur Ossory, to whom you are *fiancée*, is it not so, Mademoiselle?"

For an instant the desire to rebuke him flamed in her; and yet his voice, though not his gaze, was void of offence. She drew herself up, and answered him triumphantly:

"Yes."

"I make you a thousand compliments, Mademoiselle."

Téphany nodded again, and passed on with fluttering pulses.

As she approached Pont-Aven her pace grew slower. She thought she had divined Michael's reason for asking her to

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come to the studio. There, where he had suffered so much, let joy touch him with healing fingers. At Trimour, too, they might have been disturbed by a passing peasant or a tourist from the hotel. Michael had done well to send the note. Thus musing, she heard voices behind her—a man's laugh, a girl's gay accents. Looking back she saw Yannik and Léon Bourhis walking swiftly towards her with the light, clean steps of youth and health. They walked as lovers walk, with their arms interlaced, their heads close together, the girl's coif almost touching the man's powerful shoulder. Each wore the costume. Obviously they were on their way to the marriage of some friend or relation.

"Ah, Yannik, is that thou?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. Marie-Jeanne Penker is to be married this morning. She had to wait a long time, the poor Marie-Jeanne, but now she is as happy as——"

"As we are," added Léon.

He went on to speak of the blessings of marriage, using a freedom of phrase which made Yannik lay her hand across his mouth.

"One does not say such things, my Léon."

"Pouf-f-f! I am not ashamed of loving thee to distraction, my sweet little white hen."

They passed on. Téphany heard their laughter floating back to her, as if it were an echo of all the delightful, simple joys in the world. She stood still, absorbing greedily and gratefully that mirthful laughter. Upon the granite rocks at her feet were tiny pools of water, reflecting the pale rose tints of the sky; the leaves on the trees had been washed clean by the night's rain. Perhaps the incomparable freshness of this landscape seemed to Téphany the more fascinating because she felt that the hour was at hand when she might be called upon to leave it. Then she turned her face from it, and surveyed a building to her right, an oblong of new masonry, crude and unrelieved by any attempt at embellishment, standing forlornly defiant against the soft skies — the sanctuary of some

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unfortunate nuns who had been driven out of their ancient home elsewhere. The building was surrounded by a stone wall, and the nuns within the wall rarely wandered beyond it. Téphany thought of the barren lives it encompassed and confined. A sudden spasm of sadness and melancholy drove the love-light from her eyes as she followed Yannik and Léon into the town where a wedding-bell was pealing.

Michael was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs; but he did not speak till she had entered the studio. Then he said hoarsely:

"So you have come?"

"Did you think I would not come?" She smiled at him, trying to hide the distress which his appearance had aroused in her. Upon the table lay the mask.

"I asked you to come here," he said slowly, "because I must tell you the truth. If then——" He did not complete the phrase, continuing quickly in another tone: "I did not believe it possible that I could tell you; the conviction that I must has been agony."

The suffering upon his face was so plainly marked that her eyes fell. She looked at the smiling mask.

"I'll break this first," said Téphany.

"Wait. This mask is not unique, you must understand. It can be bought at any plaster-cast seller's in Paris."

"I know that," Téphany replied; "and I have guessed already that you bought it because it resembles the girl who came between us."

"It was the death-mask of the girl herself," said Michael, in a low voice.

"Oh!" said Téphany faintly. Her thoughts were jostling each other in wild disorder. What had Carne said? The girl had been found drowned, or—— With a violent effort she controlled herself. Out of this discoloured ebullition one crystal clear determination resolved itself. She said sharply: "Tell me nothing more."

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"But, Téphany, I feel very strongly that—that it is *her* wish you should know everything."

Téphany flushed slightly. The strange use of the personal pronoun arrested attention. The Bretonne within her accepted his statement. For the moment she believed that the spirit of the dead woman had imposed a command upon the man. What was best and worst in her nature rose to confront a phantom rival, whom she hated.

"You saw her—last night?"

"I have never seen her since she died, but always, always, I have felt that she was near me."

"You mean that her memory haunted you?"

"I mean that I believe that beneath the thousand superstitions concerning the dead there lies a truth which each must interpret for himself. Last night, for instance, I knew—I knew, I say, that some power stronger than my own intelligence and will was urging me to speak."

Again Téphany looked at the mask. At the angle Michael was holding it, its impassivity, its unconcern, were significant.

"She has changed," Téphany whispered.

"Yes," he said quietly, "she has changed."

Téphany retorted, with a shade of impatience:

"You mean that we have changed—that conditions, in short, are different. The plaster has not changed." Then, as he remained silent, she continued vehemently: "I hate this thing, because it has made you morbid, Michael; because, as you admit, it has biassed your intelligence and will. I do not wish to hear its story——"

"And my story," he interrupted.

"I absolutely refuse to listen to it." As she spoke, she fancied that his face brightened. "I have reasons, and I am not afraid to give them to you." Her voice softened delightfully. Then, very quickly, she took the mask from his hand, laid it upon the table, and covered it with her handkerchief. When she turned, the relief upon her face was that of a woman who had laid down a burden. Her voice resumed its

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lightness and delicacy of tone and inflection. She held out her hands, which he took. Into her face came the expression he knew so well, the feminine hesitation, the ingenuousness of an honest but reserved spirit constrained to entire frankness beneath the spur of emergency.

"Will you despise me, if I whisper to you that I am jealous?"

"Jealous, Téphany?"

"Jealous, yes: because you obey this creature of your imagination, who commands you to speak, but who cannot command me to listen."

"No; she cannot do that." He drew in his breath sharply.

"My jealousy is one reason: the least." She paused; then she laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder, looking up into his face. "You know you have frightened me; that thing"—she trembled slightly—"has frightened me. I am foolish, sometimes superstitious; it is in my blood, and what my reason rejects as absurd my instinct clings to. Well, I have strength enough to keep my mind free of morbid thoughts. When they come—and they come often—I refuse them admittance. That is wise, isn't it? Yes. And you will understand me when I say that I am afraid of your story, afraid of its effect upon the silly half of me. I want you"—the hunger in her tone thrilled him—"I want you, dear Michael, as you are, not as you have been. I want you alone, without—*her*. If you give her story to me, it becomes mine, doesn't it? And she may work evil to me. Do you see?"

She caressed his shoulder as she spoke, raising beseeching eyes to his—an irresistible appeal.

"So be it," he said harshly. "Perhaps you are right. Why should I share the evil that is in my life with you? And, if you want the good that is left it is yours."

He took her face between his hands, gazed at it with passionate intensity, as if he were slaking a thirst that had almost consumed him; then he bent his own head, and kissed her.

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At that moment Carne was approaching the studio from Pont-Aven. He wished to speak to Michael upon some point connected with his art, but as he walked he was thinking of Téphany, and pulling to pieces the possibility of a second refusal, harder to endure than the first. His natural optimism, inflated by the windy encouragement of Keats and Mary Machin, had swollen to rather too large proportions. More, he had reason to believe—a reason in black and white which he carried in his pocket—that he had nothing to fear from Michael.

Ascending the steep hill, he passed a couple of girls driving their cows to pasture. They nodded to Carne, and smiled pleasantly. Such smiles, surely, were of happy augury. However, at the gate leading to the studio, he saw a magpie. Carne took off his hat to the bird with mock solemnity, reflecting that if he saluted every magpie he would soon get a sunstroke, for magpies are common as blackberries in and around Pont-Aven.

He passed through the glades of walnut trees, under the archway leading into the courtyard, and ran lightly up the stone stairs. The door was not quite closed; he pushed it open, and saw Téphany in Michael's arms.

An exclamation that betrayed his presence made Michael advance.

"Miss Lane," he said gravely, "has just consented to be my wife."

"Has she?" said Carne savagely.

Seeing Carne's convulsed face, Michael had hoped that a simple statement of the fact would be best. Carne confronted Téphany.

"You have taken *him?*"

His disordered appearance so troubled her that she had difficulty in finding breath to stammer out: "Ye—es."

"Then you cannot know that he has done what you most abhor?"

Téphany was looking at Carne; otherwise she would have

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seen Michael start forward, open his mouth, and then, with a violent effort, control lips and tongue.

"What is that to you?" said Téphany.

"I am answered. You do not know. What Ossory has done is nothing to me, nothing; but it may mean everything to you."

"How did you find out?" demanded Michael heavily.

Even in that moment of supreme tension Téphany observed that the life had gone out of her lover's face and voice. The dreary tone fell dismally upon a brief silence.

"Yvonne gave me a part of the story—not much; enough to excite my curiosity; the rest I got from a man I know, who is painting at Port Navalo."

"You can repeat to Miss Lane what you have heard," said Michael.

"No, no!" cried Téphany.

"Nothing else is possible now," said Michael.

He met Carne's glance and held it. The young man had mastered himself; he was almost as composed as Michael; his excitement seemed to have passed to Téphany.

"Then tell me yourself, Michael!"

She appealed passionately. Carne looked aside, a slight flush in his cheeks.

"Are you going to tell her, Ossory?"

"Miss Lane shall be told everything. Be sure of that!"

"Michael," cried Téphany, "is this necessary? Won't you tell me quietly, by yourself?"

"I will go if you wish it, Ossory."

"Don't go," said Michael. Then, turning to Téphany, he added slowly: "In justice to Carne."

"Why should you consider him?" interrupted Téphany disdainfully. "Does Mr. Carne think that by blackening you in my eyes he will whitewash himself?"

"I think I had better go," repeated Carne.

"No," said Michael.

From that moment it became plain that Ossory dominated

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the will of the others, being the stronger of either singly or both collectively. Carne said nothing; Téphany leaned against the table, fascinated by the impassivity of Michael's face, which she could not interpret.

"Why did Yvonne speak to you?" Michael asked.

"Because of Yannik."

"Yannik?"

"She had heard that I wished Yannik to pose for the figure. We had an argument. In the course of it she said that a similar case had happened before; that a pupil of Gérôme's, a young man of extraordinary promise——"

"Cut that," said Michael.

"Had persuaded a girl to pose for the figure——"

"Ah!" gasped Téphany, with dilating pupils.

"That the girl had been treated outrageously, that the thing had ended in unspeakable misery—and death."

"And she told you that I was the man?"

"I guessed that."

"Go on."

"I guessed it when you sent for me. You let fall a straw—it served."

"I remember," said Michael.

"The rest was easy. Obviously, the tragedy had not taken place in Pont-Aven. Then how had Yvonne heard of it? I remembered that she had connections in the Vannetais country; and then I remembered also that you had painted at Port Navalo, where I spent last summer. I wrote to a friend; his answer came yesterday."

He handed Michael a letter.

Neither of the men, engrossed with each other, looked at Téphany. Her expression had changed entirely. The defiance, the sense of anger against Carne, had given place to a mute helplessness of misery. Michael read the letter to himself. Then Carne blurted out, with a certain shamefacedness: "Don't read it aloud, Ossory."

"I must," said Michael.

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"I have made inquiries" (wrote the friend); "the story is almost forgotten, but it created a tremendous impression at the time. A priest has given me details. It seems that Ossory discovered a beautiful girl called Liczenn Morvézen. He began by making studies of her head. Ossory, so the priest says, was a man of great physical and mental attractions, and he spoke Breton. The girl fell desperately in love with him. He used her love to get what he wanted. He persuaded her to pose for the figure. The horrible part of the story is that this man appears to have been absolutely cold-blooded. When he had finished his picture, he told her coolly that his work was done, that he was going away. He went away, leaving her behind. Two or three days later Liczenn disappeared. It was presumed at the time that she followed Ossory to Paris. A month later word came from Ossory that she was dead."

As the last grim word fell dully upon Téphany's ears, she sprang forward.

"Michael!"

"It is true. She threw herself into the Seine. Then and now I reckon myself her murderer."

Some inflection in his voice touched Carne to the quick.

"I fancy you are too hard on yourself, Ossory," he muttered. "I daresay the girl was deranged."

"She was perfectly sane."

In silence Michael crossed the room, took a small key from his watch-chain and, bending down, unlocked the massive oak chest.

"I am going to stretch the canvas I painted of her," he said, in a chill, lifeless tone. He threw back the heavy lid, and lifted out of the chest a long roll.

Téphany turned her back. Presently, Michael said quietly: "You can look now."

Carne was nearest to the canvas; at once a sharp exclamation escaped him.

"You painted that?"

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"Yes. It is Liczenn Morvézen, Virgin and Martyr."

"Why! Good heavens! She looks like the famous Death Mask."

"The Death Mask was taken from her face." Michael removed the handkerchief from the cast. Carne, very pale, stared first at the cast and then at the picture.

Liczenn Morvézen stood nude, in the centre of a huge arena, freshly strewn with sand, which obscured, but failed to hide, the horrors beneath it. Out of the background glared, seemingly, ten thousand eyes. From these, not from the lion about to spring upon her, the virgin shrank appalled. Her face bore the expression of the martyr: that subtle fusion of resignation, ecstasy, fear, and suffering.

Carne exclaimed: "God! It's great."

The canvas was slashed cruelly, and in particular the body of the girl, as if the artist who had created her, inspired possibly by some demon of realism, had wished to tear and destroy the lovely painted flesh even as the wild beast had torn it. Only the face had been spared.

During the long recital that followed, Téphany's eyes rested upon the plaster cast, whereas Carne stared as steadily at the picture. Michael spoke in a monotone, indescribably impressive, because it conveyed the sense of an irrevocable catastrophe.

"I found her at Port Navalo just ten years ago. And I knew that if I could put her face on to my canvas I should paint a picture worth looking at. But she wouldn't pose——" Carne's glance left the picture and settled upon the face of the speaker. Michael continued: "I called upon her mother, an ignorant, credulous, grasping peasant."

"How extraordinary!"

"The coincidence—only I don't believe in coincidences—*is* rather startling. Do you know that when I first met you, Carne, I seemed to recognise in you a reincarnation of a spirit which once possessed me? I was not the only person to see this." He glanced at Téphany. "Well, I persuaded the

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mother to let Liczenn pose for the head and coif. During the following week I made half-a-dozen studies, but I was not satisfied——"

"Who would have been?" said Carne.

"With some difficulty I persuaded the girl to take off her coif and collar. The mother was on my side; my money jingled in her pocket——"

Carne, reading the misery in Téphany's face, interrupted defiantly: "Any artist would have done what you did."

"All this time," Michael continued, "the idea of a big picture filled my mind. I saw—this. No, I saw it glorified, as some of us do see the work of our heads before our hands have touched and spoiled it. What I saw made a madman of me. Wait, I'll show you——"

He opened the chest again, and took out a dozen panels, which he ranged with trembling hands about the big picture. Liczenn was presented laughing, smiling, tearful, frightened, blushing, pale. It was plain that the painter had studied his model in all moods. It was equally obvious that here was a fascinating creature. Téphany told herself that no man could have resisted such a one.

"I was mad and I was blind," said Michael fiercely. He paused, struggling to regain his self-control. When he went on his voice had resumed its chill, indifferent drone.

"The day came when I knew that Liczenn would do what I wanted. The mother used her will and wits. She had attended all our sittings. That's how she salved her conscience. I've a sketch of her—curse her!"

Again his tone had warmed into life. Téphany recalled the days and nights in Dorset, when the letters of a then untidy hoyden remained unanswered. The mask, at which she was gazing, smiled derisively, as if conscious of the ease with which she had lured from Téphany her lover.

"That's the mother!"

Michael held up a sketch in chalks. The mother had a strong, deeply-lined face, out of which blazed a pair of

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singularly piercing eyes. Looking first at Michael, then at the square, unyielding features of the woman, and lastly at the youthful immaturity of the girl, Téphany realised how inevitably might must have prevailed. For the first time, pity for Liczenn began to thaw the ice in her heart. Michael, as if exasperated by the irony of what had been, tore to pieces the sketch of the mother, and flung them to the floor. Then he touched the big canvas.

"Upon the day Liczenn posed for the figure I painted her head only, and I never touched it again. I captured the expression I wanted." He indicated the agonised face, with its passionate protest against outraged modesty. Téphany shuddered.

"When I had done it I felt a brute; but it was too late to draw back. Afterwards Liczenn became accustomed to posing, grew callous as any professional, laughed at the misery of the first plunge, and I laughed with her."

Téphany laid down the mask, fixing her eyes upon the picture.

"She had given me," Michael went on drearily, "all I had asked for, and when the picture was finished I knew how it was with her. When I spoke of going away, of taking the picture to Paris, I guessed her pitiful secret. She loved me."

"And you didn't love her?" exclaimed Carne.

"I had never thought of her except as a model. I told myself that I had respected—yes, *respected* her, that other fellows——"

For the last time he struggled to regain his self-possession. Every vestige of feeling had been crushed out of his voice when he continued:

"I pretended not to see; I told her that I should come back. She said nothing; not a word—and yet her face! It was all written there. I left for Paris the next day. A week passed. My picture was framed, ready to go to the Salon. I had forgotten Liczenn: I told myself that a lover—she had plenty of lovers—would console her. Have I made it plain?"

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—he addressed himself to Téphany—"that I knew I had treated this girl outrageously, and that I didn't care?"

"Yes," Téphany replied faintly. She replied almost mechanically, not thinking of herself, nor of Michael, but of the girl, who had offered everything and received nothing.

"During that week I was in heaven, and hell was flaming to receive me. Liczenn's mother had my Paris address. Perhaps she told her daughter where I lived. Anyway, the girl appeared at the studio. She was curiously self-possessed. She told me that she was staying with friends. I—I had let her down easily at Port Navalo, but she asked for the truth in Paris. Was she nothing more to me than a mere model? I told her the truth. She received it with a strange dignity. Not a word passed between us which the whole world might not have heard. I begged to be allowed to take her back to her friends; she refused peremptorily. Just before we parted, she begged my pardon—mine! and said that she had been foolish. There was no scene at all, you understand. Not a sign of reproach. We shook hands and said 'Good-bye.' As she went down the studio stairs she turned and smiled. O God!

"Two days later I went for a walk. I had looked up none of my old friends in Paris; not a man, save the framer, had seen my picture. I locked the studio and strolled out. It happened that I passed near the Morgue. During the many years I worked in Paris I had never visited the dismal place. Upon this afternoon some irresistible influence drove me into the building. As I crossed the threshold I swear that I knew what had brought me there. Upon a slab of marble, with the water trickling upon her dead white face, lay Liczenn."

"Oh! oh!" wailed Téphany.

"I rushed out of the Morgue with the brand of Cain upon my soul. The picture was waiting for me. I took a knife and slashed it to ribands, but I couldn't touch the face."

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"This is awful!" Carne ejaculated. His face was haggard with horror.

The month that followed is a blank to me. I had a sort of collapse, I suppose. My old caretaker nursed me. When I was able to walk I left Paris, but first I went back to the Morgue. There I learned that nothing was known of the girl who had been picked up. But they told me that a death-mask had been taken. I bought one. Already it had excited great public curiosity. Right or wrong, I did not choose to satisfy that curiosity. I wrote the facts to Liczenn's mother, and, from my knowledge of her, I feel sure she never divulged them. It was generally supposed in the commune that Liczenn had followed me to Paris, and had died. So much leaked to Yvonne's ears. When I returned to Pont-Aven, she asked me if Liczenn's death lay at my door, and I answered 'Yes.' She has not spoken to me since. That is all."

The inexpressible dreariness of his tone, the sense conveyed of submission to the inevitable, of acceptance of punishment, roused the better feelings of the Californian. He spoke the last word with generosity:

"God help me! In your place, Ossory, I might have done what you did."

"You would have done it!" said Téphany fiercely.

Then Carne knew that he had lost her, and the knowledge of this loss evoked strength. Clinton Carne walks out of these pages a better man than he entered them, and a finer artist. He will paint a great picture one day, and when he has painted it he will know that the quality which has raised him above his fellows, the power of interpreting what lies beneath the surface, the sympathy and insight which the wise judges rate so highly—all these distinguishing characteristics of his best work will have grown from a tiny seed of humility planted in his soul upon a grey morning in a studio upon the old Concarneau Road.

When Carne had gone, the pride which had sustained

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Téphany relaxed. She sank upon a chair, covering her face with her hands. Michael stood watching her, knowing what was passing in her mind and heart, having rehearsed every line, every word, during the vigil of the previous night. It had been written on Fate's scroll that she must learn the truth.

And, being the woman she was, with the inherited prejudice which he loved in her, could she under conceivable circumstance pardon his offence? And pardoning it—if such a miracle were possible—would not the blood of the dead Liczenn stain her, change her, distort her into some creature unrecognisable?

Between man and woman lay the face of clay, inexorably silent, but no longer expressionless. In the shadows of the studio, the delicate, derisive smile seemed to say: "The woman you love will not look at you." Téphany crouched, rather than sat, in the chair with her head bent, her hands pressed against her face. Michael could not recall a single instance when her eyes had refused to meet his.

"Téphany, I am not surprised that you won't look at me."

Her fingers trembled in response, but they remained pressed against her lids. He wondered if she were conscious of anything except the misery and bewilderment in her own heart. He pictured himself as he appeared to her: shrunk to contemptible dimensions. She was the woman to pardon a crime, not a meanness. If he had loved and murdered Liczenn, she might have forgiven him. Because he had murdered her without the tremendous excuse of loving her, he was damned for ever.

When Téphany did look up he was gone.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE UNEXPECTED

I have been cunning in my overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

TÉPHANY, of course, had seen Michael leave the studio, but she let him go in silence—not, as he supposed, because the sight of him had become odious to her, but for the subtler reason that she had become odious to herself. She had flung herself into Michael's arms, seeking their shelter upon any terms; knowing that he had sinned, that he had repented, and now, after long expiation, was worthy of love. The revelation of his sin had not changed him; it had changed her. And the change confounded one who essentially was not changeable; whose ideas, ideals, tastes, and prejudices had formed themselves slowly and grown hard, like the accretions of pearl which line a beautiful shell.

She watched Michael leave her, dry-eyed. For the moment she felt that her tears would never flow again, as if fire had burnt out the hidden source. She knew that Michael was thirsting for the comfort and sympathy which she alone could give. In his dire need she had failed a friend.

For a long time she sat still, trying to understand herself. Then, quite suddenly, she perceived the mask, lying on the table close to her. The sight of it gave a shock, which brought about reaction. Her blood began to circulate more quickly; the sense of stagnation in mind and body became less oppressive.

She picked up the cast and regarded it attentively.

"He says that he killed you," she whispered.

The face of clay seemed to kindle into life; but to Téphany the strange smile was no longer derisive, but piteous. Then she remembered that Michael had given her the mask to destroy.

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"Did you come to him last night?" she whispered. "Did you tell him to tell me?"

The faintly smiling face made no answering sign.

Téphany wrapped a cloth about the mask, intending to carry it away and to drop it into the river. She walked as far as Trimour Point, where the tide was running sharply. Perhaps the river would spare the image—return it to earth, as the waters of the Seine had given back the body of Liczenn. Thinking of this, the desire to destroy the cast left her. She began, very slowly, to mount the slope of the hill between Ros Braz and Trimour. The physical object of finding the path which led towards the château distracted her attention for a moment. When she found it, her mind, moving more swiftly than her feet, carried her along it to Mary Machin. The need of talk with Machie became dominant, overpowering.

Machie, however, was not alone. Keats and she were drawing in the garden. Furic was posing for them. The man did not move, but his piercing eye saw Téphany at the instant she appeared. Their glances countered. Johnny Keats, following the swift turn of Furic's eyes, hailed her with a cheery cry.

"We are hard at work," he added, waving a brush in the direction of Furic.

Machie then explained matters. Furic, following Téphany's advice, had presented himself at a moment when Machie was reproaching her lover with indolence. Furic had asked, with really pitiful emphasis, for another job.

"I detest the sight of the man," concluded Machie; "but Johnny engaged him for to-day and to-morrow."

"Fate has kicked Furic hard," Keats remarked; "it is a duty to give him what halfpence we can spare."

Téphany made a tiny sign to Machie, who rose at once as Téphany turned towards the house. Passing Keats, Miss Machin said, with new-found authority: "If I do not come back within half an hour, you will please pack up your traps and take yourself and that horrid man back to Pont-Aven."

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"Whim, or reason, my Mollie?"

"I am sure that something has happened."

"Oh! You, who divine what is hidden from ordinary mortals, can say, perhaps, whether the 'something' is good news or bad."

"Bad," said Machie with decision. "She has refused poor Mr. Carne again, I feel certain."

"Dear, dear!" said the Satellite ruefully. "It seems incredible that I should be taken and that Clinton should get left."

Machie hastened after Téphany.

When the story—under a solemn pledge of secrecy—was told, Machie, not Téphany, shed many tears, which percolated, doubtless, to the dried-up springs in Téphany's heart, and replenished them. "You let him go without a word?"

To Machie, the letting of any human creature go without a word was an abstention she could not understand.

"What could I say? What would you have said, Mary?"

Machie pursed up her lips in consideration.

"It is so difficult to think of you loving Mr. Ossory all the time. Up to last night you hoodwinked me completely."

"Did you let me have an inkling that you cared for Mr. Keats?"

"No," said Machie humbly. "How could I, till I was sure that he cared for me?"

"And I," retorted Téphany, "was convinced, till quite lately, that Michael had loved Liczenn Morvézen."

Before a word of the story had been told, Téphany showed the plaster cast to her friend, who looked at it with a certain indifference, which warmed into interest and fascination as the tragedy reached its climax. Now with her eyes on the mask, Machie said sharply, "Why should you have supposed that he would love her, after he had seen you?"

"I made certain that he loved her. I was an immature girl when we said good-bye to each other. She must have been beautiful."

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"As to that——" Machie blushed slightly, possessing the certain knowledge that a plain face might inspire ardours.

"And he adored colour and form. When I first saw this" —she touched the cast very gently—"I made up a story. Michael, I felt sure, had fallen in love with a beautiful model, and—and the end had been misery for both, death for one. I—I"—her voice quavered a little—"I want to be honest with you, Mary. I hated this girl because Michael loved her; I hated the image; I have longed to destroy it, to grind it to powder. And, now——"

"You know that he was faithful to you all the time."

"That is it." Her voice became thin and strained. "It is because he did not love her that my hate has gone, and something else has taken its place: pity for her. Oh, how could he do so mean, so detestable a thing? If it had been anything else? And once before—it all comes back so vividly——"

"Yes?"

"When I was distraught, upon the day my father was drowned, he was tempted to sketch an expression upon my face——"

"Téphany!"

"I am sorry I told you that," Téphany murmured. "He was so miserable about it, that I forgave him. But it shows what a passion ambition is. He wasn't thinking of me, his friend, and he wasn't thinking of Liczenn. Oh, the poor little thing!"

She walked to the window, leaving Machie drying her eyes. More than an hour had passed, but Johnnie Keats was still painting Furic.

"Mr. Keats is waiting for you," she said quietly.

"I told him to go at the end of half an hour," Machie protested. "And I'm sure Mr. Carne wants him, although men are so different from women. This is a terrible business. I wish we had never left Daffodil Mansions. I mean that I wish I had met Johnnie when he was in London. Téphany, don't

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you think it would do you good to lie down and have a good cry?"

"I wish I could," said Téphany, "but it has done me good to see you cry. O Mary! I am so miserable."

It was at this moment that inspiration came to Miss Machin. She was leaving the room; her hand encircled the handle of the door as she spoke:

"Téphany, I am a stupid woman, and I often say the wrong thing, but I have flashes. Even Johnnie admits that I am clever in layers. My dear, it was not ambition which brought about this dreadful tragedy, but love."

"Love?"

"Michael loved you, and wanted you. The only way to get you was to paint a big picture. To paint it, he blinded himself to what was going on under his own nose: so like a man. I am not excusing what he did a bit, but all the same, I am sure that if it hadn't been for you Liczenn would be alive now."

Then Machie whisked out of the room.

During the afternoon the two women remained together. Miss Machin has been presented to the reader as a prattler. But she had the great gift of being able to hold her tongue upon rare occasions. She realised that Téphany wanted sympathy and companionship, not small-talk. Téphany sat silent, staring at the mask, trying to interpret its changing expressions, examining it in a dozen different lights. Finally, Machie did ask a question:

"What are you trying to find?"

Téphany shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose," she answered, "that what I am about to tell you admits of a perfectly simple explanation; but this cast, ever since it came into my possession, has looked different." Then, as Machie betrayed symptoms of nervousness, Téphany added: "The mocking expression has disappeared."

"You mustn't let it obsess you. If you would let me put it away——"

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"No," Téphany replied firmly.

At ten o'clock, Machie lit her candle and bade Téphany good-night.

"I am not frightened," she declared valiantly, "but, Téphany, I wish you would sleep upstairs with me."

"Share a bed too small for you, Machie?"

Machie went upstairs, protesting. Téphany returned to the salon, and looked at the mask, which lay upon the table. Then she opened wide one of the windows.

The air was warm and still, full of sweet essences: of clover, of honeysuckle, of roses—all the familiar odours of summer flowers faintly languorous beneath the touch of night. The moon was topping the trees which lined the avenue; and as she swam lazily into full view the stars paled, acknowledging her supremacy.

Suddenly Téphany became conscious that she was chilled. Some cold current of air made her shiver. This was no fancy. A breeze had crept up the river from the ocean, and, crossing the grim moorland, it had filched from uncouth monsters of granite some taint of their icy melancholy and hard indifference.

With the mask between her hands, with the memory of the studies colouring the white clay, Téphany began to think of Liczenn. In Finistère all the older peasants (and more of the younger generation than they would have us believe) hold that the being who comes to a violent end does not really die, but lives suspended between the Here and the Hereafter till the hour strikes when he or she would have met a natural death. The mask seemed to smile subtly, as if confirming Téphany's uncanny apprehension.

Suddenly, with a movement of repugnance, Téphany put the image from her. A fear born of early and ineradicable associations lacerated her: the fear of the unquiet dead. Reason was palsied. Her fingers trembled as she laid down the mask; her eyes were averted as she turned her back

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upon it, and passed into the bedroom beyond. She knelt down to pray, not for herself, nor for Michael, but for the repose of this poor soul which still fluttered between her and the man she loved. She had acquired as a child the habit of strenuous prayer—the faculty of concentrating the mind upon some simple reiterated form of supplication. She prayed thus for Liczenn with intense fervour.

When she rose from her knees peace came to her. She undressed and slipped into bed, tranquil, with normal pulses, feeling upon her eyelids the soft touch of sleep. And she fell asleep immediately, half-smiling at the terror which had shaken her so cruelly but a few minutes before.

She woke about an hour later, refreshed and feeling at the same time that a desire for more sleep had gone. This was no new experience, nor an unpleasant one. Téphany waked like this, always, after any triumph. And it was the moment when the triumph seemed sweetest. Lying at ease, she could chew the cud of kind words and glances, of expectations realised and surpassed; she could live over again, slowly, the swift-flying seconds when a huge theatre rocked with applause or hung breathless upon a note.

Lying thus, her thoughts turned to the mask. For the first time she was sensible that her feelings in regard to it had undergone a change. Attraction took the place of repugnance. Prayer had purged her soul of jealousy and pain. She felt that she wished to kiss the cold lips, to whisper some gentle word of sympathy into the deaf ears. So strong was this desire that she yielded presently to its insistent spell. She rose, smiling at her strange fancies, and walked into the salon. Through the window, which she had left open, the moon, now half way to its zenith, flung white shafts of light.

Téphany lifted up the mask, and carried it back into her room, leaving the door ajar. She could hear a dog baying the moon, and from the meadow behind the house came the croaking of frogs. Téphany laid the mask upon the pillow, in the hollow where her own head had lain but a minute before.

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Instantly she was startled by the curious effect of reflected light upon the plaster. The moonbeams glancing from sheets and pillow seemed to quicken into life the clay of the image.

Afterwards, Téphany could not say, with anything approaching definiteness, how long she stood gazing at this inanimate thing which seemed to have clothed itself with warm human flesh. Upon the night before Liczenn met her death she had fallen into such a sleep as this, and in her sleep she had smiled, as her image smiled now, not derisively, but sweetly satisfied, as if sleep after much suffering were the only solace left.

Téphany bent down and kissed the curving lips.

She was hanging the cast upon a nail above her bed, when she heard a muffled sound, the sound such as a person would make who had removed his shoes and was trying to walk noiselessly upon a hard polished floor. Téphany listened intently. The sound came, unmistakably, from the salon. Téphany glided nearer to the door. A curious expression of fear twisted her face, for her mind associated the uncanny sound with the dead, not the living. Téphany, the Bretonne, believed that she had heard, and was about to see, the disembodied spirit of Liczenn.

A moment later a sense other than that of hearing told her that a man was in the next room with only a door ajar between him and her. She smelt tobacco, the pungent reek of such rank tobacco as fishermen use, a reek unpleasantly familiar ever since she had made the acquaintance of Furic. Unquestionably, Furic was in the salon, and possibly drunk; for with the smell of tobacco was mingled the faint sickly odour of brandy.

When, by a superlative effort of will, she peered through the narrow slit between door and door-post, she saw him plainly. The cry of terror which rose to her lips died in her throat. The instinct to hide remained an abortive effort of the mind—the body refused to obey the brain.

Nevertheless, palsied by agonising fear, Téphany was sensible of a fascination. She could not have closed her eyes

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if she had tried to do so. She felt compelled to follow Furic's stealthy movements, to divine, if it were possible, the meaning of them. Téphany remembered that Machie's beautiful silver box lay upon the chimney-piece. Furic, without doubt, had recognised its value; yet he had not touched it. And if robbery were not his object, what brought him to Kerhor?

At this moment an owl who lived in the garden hooted.

Immediately Furic turned a terrified face to the window. Then in a low voice he answered the bird, shaking his clenched fist:

"*Iou—Iou—Iou!*"

It was a mere whisper, the savage defiance of the spirit, as it were, rather than the body. Furic stood exactly as Michael had painted him. To Téphany he seemed monstrous, colossal, a figure enormously magnified, as if seen through some hideous red mist.

The owl hooted a second time.

Furic moved his lips, twisting them into hideous grimaces. That she was in the company of a madman, Téphany no longer doubted; and the grim fact exorcised fancy, leaving mind and limbs relaxed, able to cope with a desperate situation. How could she escape? By the window? No; it was too small and heavily barred. There remained but one avenue to the sweet security of the garden, where, she felt assured, no such clumsy creature as Furic could find her. But this avenue lay through the salon. Téphany glided behind the heavy door which opened inwards. As soon as Furic crossed the threshold she determined to slip past him into the salon and thence into the garden.

Had Furic entered at once, this excellent plan might have been successfully carried into execution. Furic, however, did not enter. Time, to the insane, has no meaning. For the moment, doubtless, his distorted vision was preoccupied with the owl, whom he took to be Bugul Noz, *le berger de la nuit*. The horrors of anticipation gripped Téphany. Waiting be-

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hind the heavy door, she felt herself to be paralysed, her eyes fixed themselves, squinting almost, upon the handle.

After a seemingly interminable period of suspense, she saw Furic's hand, coarse, big-knuckled, hairy, and misshapen. At sight of this, fortitude abandoned her ; she let terror escape in a piercing scream. Instantly Furic flung wide open the door, crushing Téphany behind it. Yet he did not move, nor did she. Through the slit between the upper and lower hinges, she saw that he had not been able to localise the sound of the scream. He was staring at the window, petrified by terror. Then she saw him turn his eyes to the bed. In his hand he carried such a knife as sailors use. She realised that she could pass him, touch him, shout in his ear, and that he would not move because he couldn't. Then she understood. The bed could be only dimly seen, but above it, brilliantly illuminated by a shaft of moonlight, the face of Liczenn—of Liczenn smiling derisively—shone out of the shadows.

Furic gave a sharp cry. Then he staggered and crashed, face down, upon the well-polished oak floor. It was as if he had been smitten by some invisible hand. Immediately pity drove from Téphany's heart the hideous horror that had possessed it. The woman's instinct to minister took its place. She bent down over the prostrate man. He was livid of complexion, breathing heavily, with tearing, grinding gasps.

A moment later Mary Machin joined her. Machie confessed afterwards that she was terrified, that no instinct informed her save that — natural enough in one who had been born in St. George's Road—of sending for a policeman. To Téphany it appeared just as natural to send for a doctor. For she never doubted that Furic had received a death-blow. Within a few minutes Léon Bourhis arrived. Machie removed the mask, and locked it up in the *armoire* in the salon. Bourhis lifted Furic on to the bed. The stout peasant who served as cook declared that the man was struck down by apoplexy. Téphany explained to the servants and others that she had found him in the salon, wandering about, raving drunk or mad.

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To Machie, later, she told the truth.

"I feel certain," she affirmed, "that he came here to kill me. He had a knife in his hand. When he saw the mask he fell down. I tell you, Machie, the mask saved my life."

"Why should Furic want to kill you?"

"I don't know. If he is mad——"

"He was not mad this afternoon, my dear."

Meantime, Bourhis had been despatched for Sir Japhet. The stout cook and Mère Pouldour remained with Furic, who lay senseless upon the bed, his shoulders propped up with pillows, his head swathed in wet bandages. Sir Japhet arrived at daybreak. Twenty minutes later he was saying to Téphany:

"I think the man will recover consciousness, but his heart is failing. I shall be surprised if he lives through the day."

"I must send for Père Hyacinthe."

"The priest? Yes." Then with sympathy he added: "This has been a terrible experience for you. You are suffering——"

"From nothing so much as curiosity."

Sir Japhet remarked that she spoke with difficulty, as if the effort pained her: a natural effect of shock. Mary Machin broke in upon his thoughts——

"Why did he come here? If he could live to tell us that——"

"Quite so."

"Miss Lane thinks he wanted to kill her."

But Téphany remained silent, partly because her tired brain presented but a blurred image of the events of the past four-and-twenty hours, and partly because the mere effort of speaking made her suffer. She remembered her scream; could hear it plainly. It seemed to have been torn from her, leaving behind a hideous laceration. Into that lamentable cry she had infused more than terror. Fierce protest against inexorable destiny burst its bonds; despair, throttled, trodden under foot, subdued valiantly but not yet conquered, had set itself free.

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She walked away, leaving Mary Machin with Sir Japhet. The garden was deliciously quiet at this early hour, but the air seemed unusually heavy, as if overcharged with electricity. Above hung heavy clouds, massed and motionless. Below, the river seemed to be stagnant—a dull, lead-coloured expanse of water. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees, and the only audible sound, save the muffled voices of Machie and the doctor, came from the west, where the waves were breaking with sullen roar upon the rocks of Port Manech.

Why had Furic fallen senseless at the sight of the mask?

The question ate into her mind. The answer to it became vital, a thing of tremendous importance. And if Furic died without speaking——

She walked back, sensible that her limbs were heavy as lead, and that something was throbbing cruelly in her throat. It cost her an enormous effort of will to speak with calmness.

"Why should so strong a man die?"

Sir Japhet regarded her keenly, too experienced not to read the tell-tale signs: the hardly perceptible flicker of the eyelid, the carefully enunciated phrase, the tense lines about the mouth. He answered with professional curtness:

"Muscularly speaking, the fellow is a giant; vitally he has not the strength of a kitten. The condition of his heart indicates a serious organic lesion. His habits—the man reeks of brandy—are against him."

Téphany nodded, realising that science had said the last word, had done all that was possible.

"There is no drug——"

"To make a dying man speak? None, Miss Lane. Still, one never knows; so often, at the last, a flicker—Ha!"

Out in the west lightning had flashed vividly. Some seconds later followed the distant roar of thunder.

"We are going to have a very pretty storm," said Sir Japhet. Téphany, however, seemed to pay no attention either to the thunder or the speaker. Laying her fingers upon the doctor's arm, she whispered hoarsely:

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"Sir Japhet, you must make him speak. You—*must!*"

"My dear young lady——"

"Try!"

The great man twisted his mouth, a slight protest against women's whim. Then he walked slowly into the house, as the lightning flashed again with increasing vividness.

"Hadn't we better go in too?" said Machie, anxiously regarding Téphany.

"No."

"I wish Johnnie were here. And, and—I suppose Mr. Ossory will come, when——"

"He won't come," said Téphany.

"May I send for him?" Machie entreated.

"Send? Most certainly not; not on any account."

"My dear, how very hoarse you are!"

"I have strained my throat again," Téphany said indifferently.

"Oh—oh!"

"It doesn't seem of the slightest importance."

"That you should live to say that!"

"I suppose we may live to change our ideas as easily as we change our names. I am Téphany Lane again, and I shall remain Téphany Lane."

Machie tried to determine whether Téphany meant to indicate spinsterhood or permanent retirement from the stage.

"At any rate, my dear, you must let Sir Japhet look at your throat. I daresay you have taken cold."

"Yes, I have taken cold. Now, Machie, if you put on your crushed-by-a-steam-roller expression I shall laugh, which will hurt horribly."

"If you laugh, Téphany, I shall cry."

The lightning flashed again.

"It is coming nearer," said Machie.

A dismal period of inaction followed, as the storm crept up.

About Ros Braz the air remained insufferably heavy. As

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the thunder became louder, Machie slipped her hand into Téphany's. She admitted quite frankly that mice and thunder frightened her horribly. Presently Sir Japhet approached, tall and massive, carrying an inscrutable, clean-shaven face upon his broad shoulders. He said that he had administered some spirits of ammonia, and that the patient, on the ragged edge of collapse, had slightly rallied.

"You have been very kind," said Téphany.

"Kind? Pray don't say another word, Miss Lane. By the way, that injunction may be taken literally. You are very hoarse, surely?"

"Hoarse?" Mary Machin rose dramatically.

"Sir Japhet, she has strained her throat again. You ought to look at it at once. It's a public duty."

"Quite, quite. Permit me, Miss Lane."

Téphany tried to protest, but the doctor, as usual, had his way. There and then, standing upon the tiny lawn, an examination was made, while the thunder reverberated in the caves of Port Manech and in the beech woods of Poulguen. Sir Japhet's face, slowly changing, grew dark as the impending clouds. At the end he said, in the passionless accents which, only a few weeks before, had struck such a chill to Téphany's heart, and which now she received with indifference:

"You have no inflammation of the upper throat or tonsils. The hoarseness and pain are due to an injury lower down. I fear that it is very serious. Nature's careful work of the past two months has been undone. You will, however, give yourself every chance. You must go to your room——"

"To my room," interrupted Machie, "the other——"

"Go to Miss Machin's room, and lie down. I shall send you a draught. I think I can guess what you would say, but don't say it."

Téphany did not answer, for at that moment the storm broke violently over Ros Braz. Lightning blazed in the garden; the crash of thunder was appalling, and a moment later the rain roared down in torrents.

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Téphany went upstairs with Mary Machin. She lay down upon a sofa near the window, submitting apathetically to the application of such simple remedies as chanced to be at hand; cold compresses, a soothing gargle. When she opened her lips to speak, Machie laid her fingers upon them, enjoining strict silence.

"You are not to speak a word, not one. Here is a pencil and a sheet of paper. If you want anything, write it down."

Téphany took the sheet and wrote:

"If you love me, Machie, don't fuss! I want to lie here alone and watch the storm."

Very reluctantly, Miss Machin went downstairs. Téphany looked out of the window at the familiar landscape, now blurred and distorted almost beyond recognition by wind and rain. For with the rain came the wind; passionate gusts which tore the leaves from the trees and whipped into creamy foam the dark waters of the Aven.

But the lightning had lightened indeed the intolerable heaviness of the atmosphere. Out of the hurly-burly of the storm floated a message to Téphany. It came, like the articulate note of a flute soaring above the blare of wind instruments and the roar of drums. At that moment, the lowest and highest in her became connected, as it were, by some magical chain. She could pass from one to the other, analysing each with a detachment of self hitherto unachievable. From her new point of view, her ambition to become a world-conquering singer dwindled into inconceivably mean proportions, a thing so ephemeral as to be of no more account than the bloom upon a peach or the glittering dust upon a butterfly's wing. What had mattered, the thing which now assumed a size so vast as to obscure aught else, was the stupendous realisation of her failure as a woman.

It became clear that her transgression against Michael was amazingly similar to Michael's sin against Liczenn. He had taken deliberately—his own word—all that the girl could offer, giving nothing in return. And she, deliberately also, had

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exacted all that was left to him after shipwreck, boasting, as she did it, that it was the carefully-considered act of a mature woman, and yet, when he most needed her, she had failed him. She saw again the despair in his eyes as he turned slowly from her to leave the studio.

CHAPTER XVIII

INTERPRETATION

Sorrow gives the accolade.

PRESENTLY Père Hyacinthe arrived, very wet, but making nothing of that. In his pocket he carried a small case containing the sacred oils. Mary Machin, in the presence of Sir Japhet, informed the curé of what had taken place.

"The man must be mad."

"He is not mad now," said Sir Japhet.

Père Hyacinthe nodded and went into Téphany's room. Sir Japhet took his leave, promising to return in the afternoon. At parting he gave to Machie the draught which he had prescribed and prepared for Téphany.

"It is a mild opiate," he explained. "It may not act, but if it does, on no account awaken her."

Téphany swallowed the opiate, believing it to be a soothing mixture for her throat. Then she wrote on the sheet of paper: "Has Furic spoken?" Mary Machin sat down, shaking her head, wondering whether the sorely-needed sleep would come to her friend. She took Téphany's hand and stroked it gently. When Téphany's eyes closed, when her breathing became slower and more even, Machie drew from the bosom of her dress a letter: Johnnie's first letter to her, which Fantec had brought from Pont-Aven.

"Dearest Moll" (it began): "I am taking what is left of poor Clinton to Rochefort en Terre. We are just leaving. He talks of going home to California. I shall stay with him at Rochefort for a few days, and then return to you at Pont-Aven,

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or wherever else you may be. Clinton has told me everything. If I have ever wished—and I have often—to be other than the all sorts of a duffer that I am, that wish has been wiped out. When I think of Ossory, and Clinton, and Miss Lane, I am thankful that I am only

"Your loving JOHNNIE."

From this it was plain that Johnnie knew nothing of what had passed at Ros Braz. Machie made certain that Téphany was really asleep; then she kissed the letter, and stole down stairs, blushing.

By this time the storm had spent itself, and the sun was playing hide-and-seek with the scattered clouds. The smell of wet earth filled the house with its subtle sweetness. The river, the road, the trees in the garden sparkled with an immaculate freshness, with an eloquence louder than any *Benedicite*. All that was unclean seemed to Mary Machin to be lying mute in the room adjoining the pretty salon.

Presently Machie heard a word, repeated slowly, again and again.

"Liczenn—Liczenn!"

At first Mary Machin did not apprehend the significance of this name upon the lips of Furic. Then suddenly she realised, with overwhelming amazement, that the dying man must have known Liczenn—that doubtless his seizure was due to his recognition of the mask. And he was a Morbihan man. He might have been the brother, possibly the lover, of the dead girl——

She went to the *armoire*, unlocked it, and took from it the mask, which shone opaquely white out of the shadows. For a moment she regarded it attentively; then she crossed to the door of the bedroom and opened it. Père Hyacinthe was kneeling by the bed, praying. Furic moaned the name of the mask.

"Liczenn—Liczenn!"

"*Mon père*——"

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The priest rose, mildly surprised.

"I must speak with you," said Machie firmly; then she added, "There is not a moment to lose."

Père Hyacinthe came into the salon.

"Has he said nothing?"

"He gives me to understand that he has nothing to say."

The good curé spoke reluctantly.

"Then why did he come here frightening two women out of their lives?"

"I understood he was intoxicated, Mademoiselle," the priest suggested.

"And now he calls for—Liczenn?"

"Yes."

"Then take this to him."

She placed the mask in the priest's hands. He glanced at it keenly.

"This mask was hanging above the bed when Furie entered that room. He came here to rob or to kill; but the sight of the mask made him fall down. Miss Lane thinks the mask saved her life."

"I do not quite understand."

"The face looked alive. When I saw it I tell you that I, too, nearly fell down. But I locked it up before the others came, and forgot about it till now."

"Yes—this is very important; but I am still, if not in the dark, at least in the twilight."

"I see," said Machie.

"Exactly, and I don't."

It was then that Machie made up her mind to break her word for the sake of the woman to whom she had pledged it. Neither doctor nor priest knew aught of Michael Ossory's connection with the mask. Machie recited the facts tersely and lucidly. It will be remembered that she had always claimed to be clever in layers. Gradually Père Hyacinthe's fine massive features indicated apprehension and sympathy. When she had finished, he said abruptly:

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"Thank you. It took courage to tell that story, but you may have done a greater thing than you think."

He passed through the door, shut it, and locked it. Machie heard the sharp click of the key. She had won the good curé's respect, even admiration; but she was a heretic, without the pale. Her expressive face was twisted with dismay. Then she went to the window, wiping her forehead, feeling uncomfortably warm. The fresh air acted as a tonic. Having done so much, she asked herself if it was possible to do more. Her fine eyes sparkled as she went to the writing-table and scribbled a note. Fortunately, Bourhis could ride a bicycle, and already had rattled twice to Pont-Aven to procure medicine. To him Machie delivered her note and peremptory instructions.

"You will find Monsieur Ossory, *wherever he is*, and give him this."

"Perfectly, Mademoiselle."

The cook, knowing that Furic was dying, crossed herself, because horror had been in the air, and Mademoiselle's smile was positively uncanny. Machie crept upstairs, unable to sit still, and peered into the room where Téphany lay, still sleeping. Then she returned to the salon, found her work-basket, and took out some work—a half-finished silk tie, which she was knitting for her Johnnie.

In the next room there was silence. The minutes passed as Machie's needles clicked. Was a soul passing with them—unshriven? After what seemed an interminable silence, her ear caught a mumble, and following that the deep murmur of the priest. And then again silence, and the clink of glass against glass. Evidently a stimulant had been needed. Furic's voice was heard again—louder, clearer. Machie rose irresolutely, put down her knitting, and listened. If Furic was speaking under the seal of the confessional, he would speak in vain so far as Téphany was concerned. For the moment this quiet, amiable gentlewoman looked positively savage. Standing near the door, frowning, her ear caught a sharp cry, followed

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by the inarticulate mumble of the priest. Then she heard Furic's voice, hard and broken in tone, but apparently still strong. Machie set her teeth as temptation ravished her. It is humiliating to record that she did not struggle at all. Very furtively this honourable lady crept to the closed door, knelt down, as if she were about to say her prayers, murmured "God forgive me!" and laid her ear to the keyhole. When she rose a minute later, her face was scarlet with exasperation, not shame. She heard Furic's voice distinctly, but the man was speaking Breton. . . .

An hour later, Père Hyacinthe came out of the room, carrying the mask in his hand. From his face, Machie divined the truth.

"He is dead?"

"Yes. May God rest his soul."

"Amen," replied Mary.

"You can send for the women. I must see Michael Ossory at once, so——"

He held out his hand.

"I am expecting him any minute," said Machie. "I thought he might be wanted."

"You are wonderful."

"It is true; I am amazed at myself." She laid a trembling hand upon the sleeve of the soutane.

"I tried to overhear his confession. Do you understand? It was shameful, but I did it for her sake," she glanced upwards, "and"—her pleasant voice grew defiant—"and I would do it again and again."

"Then you heard——"

"A language I did not understand," said Miss Machin. "I had to tell you, that's all."

Père Hyacinthe allowed a discreet smile to flicker across his impassive face.

"I understand," he said gravely. "Well, you are a friend worth having, Mademoiselle. *À propos*, if Monsieur

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Ossory comes here, matters will be simplified and time saved."

"Why?"

"It will be better to say what must be said before him and Miss Lane together."

"Much better, I'm sure."

"Why are you sure?" he demanded sharply.

"Because I am a woman."

Machie went on to say that Téphany had taken an opiate, and was still asleep. She finished characteristically, with the slight defiance which never failed to amuse her friends and annoy her unfriends——

"Sir Japhet told me not to wake her, but I shall do so."

"For the same reason you gave me just now?"

"For precisely the same reason."

Père Hyacinthe bowed, and passed into the garden, where Machie could see him walking up and down, reading his breviary. Mère Pouldour performed the last office for the dead, and still Téphany slept quietly upstairs, and Machie watched the gate, wondering whether Michael would fail her. When, at length, she saw him turn the corner, she burst into tears.

Père Hyacinthe met the man, while Machie ran upstairs to prepare the woman. To her relief—for Sir Japhet's instructions had been very emphatic—Téphany was awake. Had the presence of Michael wakened her? In her eyes was a question; upon her lips one word trembled:

"Furic?"

Machie knelt down, knowing that Téphany could see the tears in her eyes.

"Don't speak," she entreated. "Furic is dead, and Michael is here. Père Hyacinthe will tell you and him the truth."

"Why—has—Michael—come?"

"Shush-h-h! I sent for him——"

"You let him think that I wanted him."

"No; I let him think that *I* wanted him. I hear them coming upstairs."

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She got up to open the door. Père Hyacinthe entered first. As he crossed the threshold, his lips murmured the customary prayer. Was not Téphany sick indeed both in mind and body? Michael followed, gaunt and haggard. Machie was about to leave the room when Téphany signed to her to remain.

"I have come here under protest," said Michael.

Mary Machin noted that his glance fell first upon Téphany, who never moved nor looked up.

"I assume all responsibility," said the priest.

Michael moved near to the window; Père Hyacinthe seated himself in the chair close to the sofa; Mary Machin stood in the centre of the room.

"Before Furic died," said Père Hyacinthe, "I pledged myself that his confession should be told to you." He looked first at Michael and then at Téphany. Each remained silent. "It was *his* wish at the last." Then he continued slowly: "Furic was the lover of Liczenn."

"What?" exclaimed Michael.

The priest held up his strong peasant's hand.

"He was doing his service when you came to Port Navalo," he continued, "and he returned after you had left. You must have known that such a girl as Liczenn had lovers?" Michael nodded. "And it seems that Furic was the one she had encouraged till you came. Then, no doubt, she forgot all about him. Liczenn persuaded Furic to take her to Paris. She gave no reasons, but she persuaded him to do it. If he refused, she swore that she would never speak to him again. He consented. They travelled together to Autueil, and went to a small inn known to Furic. Next day, Liczenn went alone to Paris."

He paused, looking at Michael, as if expectant that he would fill up the gap in the narrative.

"She came to me," said Michael.

"I have been told what passed between you. The poor child loved you; you cared nothing for her, and then——"

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"She threw herself into the river," concluded Michael.

"No—you are wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"She was killed by Furic," said the priest. He continued speaking in an impressive monotone, as if he were automatically delivering a message from the dead to the living. "When she left your studio, Monsieur, she returned to Furic, and asked him to take her back to Port Navalo. Then—we must fill in the details—bit by bit, word by word, he dragged the truth out of her. She told him of the posing, and gloried in it. She had done it not for money, but for love. Furic listened, mad with unreasoning rage. When his bitter words burst from him, she taunted him, confessed that she had used him, befooled him, that he was less to her than the dust on her shoe. Lacerated herself, is it likely that she would deal gently with another? No. It seems they were standing on the high road, close to a point where the ground falls sharply away to the bank of the Seine. In the struggle that seems to have ensued, Furic pushed her, consciously or unconsciously, over the bank. She fell upon some stones, striking the back of her head. Furic says she was quite dead when he reached her—dead and smiling. He tried every means he could think of to restore her; then, terrified at what he had done, he threw the body into the Seine."

Michael gazed steadfastly at Téphany, but made no sign. He looked round, feeling that his strength was leaving him. Mary Machin, divining his weakness, silently pushed a chair near him, into which he sank.

"And then——" said Téphany hoarsely.

"Furic escaped, engaged himself at Paimpol for the cod-fishing in Iceland. But he tells me that he was haunted by Liczenn, and I"—the priest raised his voice—"I, who have done what I could to destroy the superstitions of my people, I do not dare to say that he was not haunted, because, not satisfied with the horror he had wrought, the man swore vengeance upon you."

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He turned to Michael.

"Why not?" said Michael. "What stayed his hand?"

"He knew your name, and it seems that he had seen some sketch, a portrait-panel painted by a brother artist at Port Navalo. He searched for you everywhere, but he never found you till he sailed from Belle-Isle to Port-Aven. Next day he engaged himself as a model. Then he paid a pilgrimage to Saint Yves-de-la-Vérité. That medal, according to the current belief at Trédarzec, would bring death to the person who picked it up, if that person deserved death; otherwise death would claim the avenger."

"And death has," whispered Mary Machin.

"You picked up the medal," continued Père Hyacinthe.

"Yes," said Téphany.

"Furic thought that the saint indicated to him a more subtle revenge than that he had contemplated. Through Monsieur Ossory he believed he had lost a wife. It would be only justice, he reckoned, that through him Monsieur Ossory should be deprived of a wife also."

Téphany began to tremble again.

"The man, of course, was partially insane; I cannot doubt that. Last night he would have killed you, if it had not been for the mask. Mademoiselle"—he spoke with deep feeling—"you have escaped by what I regard as little less than a miracle. Monsieur," he turned to Michael, "speaking as a priest, I would say that God has seen fit to take a great burden from you. Your sin was grievous, my son; but our blessed Lord is merciful. I say to you—begin again."

Michael took his outstretched hand, but he muttered: "It is too late, my father."

"It is never too late," said the priest gently.

"Your story makes no difference; I have wrecked two lives instead of one."

"Then see to it that you do not wreck a third," he whispered. Mary Machin heard him, smiled, and followed the square massive figure into the passage.

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Michael and Téphany were left alone. At once Michael crossed the room.

"Don't speak!" he entreated. "I am going, Téphany. Do you think that I do not understand? If I loved you less, I might be mistaken. You could have forgiven me anything except the detestable meanness of accepting all from that child and giving nothing in return."

"Fetch—the—mask," said Téphany. Her throat was becoming so intensely painful that the utterance of each word gave her severe pain. Michael stared at her, questioningly, but without speaking, obeying a gesture of her hand. Outside he met Mary Machin.

"You are not leaving her?" gasped Machie.

"She asks for the mask."

"Oh! I'll fetch it. Wait here!" She hurried off, leaving Michael at the head of the stairs. When she came back, as she placed the cast in his hands, she said warningly: "You mustn't let her talk."

"She is very hoarse."

"All the good of the past two months has been undone. Sir Japhet thinks that she will never sing again in public, but——"

"Well?"

"She won't mind that, if she can sing in private to the man she loves."

Then Mary Machin hurried downstairs; Michael went back into the room.

Téphany held out her hands to receive the mask. When she grasped it Michael went to the window.

The sun had finally asserted his dominion over the now fast vanishing clouds. Upon the rocks near the landing tiny pools of water reflected the pale blue tints of the sky, deepening every minute into a purer azure. Some of the children of the hamlet, kept prisoners by the storm and frightened out of their wits by the thunder, were standing near the pools. Michael could hear innocent peals of laughter, the louder and

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gladder because the terrible storm had rolled roaring away, leaving them behind to live and laugh.

He saw and heard the children, apprehending their message to him; reading also the writing upon the rain-washed woods and fields, upon the river as it flowed to the sea, upon the skies so incomparably tender in tone and texture.

Would it have been better for him and Téphany if Furic had killed him?

Why had he been spared?

Téphany lay staring at the mask which had saved her life. And at first she thought of Furic—of Furic, who now knew. But for the moment she pictured him alive, not dead. She saw him amid the salt grey mists of the Northern Atlantic, as he stood by the wheel at midnight, peering into the waste of waters, searching for the face that she held in her hands. Had he not sought for it a thousand times? Or, just before dawn, that mysterious twilight hour when errant spirits flit from the darkness of night and are lost in the radiance of day, had not Furic awaited the spirit of her he had loved and slain? Aye, with throbbing pulses and bursting heart. Or again, in his own country of Morbihan, returning after long years to the hamlet where she and he had played together on the sands—to the cool, dewy lanes wherein they had wandered, to the Calvaries upon whose granite steps they had prayed side by side—had not Furic known with ever-increasing conviction that sooner or later Liczenn would come back? Expecting to see her uneasy spirit for ten dreary years, she had not revealed herself. But he had heard her voice—the wail of the doomed creature condemned to linger upon the earth although not of it. The roaring gales had not drowned her cry; it vibrated above the tempest even as it had moaned in the pine-tops, or sighed across a summer sea.

And at the last he had seen what he believed to be the flesh-and-blood woman which was only a face of clay.

Was it nothing more?

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As she put the question the mask appeared to answer it. What had provoked and defied interpretation vanished. Derision, protest, pain, malice, seemed to melt into an expression not to be mistaken.

"Michael!"

She whispered his name, but he came as if at the summons of a clarion. What he saw in her eyes made him kneel down. Holding the mask in one hand, she placed the other about his neck, drawing his ear close to her lips. Then she murmured:

"I have read the message on her face."

"What is it, Téphany?"

"Forgiveness for all of us."

THE END.

The Editor has the pleasure of announcing that a serial novel by Mrs. De la Pasture, entitled THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, *will be commenced in the next number.*

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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IBSEN AS I KNEW HIM[1]

I

IT was in December 1881 that I first met Henrik Ibsen. He was then fifty-three years of age. His romantic plays and his dramas in verse, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, already lay far behind him. During the seventies he had written the vast "world-historic drama," *Emperor and Galilean*, and the second and third of his prose plays of modern life, *Pillars of Society* and *A Doll's House*. His name was as yet little known outside the three Scandinavian kingdoms, though *A Doll's House* was beginning to make its way on the German stage. He stood, in fact, on the threshold of his world-wide renown, though neither he nor any one else clearly foresaw it.

He was living in Rome, where I, too, had settled down for the winter. The desire to know the creator of *Peer Gynt* was not the least among the motives that had taken me thither. Though I might have procured introductions from Norway, I had somehow not thought of doing so. I trusted to meeting him at the Scandinavian Club, but found that, as a British subject, I was not eligible. The Committee, however, overcame the difficulty by making me an honorary member; and it was, in fact, in the rooms of the Club, in a sombre palazzo on the Via de' Pontefici, hard by the Mausoleum of Augustus, that I first encountered the poet.

The occasion was one of the Saturday evening social

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gatherings which brought together all the Scandinavians in Rome. I had been about a quarter of an hour in the room, and was standing close to the door, when it opened, and in glided an undersized man with very broad shoulders and a large leonine head, wearing a long black frock coat with very broad lapels, on one of which a knot of red ribbon was conspicuous. I knew him at once, but was a little taken aback by his low stature. In spite of all the famous instances to the contrary, one instinctively associates greatness with size. His natural height was even somewhat diminished by a habit of bending forward slightly from the waist, begotten, no doubt, of short-sightedness and the need to peer into things. He moved very slowly and noiselessly, with his hands behind his back—an unobtrusive personality, which would even have been insignificant, had the head been strictly proportionate to the rest of the frame. But there was nothing insignificant about the high and massive forehead, crowned with a mane of (then) iron-grey hair, the small and pale but piercing eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, or the thin-lipped mouth, depressed at the corners into a curve indicative of iron will, and set between bushy whiskers of the same dark grey as the hair. The most cursory observer could not but recognise power and character in the head; yet one would scarcely have guessed it to be the power of a poet, the character of a prophet. Misled, perhaps, by the ribbon at the buttonhole, and by an expression of reserve, almost of secretiveness, in the lines of the tight-shut mouth, one would rather have supposed oneself face to face with an eminent statesman or diplomatist.

He moved from group to group, exchanging a few words with this or that acquaintance, but never engaging in any long or animated talk. Not without trepidation, for I had heard legends of his unapproachableness and occasional harshness, I asked the President of the Club to introduce me. It was clear that my name conveyed nothing to him, and this relieved me not a little; for I had been guilty of an unauthorised adaptation of *Pillars of Society*, produced (for one perform-

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ance) in London some months before; and he might, not unjustly, have resented my action in the matter. He had, as a matter of fact, heard of the performance, and he took my rather lame explanations in perfectly good part. Of bearishness there was no trace in his manner; on the contrary, it was marked by a ceremonious, old-world courtesy. He invited me to call upon him, and my audience was over. As we parted, I asked him when we might expect his new play. He believed it was that very day to be published in Copenhagen.

The new play was *Gengangere—Ghosts*. At that moment he was as far as I was from foreseeing the storm of obloquy it was to bring down upon his head, and the controversy that was to rage around it all the world over.

I determined not to call upon him until I had read the new play. Day after day, I worried the shopmen at Loescher's book-store in the Corso for the copy I had ordered; but it was close upon Christmas before it arrived. However, I had devoured, if not digested, it before the Christmas-Eve festival at the Club, when my second meeting with the poet took place. Here I will quote from a letter written the following day, merely translating into English the phrases I had reported in Norwegian:

The first thing that met my eyes when I entered the room was the great Henrik, resplendent with all his orders, and looking really leonine. I must say I share a little of Björnson's objection to the orders; but, after all, it is customary to wear them, and too great respect for the powers that be is not, as a rule, his weak point. I sat quite close to him at dinner, but, unfortunately, back to back. At dessert, up got a prosy old Dane and proposed Ibsen's "skoal," which was drunk with enormous enthusiasm. (N.B.—I think my copy of *Gengangere* is the only one which has penetrated to Rome, except his own.) Like all the other people round, I had the honour of clinking glasses with him, and then he made a very short reply. He said that it was a great pleasure to him, &c.; that Christmas was usually regarded as a season of peace, but that for him it was often very much the reverse, since his books generally appeared a little before Christmas. But he did not believe that peace was the most desirable condition; on the contrary, he held warfare to be more wholesome for human nature. At the same time, it was always very pleasant to him to find that people, however much their points of view might differ from his, did

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not let that interfere with their kindliness of feeling towards him. That was the substance of his speech, and it did not consist of many more words.

After dinner, as the tables were being cleared away, I stood in the lobby talking to Fröken (Miss) R——, who had been Ibsen's table-companion. She declares that she has the distinction of being the only lady he ever danced with—in Bergen, many years ago. I suggested that perhaps the honour was greater than the pleasure, and she admitted that there was a good deal in that. Just then Ibsen came up and shook hands with me. The conversation turned on smoking, as he was smoking a cigar, and offered Fröken R—— one. He said he couldn't work without smoking—not cigars, but a short pipe, so that you didn't know you were smoking until it was done and you had to refill it. Then he said people talked as if some special things were poisons, and some not; but in fact there is no such thing as poison. Certain substances, under certain conditions and in certain quantities, do more or less harm, and that you could say of everything. For instance, cold water, if you come plump into it from a height, will kill you. I thought of Peer Gynt, and his plunge from the Gendin Edge.

Afterwards I talked a good deal with Fröken R—— about him. She said that people were very unjust to his character, and that he himself had more than once said to her: "You mustn't think that I am entirely heartless and unfeeling." She said, too, that he hated to talk about his books; that he carried his reluctance to the point of a mania. Consequently, I was rather surprised when, further on in the evening, Ibsen came up to me, and, after we had discussed the Ring Theatre fire, said: "You would scarcely believe what a sensation my new play is making in the North." He asked if I had read it, and told me that he was getting heaps of letters every day about it. I told him a villain in the *Berlingske Tidende* had anticipated the very thing I was looking forward to saying about it some day or other, namely, that he had made good his promise of placing "a torpedo under the Ark." He then said he doubted whether it would be acted just yet, on account of its tendency. It was always the same; when he wrote *Love's Comedy* there was a great outcry, another when he wrote *Peer Gynt*, another over *Pillars of Society*; but little by little people got accustomed to the pieces. Just then I was called away, and as we parted Ibsen apologised for not having been to see me. I told him I did not for a moment expect it, but hoped he would let me call upon him. He said I should be heartily welcome, we shook hands, *and damit basta*.

My remark about the torpedo referred to a poem, "To my Friend the Revolutionary Orator," in which Ibsen said that the only thorough-going revolution recorded in history was the Flood. But even that remained incomplete, for Noah

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seized the dictatorship. "Let us do it over again, we Radicals," he concluded. "If you, my friend, will call down the Deluge, I will with pleasure place a torpedo under the Ark." I remember to this day the look of surprise with which he received the allusion. In that look lay the germ of his next play, *An Enemy of the People*—it was Dr. Stockmann's surprise on finding that his demonstration of the rottenness of society was regarded by society as something less than a cause for unmixed gratitude. Strange as it may seem, Ibsen had not been prepared for the tempest which *Ghosts* was arousing. In a few days more the club-room was littered with papers in which critics scoffed at him as a "pale Ghost of his former self," and poets bewailed him as "A Fallen Star." George Brandes, I remember, was almost the only Scandinavian critic who preserved his sanity and his courage.

A week later, on New Year's Eve, there was again a "festa" at the Scandinavian Club. A tall, lanky, and very bald Dane, speaking in a shrill voice with a strong Copenhagen accent (unpleasing to the Norwegian ear) made himself very prominent throughout the evening, acting as a sort of self-appointed Master of the Ceremonies. Towards midnight, after the ladies had left, the President and Secretary of the club, Ibsen, one or two other men and I sat round a table in one of the smaller rooms chatting, when this Dane came in, and began talking and laughing very loudly. Ibsen visibly fumed for several minutes, until the Dane addressed to the President some question which I did not catch. Then Ibsen turned upon him, his eyes blazing, and thundered, "What have you to do with that? That is a matter for the Committee." "I merely asked the question," the Dane replied, and went on talking at a great rate. Ibsen rose, muttered something very audibly about an "intolerable person!" and left the room. The party immediately broke up; and as we were putting on our coats in the hall, I heard Ibsen, in saying good-night to the Secretary, quote some derogatory epithet from Holberg, and apply it to "den skallede, væmmelige

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genganger!"—"that bald, loathsome ghost!" This was the only occasion on which I, personally, saw his temper ruffled, though rumour tells of many others. At the time, I thought the Dane's punishment excessive; but the Secretary told me afterwards that in "downing" him, as Johnson would have said, Ibsen had merely expressed the general sense of the Club.

II

In those days, at the corner of the Corso and the Via della Mercede, there stood a very bright and well-managed café, known as the "Nazionale." The Corso has since been widened at this point, and the comparatively small "Nazionale" has expanded into "Aragno's," the rendezvous of all Rome. Entering this café on the afternoon of January 2, 1882, I observed in the inmost corner a huge, broad-brimmed wide-awake hat, and gleaming through the shadow it cast, the gold spectacles of Henrik Ibsen. In earlier days, when he was writing *Brand*, at Ariccia, he was known to the peasants of the Alban Hills as "Il Cappellone," the man with the big hat; and his friends, in allusion to the lining of the said headpiece, used to call it "The Blue Grotto." It was doubtless a successor to the original "Blue Grotto" that he was wearing, as he sipped his glass of vermouth and looked at the *Illustrirte Zeitung*. I took a seat, with a friend, near the door. Presently Ibsen rose to leave, and as he passed out he stared at me short-sightedly, without recognition. But apparently he recalled my face on reaching the street, for in a minute or two he re-opened the glass-door, came up to my table, and entered into conversation. I again quote from a letter written at the time:

. . . He says he can read English with difficulty, but his son can read it quite well; and he spoke of Gosse's translations of some extracts from *Peer Gynt*. In the course of the talk, I elicited the melancholy fact that he has quite given up verse, so far as the drama is concerned, at any rate. I suppose another *Peer Gynt* was scarcely to be expected; but I must say I'm sorry to hear he is

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entirely devoting himself to prose.[1] Then of course we got on *Gengangere*. He said: "The people in the North are terrible. I write a play with five characters and they insist on putting in a sixth—namely Ibsen. There never was a play with less utterance of personal opinion in it." Then he went on to say that his idea had been to show, in Fru Alving, how a badly educated, badly trained woman was certain to be driven, by men of Pastor Manders' way of thought and feeling, into opposite extremes. . . . Then I asked him right out: "How do you figure to yourself what occurs after the curtain falls? Does she give her son the poison or not?" He laughed, and said in his sort of unctuous, deliberate drawl: "That I don't know. Every one must work that out for himself. I should never dream of deciding such a difficult question. Now, what do *you* think?" I said that if she did not "come to the rescue" it was no doubt the result of a *genganger*, a ghost, still "walking" in her—always assuming, I added, that the disease was ascertained to be absolutely incurable. He said he thought the solution perhaps lay there: that the mother would always put off and put off "coming to the rescue," on the plea that while there is life there is hope. . . . Then we chuckled over Ploug's remark that it was questionable whether Oswald could inherit disease through merely smoking his father's pipe.[2] But here I noticed a little thing which seems to show that the criticisms rather gall him; for he accused Ploug of purposely misrepresenting him, so as to gain a temporary advantage over him, in the eyes of people who hadn't read the play. I suggested that it was probably a mere piece of carelessness, and he admitted it might be, but said, what was quite true, that a critic had no business be careless in that way.

During the next two months I saw Ibsen frequently, at his house, at the Club, and at the Caffè Nazionale. He had a flat in the Via Capo le Case, close to the corner of the Via Sistina. It was, if I may use the expression, a comfortable, yet comfortless flat—well furnished, but with no air of home about it. All his pictures, I fancy, were packed up and lying at Munich, and he had not even many books about, for he was never a great reader. His writing-room was very bare and painfully orderly. It has been reported that he kept on his writing-table various nicknacks and little figures, which he regarded as fetishes, and without which he could not work. I never saw anything of the kind, either in Rome, Munich or

[1] Many years later he told Professor Herford that he would like to write his last play in verse, "if only one could tell which play was to be last."

[2] Carl Ploug, the Danish poet and journalist, had fallen into this ridiculous misunderstanding of an incident in *Ghosts*.

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Christiania; and photographs of his study in Christiania confirm my scepticism.

Almost every afternoon he sallied forth from his flat and walked slowly by the Via Capo le Case and the Via della Mercede, to the Caffè Nazionale, where he would spend an hour or so, sometimes in looking over the German and Italian papers, more often gazing into vacancy, and lost in thought. The dim blue eyes, at such times, saw nothing of the cosmopolitan crowd in the glittering café, but were fixed, or I am much mistaken, upon far-off Norway and its grey "provincial" life — saw the mob breaking Stockmann's windows, or little Hedvig slipping, pistol in hand, into the garret where the Wild Duck lived. Six years earlier, in an address to the Norwegian students, he had said: "A poet is by nature long-sighted. I have never seen my homeland and its life so clearly, so closely, or in such relief as when I have been farthest sundered from it in space."

My friends and I used to frequent the Caffè Nazionale almost as regularly as did Ibsen; but, of course, I did not often intrude upon his cogitations. I find only one other note of a talk with him in Rome, from which the following passage may be quoted:

I spoke to him about Kierkegaard,[1] and he declares it is all nonsense to say that Brand has anything to do with Kierkegaard. He says he always draws from models to some degree, and that a man who formed a sort of model for Brand was a certain Pastor Lammers. This man went out of the State Church, taking any number of people with him; then saw he was on the wrong track, but neither could nor would take his followers back into the fold, and so left them in the wilderness and came abroad. Ibsen knew him in Dresden. However, he can't have been by any means an exact prototype of Brand, for Ibsen says he was full of the joy of life, went to the theatre, and was something of a painter and musician. Brand played the organ, but that was his only accomplishment, that I ever heard of. We spoke of Turgueneff, whom Ibsen praised highly; and as I happened to have *Une Page d'Amour* with me, we discussed Zola. Ibsen hasn't read anything of his, he says, and is inclined to undervalue him, from what he has read about him. I was rather

[1] A Danish theologian who is commonly said to have been the original of Ibsen's Brand. See the *Revue de Paris*, July 1901.

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interested to hear this, for, of course, the *Morgenblad* is profoundly convinced that *Gengangere* is directly inspired by the study of Zola.

To my other meetings with him in Rome I find only general references in the papers before me, but they entirely bear out my recollection of his invariable courtesy and cordiality. And here let me ask how many great writers would have given so much time and patience to a wholly irrelevant youth who had no sort of claim upon them—not even that of a formal introduction? In after years Ibsen might—indeed, he did—consider himself under some sort of obligation to me; but in those far-off Roman days he knew nothing of me except that I could more or less imperfectly express myself in his language, and had made an unauthorised and partly garbled version of one of his plays. That he could be morose and even repellent on occasion is plain from well-authenticated anecdotes; but I think his treatment of me during these first months of our acquaintance ought absolutely to acquit him of any charge of systematic or habitual churlishness. He was never a man of many words; he always spoke slowly and (as George Eliot is said to have done) under a manifest sense of responsibility; but within the limits of his phlegmatic temperament I always found him not only courteous, but genial and even communicative.

Here, too, I cannot help touching upon a more delicate subject; for to avoid it would be to lend colour to idle and malicious reports. The often-repeated stories of his over-indulgence in stimulants were, to the best of my belief, such gross exaggerations as to be practically falsehoods. My personal observation on this point is confirmed by the report of one of his oldest and most intimate friends who, some years ago, discussed his character quite frankly with me, told me many anecdotes illustrative of his peculiarities, but wholly repudiated this slander. On convivial evenings at the Scandinavian Club I have seen him drink one or two small tumblers of thin Italian wine, but no more. At the Caffè Nazionale he would slowly sip a glass or two of vermouth—the most

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temperate of potations. This I have observed day after day and week after week; for the amiable gossip that was current in Norway could not but make me keep my eyes open. In Germany, in Denmark, in Norway I have been with him repeatedly, have seen him evidently pursuing his daily habit in the matter of spirituous liquors, and have always noted the moderation of that habit. On one public occasion, when it was afterwards spread abroad that he had conspicuously exceeded, I both walked and talked with him, and can positively assert that there was no truth whatever in the scandal. He was certainly no teetotaler, and it is even possible that he relied on the stimulus of stimulants more than strict hygienists may consider wise; but that he was in any serious sense of the word intemperate I utterly disbelieve.

It may be said, once for all, in this connection, that, like most small communities, Norway is a hot-bed of tittle-tattle. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody knows a great deal more about everybody else than they know themselves. One has only to read Ibsen's plays to realise the prevalence and power of personal gossip. Ibsen was at one time violently unpopular in his own country; and though in his old age his fame was looked upon as a national possession, the habit of malicious and mendacious chatter about his concerns still held its ground. My brother was one day going to call upon him in Christiania, and remarked to a friend resident in the town, that if Ibsen was not at home, he hoped he might see Fru (Mrs.) Ibsen. "Oh no," said his friend, "you won't see her; she hasn't been able to live with him for years." My brother paid his call, and the first person he saw on crossing the threshold was Fru Ibsen. The incident was typical.

III

After leaving Rome, I did not again meet Ibsen for five years. In the summer of 1887 I spent some weeks in the south of Norway, and determined to return to England by an untried route—crossing to Frederikshavn in Jutland, and then proceeding by rail to Hamburg and Flushing. On the day

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before I started, I saw a paragraph in a Norwegian paper to the effect that Henrik Ibsen was spending the summer at the little town of Sæby, a few miles from Frederikshavn. I telegraphed for permission to call upon him, and received a cordial answer. My impressions of that visit are noted in a letter from which I make the following extracts:

Frederikshavn is a very bright-coloured, cheerful, clean little place, and the country about it is delicious—a perfectly level sea-shore, and then, about a quarter of a mile inward, a low table-land, broken by deep watercourses, very wide for the driblets of water in the bottom of them. You see a magnificent sweep of coast, with, about seven miles southward, a projecting point on which stands a large church. This is Sæby. I found at the hotel in Frederikshavn a Norwegian business-man, a very decent old fellow, who was going to drive to Sæby. I proposed to share the conveyance, the more so as I had a Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin full of roses from A—— J—— for Fru Ibsen. The old boy consented with alacrity, and away we drove at the rate of about five miles an hour, in the queerest old trap you ever saw. It was a delightful drive—a perfect summer day, the corn ripe all round, the wild flowers brilliant, and the Cattegat dancing in the sunlight. All the way we could see Sæby Church straight ahead; and at last we rattled over a bridge, past a lovely old water-mill and into the quaint main street of Sæby—one storey houses with great high gables, all brightly painted.

The moment we were over the bridge I saw a short, broad figure ahead, in an inordinately long black frock-coat, and a tall hat made of black silk, looking far too small for the immense head. It was Ibsen, evidently on the look out for me. I stopped the trap, we greeted each other with effusion, and then he insisted that I should drive on the Hotel Harmonien, where he was staying, he following on foot. This scene proceeded to the speechless amazement of my fellow traveller, whom I had found to be a fine old stock-conservative, and had therefore not informed of my purpose in visiting Sæby. Ibsen, with his white necktie, appeared for all the world like a most respectable parson; but I am sure my friend looked at his boots to see if they were normal, and would not have been surprised if he had produced a torpedo from his coat-tail pocket, and proceeded to place it under the ark in which we were travelling. We drove into the courtyard of Harmonien, and, by the time I had settled with my companion, Ibsen arrived.

He took me up into an enormous, barely-furnished, uncarpeted room on the first floor, with four (if not five) windows, and two bedrooms opening off it at the back. This formed his apartment; and here we sat and talked for about an hour, until Fru Ibsen came in from a walk in Sæby Forest. I presented the flowers, which she promptly rescued from the biscuit-box, and received with enthusiasm. Indeed, they made a splendid show, and she was immensely

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touched by their being a "greeting from Norway." After another hour we had dinner, coffee, and cigars. Then I thought the "Old Man" would want to take his siesta, so I proposed to go for a walk in the forest and return in an hour or two. So said, so done. . . . But on my way back I lost myself in the forest, and did not reach Sæby till six o'clock. Then we had tea, or supper, and at eight I set off to walk back to Frederikshavn.

Now for a few Ibseniana. I must say, in the first place, that the "Old Man" was really charming throughout—perfectly frank and friendly, without the least assumption, or affectation, or stiffness of any sort. . . . Unfortunately, I have a morbid shrinking from talking to people about their own works, so that our conversation was, on the whole, far too much devoted to mere small-talk and (strange to say) politics, Norwegian, Danish, and Irish. However, I shall jot down a few of the things that turned up in the course of the talk.

He said that Fru Ibsen and he had first come to Frederikshavn, which he himself liked very much—he could knock about all day among the shipping, talking to the sailors, and so forth. Besides, he found the neighbourhood of the sea favourable to contemplation and constructive though. Here, at Sæby, the sea was not so easily accessible. But Fru Ibsen didn't like Frederikshavn because of the absence of pleasant walks bout it; so Sæby was a sort of compromise between him and her. Fru Ibsen afterwards added that the Norwegian steamers at Frederikshavn were a source of perpetual temptation to her.

For the present Ibsen is not writing anything, and hasn't been all last winter, because his time has been greatly taken up with business connected with the production of his plays in Germany. He told me, what I had already read in the Norwegian papers, that there had been a regular Ibsen controversy in Berlin—that a certain set of critics had taken to exalting him to the skies and flinging him at the head of their own poets. They won't hear even of Spielhagen and Paul Heyse, being (Ibsen says) very unjust to the latter—which is particularly unpleasant for him (Ibsen), as he now lives near Heyse in Munich, and they are very good friends. Ibsen's account of Heyse is that he values himself on his plays, which are weak, while he despises his stories, many of which Ibsen holds to be masterpieces. It is this increase of business in connection with his plays that now forces him to live north of the Alps—besides the fact that the S.P.Q.R. have pulled down his house in the Via Capo le Case.[1] There has been a whole literature of pamphlets in the Ibsen controversy, of which he gave me one and promised to send me others.

Little did I foresee at that time how, two years later, the "Ibsen controversy" was destined to spread to England and America, and to rage for the next ten years with a virulence worthy rather of the Byzantium he had depicted in *Emperor*

[1] There must have been some mistake about this. When I was last in Rome (1904) the house was very slightly altered. It had become a hotel—the Hotel Sues, if I remember rightly.

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and Galilean than of the western world and the nineteenth century. He went on to tell me of the reception his plays had met with in Germany and of the repeated suppression of *Gengangere* by the police; but as all this is now matter of history, I omit the details. Meanwhile, he said, he was revolving plans, and hoped to have "noget galskab færdigt til næste aar"—"some tomfoolery ready for next year." The "tomfoolery" in question proved to be *The Lady from the Sea*. It was evident from all his talk that he was himself at this time fascinated by that wonder and glory of the sea which was to be the motive of his next creation. I remember straining, and overstraining, the resources of my Norwegian in an attempt to convey to him some conception of the greatness of Mr. Swinburne as a poet of the sea, and, in so far, a kindred spirit.

I tried [the letter continues] to get at the genesis of a piece in his head, but the fear of seeming to cross-examine him prevented me from obtaining any very explicit answer. It seems that the *idea* of a piece generally presents itself before the characters and incidents, though, when I put this to him flatly, he denied it. It seems to follow, however, from his saying that there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play when it might as easily turn into an essay as into a drama. He has to incarnate the ideas as it were, in character and incident, before the actual work of creation can be said to have fairly begun. Different plans and ideas, he admits, often flow together, and the play he ultimately produces is sometimes very unlike the intention with which he set out. He writes and re-writes, scribbles and destroys, an enormous amount, before he makes the exquisite fair copy he sends to Copenhagen.

As for symbolism, he says that life is full of it, and that, consequently, his plays are full of it, though critics insist on discovering all sorts of esoteric meanings in his work of which he is entirely innocent. He was particularly amused by a sapient person in *Aftenposten* who had discovered that Manders in *Ghosts* was a symbol for mankind in general or the average man, and, therefore, called *Man*ders. He also spoke of some critic who had found the keynote of *Emperor and Galilean* in Makrina, a character of no importance whatever, introduced simply because it happened that Basilios had, as a matter of fact, a sister of that name.

In politics [the letter continues] he came out very strong against the "compact majority."

Here, unfortunately, I ceased to report, and branched off into discussions foreign to the present purpose. One remark, however, I may be pardoned for quoting. Speaking of Ibsen

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as a thinker, not as a poet, I said: "He is essentially a kindred spirit with Shaw." At this time Mr. Bernard Shaw had barely heard Ibsen's name, and *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*—nay, the very word, "Ibsenism"—was as yet undreamt of. Have subsequent events, then, justified my observation? Only, I think, in a very limited sense. But this earliest juxtaposition of the two names seemed worth putting on record.

IV

Three years passed before I again saw Ibsen. In the meantime *A Doll's House* had been produced by Mr. and Mrs. Charrington at the Novelty Theatre, London (June 1889), English translations of this and other plays were pouring from the press, and the "Ibsenite" and "Anti-Ibsenite" factions were fulminating against each other in the English and, to some extent, in the American press. In August 1890 I passed through Munich on my way to Oberammergau, and spent a day with Ibsen and his wife and son. I again quote from a letter written a few days later.

My first business in Munich, after making sure of my seat for the Passion Play, was to call upon Ibsen. . . . His fame in England and America is, as he says, "a fairy-tale" to him. . . . He is obviously older, but looks very well, and is quite alert and cheerful. He trotted me round a vast exhibition of modern pictures, where there is a portrait of himself by a Norwegian named Smith—a vivid enough, but far from flattering one. He won't go into the room where it hangs, but waited round the corner. Just as I discovered it, an Englishman and his wife were standing before it. The man looked up his catalogue, and said, "Oh, that's Ibsen, the Norwegian poet"; whereupon the lady replied with the greatest interest, "Oh, is it? Well, now, that's just what I should have expected him to look like." I was tempted to tell them they need only step into the next room to see the original; but, instead, I reported their conversation to the "Old Man," who was amused. Sigurd Ibsen joined us at lunch, and we had a long talk about all sorts of things—mainly about translations and performances in England, America, &c.

You would see from Shaw's letter which I sent you that Ibsen was supposed to be infuriated at having been classed as a Socialist by G. B. S. He explained to me, however, that his rage existed only in the imagination of the *Daily Chronicle* interviewer. What he really said was that he never had belonged, and probably never would belong, to any party whatsoever; but he expressed

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himself as pleasantly surprised to find that English Socialists, working on scientific lines, had arrived at conclusions similar to his. This the *Chronicle* interviewer (a Berlin Jew) twisted into an expression of unpleasant surprise that any one should have the audacity to make use of his name in Socialist propaganda. The Old Man was quite put out about this, for the thing had got into the German and Danish papers too. While I was with him he received a letter from Vollmar, one of the Socialist leaders in the Reichstag, and a friend of his, asking him what the devil he meant by this seemingly contemptuous disclaimer, not only of Socialism, but of all sympathy with Socialism. Ibsen had already written a letter to Brækstad, intended for the English papers; and he forthwith sat down to write a German translation of this letter for Vollmar.

Fru Ibsen and he had an amusing little scene apropos of this incident. She said, "I warned you when that man came from Berlin that you would put your foot in it. You should have let me see him; women are much more cautious than men in what they say." Whereupon the Old Man smiled grimly, and said that wasn't generally supposed to be the strong point of the sex; adding that since the interviewer was going to lie about what he said, it didn't much matter whether he was cautious or not. Then Fru Ibsen suggested that he ought not to have seen him at all, and I closed the discussion by assuring her that in that case he would have made up the interview entirely from his inner consciousness.

Again, on my return from Oberammergau, I had a long chat with Ibsen at his favourite table in the "Café Max, opposite the Hoftheater, but have kept no notes of what passed. His rooms in Munich, further down the Maximilian-strasse, were lofty and handsome, but still, to my thinking, unattractive. He never seemed really "at home" until I saw him in his flat in Christiania. Of his home life I can only say that at all times I received a most pleasing impression of it. Of the loyal devotion of his wife and son, and their enthusiasm for his ideas, there could not be a moment's doubt.

V

In 1891 Ibsen returned to Norway, after an absence (save for brief visits) of more than a quarter of a century. He made Christiania his abiding-place, and seldom left it, settling in the new quarter on the Palace hill, first in Viktoria Terrasse, but ultimately in Arbins Gade. It was there that, in 1898 and 1899, I saw him again and saw him frequently.

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He had now become a European celebrity, and thousands of tourists have seen him, and hundreds described or depicted him, taking his daily walk down Karl Johans Gade, or sitting at his own particular window in the *café* of the Grand Hotel. He was also the favourite victim of the inventive newsmonger. Either in Christiania or in Copenhagen—probably in the latter—there was a regular manufactory of Ibsen legends. Whenever other "news" was slack, a telegram about Ibsen's health, or about his friendships and enmities, or about his next play, or about his "autobiography" would be fabricated and disseminated: to be tardily followed, and never overtaken, by an official contradiction. I would especially warn all Ibsen-biographers against a most circumstantial story of his illness, his "Apologia," and his relations with Björnson, purporting to be written by Dr. George Brandes, which was circulated in the autumn of 1901, and was pure invention from first to last.

In the spring of 1898 he celebrated his seventieth birthday, and a number of his English admirers, headed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, presented him with a large silver goblet, technically known as a ciborium. This gift, as he told me both by letter and by word of mouth, gave him peculiar pleasure. It occupied a place of honour in his drawing-room when I visited him in August of the same year. In his study, a bright corner-room looking out upon the palace park, I was somewhat surprised to notice, holding a very prominent position, a huge gilt-edged and brass-clasped family Bible. "You keep this close at hand," I said, pointing to it. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I often read in it—for the sake of the language." Among some fine old pictures in his study, was a large and striking modern portrait. "Who is that?" I asked. "That is ————," he replied, naming a Scandinavian author of some celebrity. "Oh, do you know him?" I asked, a good deal interested. "No, I don't know him at all," was the reply, "but I rejoice in that portrait. I think he looks so delightfully mad."

Of my conversations with Ibsen in these years I have only fragmentary notes. In 1898, my brother, to whom the letters

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above quoted from were addressed, was with me in Christiania, and shared in our talks. In 1899, it was the festivities connected with the opening of the National Theatre that took me to Norway; and though I saw Ibsen several times during those crowded days, there was little opportunity for quiet conversation.

In one of his poems, written in 1870, and entitled, "A Balloon-Letter," he had said,

> Yes, the age for Beauty hungers—
> That's what Bismarck little guesses.

He had now came to doubt whether he was right in that. Perhaps it was rather truth that the age was hungering for. But the two ideas tended, by psychological necessity, to flow together; and he could not but hope that the religious idea might one day follow suit, and blend with the idea of the true and the beautiful, into something different from any of those ideas as they at present exist. This course of thought—though he did not seem to realise it at the moment—runs exactly parallel with his transition from romanticism to realism, and from that again to a poetic elevation bordering on mysticism.

He spoke of the mission which the Government had assigned him in his youth, to travel through the country and collect folk-songs. As a matter-of-fact, he picked up no folk-songs at all, but brought back a store of folk-tales—all told him by one man, however. On the other hand, he gathered many impressions, which he afterwards used in *Brand*. He came to one valley where the parsonage had just been destroyed by an avalanche. The pastor and his wife were living in one room of a peasant's house. The wife, who had just given birth to a child, occupied a screened-off corner, while the husband transacted all the business of the parish in the remainder of the room. The scenery of *Brand* was mainly suggested to him by a side valley off the Geiranger Fjord—the Sunnelvsfjord, I think he said. He also spoke of coming down from the Jotunfjeld at a place where he looked straight down upon a steeple in the valley hundreds of feet

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below, and could see no possible way of descent. It appeared, however, that there was a path cut in the face of the precipice, and by this he made his way down, in company with a Catholic priest and a sick woman tied on to a horse.

He wrote *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (which appeared with only a year's interval between them) at very high pressure, amounting to nervous overstrain. He would go on writing verses all the time, even when asleep or half awake. He thought them capital for the moment; but they were the veriest nonsense. Once or twice he was so impressed with their merit that he rose in his night-shirt to write them down; but they were never of the slightest use. At Ariccia he used to get up at four or five in the morning and go for a long walk; then, when he came back, he was in good trim for writing.

He began *Peer Gynt* at Ischia and finished it at Sorrento. He set to work upon it with no definite plan, foreseeing the end, indeed, but not the intermediate details. For instance, he did not know that Peer was to go to Africa. "It is much easier," he said, "to write a piece like *Brand* or *Peer Gynt*, in which you can bring in a little of everything, than to carry through a severely logical (*konsekvent*) scheme, like that of *John Gabriel Borkman*, for example."

I had often heard him confess to a great distaste for seeing his own plays on the stage. This time he went more at large into his reasons. "I have quite definite conceptions," he said, "of my own characters, and the actors come between me and those conceptions, in some cases permanently distorting or obscuring them." It was one of the drawbacks to the various festivals that had been held from time to time in his honour—in Berlin, Meiningen, Copenhagen, Stockholm, &c.—that he was always expected to sit out one or more of his plays. I was reminded of Dr. Schlenther's account of the first production of *Ghosts* in Germany, at the Augsburg Stadttheater. Ibsen was present, whether at the dress-rehearsal or at the performance I do not remember. He sat with a friend in the stalls, and throughout the performance kept on pinching his companion and ejaculating, "Oh! oh!" in apparent agony,

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varying the exclamation at some points—as when Regina made her entrance in peasant costume—with an emphatic "Oh, nein!" English and American stage-managers please note!

It was true, he said, that he had for a time entertained some idea of writing a sort of literary autobiography—an account of the external circumstances, and the conditions of thought and feeling, that had generated each of his works. The upshot would have been—so he believed, at any rate—a demonstration of the continuity and consistency of his process of development. But he had put the idea aside, and was now (1898) maturing the scheme of a new drama. "I have turned the characters out to grass," he said. "I hope they will fatten." In 1899 he told me that the play was nearly finished, and that he thought of calling it *A Dramatic Epilogue*—a sort of summing-up, I understood him to imply, of the work of his later life. That play was—alas!—*When We Dead Awaken*.

On September 1, 1899, Ibsen and Björnson sat side by side in the place of honour at the opening of the Norwegian National Theatre. That night crowned the life-work of the two men. They had created a national drama which had gone forth over all the world; and here at last it had found a fitting home in their own country which they had so loved—and chastened. A few days later, I parted from Ibsen for the last time, at his house in Arbins Gade. Punctilious as ever in his courtesy, he accompanied me to the outer door and we shook hands on the threshold. Nearly twenty years had passed since I first saw him in the dim old Roman salon; and in all that time, whether in speech or writing (though we had had business relations not quite without complexity) I had met with nothing but kindness, consideration, and cordiality at his hands. What I said I do not remember, but doubtless it was not the right thing. The right thing to have said was very plain. Thinking of all that I owed to the poet and the man, I should have used the simplest and most comprehensive of the formulas of gratitude in which Norwegian abounds, and said to him, "Tak for alt," or "Thanks for all."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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WHAT ENGLISH LANDLORDS MIGHT DO

THE depression in the value of agricultural land, especially arable, which set in about the year 1875, and has continued ever since, demands the most serious attention, not only of landowners, but also of all who are interested in the welfare of the State.

The following table shows the average prices of agricultural produce in the respective years:

	1874	1884	1894	1904
Wheat . .	55/9 ...	35/8 ...	22/10 ...	28/4
Barley . .	44/11 ...	30/8 ...	24/6 ...	22/4
Oats . .	28/10 ...	20/3 ...	17/1 ...	16/4

It will be noticed that prices have never even approached those attained in former days. Landlords ever sanguine that the depression was but temporary, met the difficulty by temporary remissions of rent, but prices have never rallied, and the result has been that as farms became vacant, the lowered rent became permanent, if indeed it was not further reduced. The large farms of prosperous days frequently could not be let, much land came in hand, and sufficient capital was not forthcoming to maintain it in adequate fertility and obtain its fullest yield. During this long period the soil has become more and more exhausted, labour has become more costly and more inefficient, and the prospect necessitates vigorous and far-seeing action. The problem is an exceedingly difficult one.

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Legislation has done and will do but little good, though in certain cases its action is beneficial. The difficulties must be met by a combination of the highest intelligence, the utmost skill, and undaunted perseverance.

In thirty years science has far advanced, and has taught us many ways of combating the situation. We have something like twenty-five agricultural colleges, in which experiments are made at the public expense, which afford teaching to scholars, and from which lecturers go forth to sow the good seed.

We have, also, the facilities allowed to our county councils, and thus we have a solid basis of instruction which should bear good and tangible fruit,

Yet how slowly do results flow from these sources. How comparatively few landlords take an active interest in promoting objects from which they, as well as others, must derive benefit, and how few correctly understand either the objects to be aimed at or the means of getting them.

It has not been the practice hitherto to train the future landlord in the conduct of the business on which his maintenance will depend, and but few agents and bailiffs, though possessed of great and valuable experience, have ever had the opportunity of learning the science, or mastering the principles, on which alone successful agriculture in the twentieth century must rely.

An analysis of operations on certain arable farms in Lincolnshire, during two distinct periods of five years, disclosed the alarming fact that in the later period the losses incurred nearly trebled the losses in the earlier. Does not this show that the land has largely deteriorated, that the skill applied has been inadequate, and does it not call for prompt and strenuous action?

It is obvious that neither the landlord nor the cultivator, who have never learnt the intricacies of chemistry, or the subtleties of botany, can apply to the land, with any chance of continued financial success, those much-neglected sciences, which, together with practical experience, are the foundation

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of remunerative effort, and of what use are the lectures given by colleges and councils if they go in at one ear and out of the other, meeting with no absorbent receptacle in the process.

What then is to be done?

What should be the aim of a far-seeing landlord? Surely he can study the problem himself, and can combine with others, and employ with them a skilled expert, who, in a specified district, can advise, supervise, and instruct in accordance with the method tried in some places in England and common in Germany. Such importance is attached by the German Government to this practice that the State has spread all over Germany a network of experts who are at the disposal of landlords and farmers gratis. A qualified expert can be obtained for a salary of from £200 to £800 a year, which, if contributed proportionately by the various parties to the arrangement, is not burdensome and soon repays the cost; but he can do little or nothing if left in the hands of agents and bailiffs, who naturally and reasonably fear, on their sole direction, to change old ways, initiate new departures, and take new risks.

The landlord alone can take the responsibility of deciding on new methods and new expenditure, and must himself understand the drift of the new proposals.

It will be urged, and with much force, that landlords already become poor, cannot find the capital, and this very serious question must be faced.

The owner is, therefore, in the dilemma that he must face this issue or spend more capital to preserve fertility. The four-course system has served its day. New methods of cropping, applicable to varieties of farms, have come into existence, and the old plan may well be superseded by a broader and more flexible system, but is it to be supposed that an agriculturist brought up in the old school can unaided carry out the change?

It is by no means clear that improved ways of farming entail, over a given period, a serious increased outlay. Even under so-called thrifty methods great waste and extravagance

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still prevail. The turnip crop, a most costly and wasteful product, is too often precarious, exhausting the soil, and as a plant, apart from sheep-feeding, returning no manurial value. Why then grow so large an extent of this crop, when a less expensive and more fertilising forage crop will form an efficient substitute, such as sainfoin, lucerne, &c.?

Large tracts of Lincolnshire arable never grew a blade of sainfoin; but recent experiment has shown that land, unproductive for years under grain and turnips, has in one season yielded 26*s.* an acre net under sainfoin, bringing fertility, economy, and profit in its train.

Again, what terrible waste occurs in the treatment of farmyard manure, the management of which is in itself a science. It is common to see it "hilled" and left to the exposure of the atmosphere for twelve months or more, losing 50 or 60 per cent. of its value, and frequently applied in the wrong place. This can all be avoided.

Further, there is still room for reform in the management and apportionment of food for stock. One would like to see each cultivator possess a clear knowledge of the average yield in food-stuffs of his holding, of the amount required each week per head to maintain his animals through the winter, the relative cost of purchasing food-stuffs as compared to producing them, and the use of many now neglected stuffs which the varying turn of the market would furnish at low price. Experience has shown that great economy can be effected in this direction. The subject is but little understood, and too much stress cannot be laid on this most important point. In the consumption of oil cake, where used for manurial value apart from feeding capacity, there is still much room for economy. The bills for cake are often prodigious and extend far beyond the point at which its conversion into meat is remunerative. Why continue so wasteful a plan when science has shown that the same manurial result can be secured in other ways at a cost of 50 per cent. less than that expended upon cake?

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As long as the price of grain is so unremunerative surely the object of the cultivator should be greatly to increase the supply of forage crops on his arable land, maintain a *larger* head of stock on his farm, and by growing more food-stuffs to render himself less dependent on the merchant for such expensive articles. If science can help him to accomplish this, it will have done much, but it will never do so unless assisted by the landowner, and brought within reach of the cultivator.

Grass land is cruelly neglected in large districts of England, and nothing responds more readily to science. This has been proved by experiments at Cockle Park in Northumberland, where grass land worth only 5*s*. an acre was by scientific treatment raised to the value of 25*s*.

Another serious question which landlords have to face in many places is the comparatively scanty supply of applicants for arable farms. Is not our system to blame? Have we not relied too largely on the big farmer with ample capital—now a vanished quantity?—and have we not been neglectful to build up in recent years a more humble element to take his place? Landlords, not unnaturally, dread the outlay on small holdings, but would it not be wise, by letting arable fields in small plots, near towns and villages, to induce persons from those localities to cultivate them from their own homes, thus satisfying the natural desire for land, and stimulating the successful to increased effort in a wider field. By graduating the size of the farms into small, bigger, and big, many a competent and efficient waggoner, labourer, or other rustic would gain a step on the ladder which *might* lead him or his son to occupy a larger farm, and thus the way would be open to reward the thrifty, multiply the number of producers, and materially strengthen the position of the landlord.

The landlord could accomplish this far more easily, far more efficiently, and far more satisfactorily, than any official body, and, by degrees, arrange to admit his tenants at small cost to the benefit of expert advice of the utmost value.

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The small holdings at Spalding are no failure, full rent is paid for them, and their success has been demonstrated.

The future will bring forth many schemes for tinkering with the land, some good and some bad, but the landlords should take the lead while they are still unfettered by legislation, red-tape, and official ignorance.

This brief paper only touches upon points, upon which volumes might be written, but it may suffice to draw attention to what landlords can do. To sum up:

(1) They can meet and discuss the idea of combining to employ a skilled expert to advise in a given district.

(2) They can discuss the best method of training future landlords in the business.

(3) They can, wherever practicable, offer to let, in small plots, arable land adjacent to towns and villages.

(4) They can encourage the labourer by making, where possible, a ladder of promotion for the efficient, the thrifty, and the trustworthy.

(5) They can render him more valuable by stimulating in schools the sensible education of children in Elementary Botany, Insect Life, and Natural History, so far as these have a bearing on agriculture, and the comfort and welfare of stock.

ALGERNON TURNOR.

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THE EVOLUTION OF AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT

STATUTE law should be well thought out, and of practical efficiency, as an instrument for good government and the furtherance of human improvement, having regard to the time and labour and skill expended upon its production. Parliament makes laws without haste or impulse, steadily, and with patience. Getting a big Government measure—like the Education Bill, for instance—through Parliament is, indeed, a labour—delicate, difficult, and complicated—to which ability, experience, and judgment of the highest order are devoted. A Bill has to pass through no fewer than five distinct and separate stages in both Houses of Parliament before the last ceremony of all, the Royal Assent, makes it the law of the land. It has to be read the first time, and read the second time; it has to pass through Committee, to be reported to the House, and finally read the third time. And having passed through all these five stages in the House in which it is first introduced—always the Commons in the case of large measures of legislation—it has to go through precisely the same five stages in the other House.

But it is necessary to remember that before a great Government measure is introduced at all into the House of Commons months of anxious thought are spent, first on the consideration of its principles, and next on its composition in the form of a Bill. Indeed, Parliament is generally in ignorance of what it

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is to be asked to sanction until the Minister has unfolded his plan of legislation in the House of Commons. An outline of its proposal is first laid in the rough before the Cabinet by the Minister, and, no doubt after much consideration and discussion, the Cabinet agrees to particular proposals in conformity with what it conceives to be its mandate from the electorate, or, more properly speaking, with the general wishes and inclinations manifested by the Party in the country.

Gladstone, in his Diary for December 1868, thus describes how he prepared the skeleton plan for the disestablishment of the Irish Church:—

15th—Saw the Queen at one, and stated the case of the Irish Church. It was graciously received. 24th—At night, went to work on draft of Irish Church measure, feeling the impulse. 25th—Christmas Day. Worked much on Irish Church *abbozzo*. Finished it at night. 26th—Revised the Irish Church draft and sent it to be copied with notes.

Next came the Cabinet stage:

Feb. 8, 1869—Cabinet on the heads of Irish Church Bill. 9th—Cabinet. We completed the heads of the Irish Church measure to my great satisfaction.

Then comes the work of embodying in a Bill of the prescribed form, divided into many clauses, which again are sub-divided into sections, the principles agreed upon by the Cabinet. This is done by Government draughtsmen, who are eminent lawyers, adepts in the use of the legal verbiage—curious and quaint and circumlocutory—which custom ordains must be employed in Acts of Parliament, and which the lay mind often finds so difficult to understand and the legal sometimes interprets in various senses.

Before a Bill can be introduced in the House of Commons leave must be asked and obtained. A notice to the following effect appears on the "Orders of the Day"—or the daily agenda of the proceedings in the House:

Mr. Birrell.—Bill to make further provision with respect to education in England and Wales.

What is to be done has been settled outside the House in

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the Cabinet. Not only have the principles of the measure been determined, but its very details have been elaborated. All that now remains is to inform the House of Commons what exactly it is to be invited to sanction. On the appointed day accordingly the Minister moves his motion for leave to introduce the Bill, which he accompanies with a long speech explanatory of the Bill's provisions. It is sometimes said that this really means the transfer of the power of legislation from the House of Commons to the Cabinet; that the House, in fact, is simply a sort of automatic machine for registering the edicts of the Ministry. But what other procedure is possible? The House itself cannot draw up the Bill. That can only be done by the Minister, aided by the trained and experienced officials of his Department, who are practically acquainted with all the conditions of the situation. In such hasty criticisms the important fact is also forgotten that these Bills, though prepared by the Cabinet, are framed in accordance with the political views of the majority in the House of Commons.

In the case of an important measure which arouses Party feeling, the Opposition at once states its objection to the Bill's contentious principles; but it is customary to allow the motion for leave to introduce the Bill to pass unchallenged by a division. The Bill is printed and circulated only after it has been read the first time, and, of course, until its provisions are fully before the House no determination can properly be come to by the Opposition as to the action to be taken in regard to it. Therefore the usage of allowing a Bill to be introduced unchallenged is rarely departed from, and only when in the opinion of some section of the House grave and urgent reasons exist for fighting it even from the first.

Leave having been given unanimously, or carried on a division, the Minister brings in the Bill. It is a very short and simple ceremony. The Minister goes down to the Bar, and walking up the floor to the table, amid the welcoming cheers of his supporters, hands the Clerk what purports to be a copy of the Bill. It is but a dummy copy, usually a folded

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sheet of paper with the title of the Bill written upon it. Indeed, I have occasionally seen a Minister, on obtaining leave to introduce a Bill, pick up from the table the nearest sheet of notepaper to hand, and while the House rang loud and long with the applause of his Party solemnly hand the Clerk that piece of virgin paper as a copy of the great measure.

It is on the motion for the second reading of the Bill that the battle over its proposals really begins. There is a long debate—its length being determined by the importance or contentious nature of the measure—in the course of which the principles of the Bill are attacked by the Opposition, and defended by the Ministers and their supporters, on broad and general lines. A hostile amendment is moved. Sometimes it is declaratory of the chief objections to the Bill. Sometimes it runs simply—"That this Bill be read the second time this day six months," which, in a roundabout way, amounts to a motion for its rejection. The debate is closed by a trial of strength between the supporters and opponents of the Bill in the division lobbies, and if the motion for the second reading be carried—a foregone conclusion in the case of a Government measure—the principles of the Bill, generally, are supposed to have received the approval of the House.

Then comes the most important stage of all, and the most critical—the Committee stage, during which the proposals of the Bill are considered, separately and in detail, and efforts made to amend them or reject them. But, occasionally, "instructions to the Committee" are found standing in the way of the House getting into Committee on the Bill. Fourteen instructions, for instance, were put on "the paper" in the case of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. The Committee on a Bill have general powers to make such amendments as they think fit, provided they are relevant to the subject-matter of the Bill. The purpose of an "instruction" to the Committee is to enable them to amend or alter the Bill in certain particulars which they would have authority to do under their general powers. In other words, the object of an "instruction" usually is to

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empower the Committee to extend or limit the scope of the Bill in a way not contemplated by its authors, and hostile to the purpose they have in view. For instance, one of the "instructions" to the Committee on the Home Rule Bill aimed at a contemporaneous settlement of the Irish land question; and another proposed that there should also be a redistribution of seats. But Mr. Speaker Peel, by a stroke of authority, unique for its sweeping character, perhaps in the history of the Chair, which in a House governed by precedent has had the effect of enormously increasing the power of the Speaker, declared that, with one exception, the whole of the "instructions" were out of order. It must not, however, be supposed that if the Speaker had ruled otherwise the "instructions" would have been adopted, and that a land measure, and a reform measure—to say nothing of the aims of the other eleven "instructions"—would have been included in the scope of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. If an "instruction" is in order it is moved and debated like other motions, and its fate —which is, generally, rejection—is decided in the division lobbies.

The House goes into Committee on a Bill simply enough. The Clerk reads the title of the Bill—"The Education (England and Wales) Bill—Committee." "The question is that I do now leave the chair," says the Speaker. "As many as are of that opinion will say 'Aye'; the contrary, 'No.' I think the 'Ayes' have it." As his declaration is allowed to pass unchallenged, he adds, positively, "The 'Ayes' have it," and forthwith steps down from the Chair and quits the chamber. The Sergeant-at-Arms, who sits in a big chair at the Bar, walks up the floor, lifts the mace from the table, and places it out of sight beneath. The Chairman of Committees takes his seat at the table, not in the Speaker's high chair, but in the low chair of the principal Clerk.

The House is now in Committee. It is, in fact, the House without the Speaker. Members are provided with copies of the Bill, and a separate paper containing the amendments

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which have been handed in, days before, to the clerks. The amendment paper, as it is called, is divided into sections, each opening with a clause of the Bill in regular order, and containing all the amendments put down to that clause. If the Bill be very contentious, the amendment paper is a document of many pages. It is at this stage that the direct influence of the House at large on the legislative proposals of the Government is brought into operation. In the first instance the House must necessarily allow the Cabinet to draw up the Bill, with the assistance of the departmental officials, trained to the task by experience and study, in accordance with the political principles of the majority. Now comes the opportunity of the House to express its views and opinions of the proposals of the Bill in detail, and to make suggestions for their improvement.

The first amendment considered is, of course, the first amendment put down to Clause 1. It is moved by the member in whose name it stands on the paper. A reply on behalf of the Government is given by the Minister in charge of the Bill. He may accept the amendment, but he generally opposes it. At any rate, there follows a discussion on the proposal, the fate of which is usually decided by a division. So the amendments to a clause are dealt with in regular order as they appear on the paper. For some time the amendment paper shows no appreciable sign of diminution, as fresh amendments may be put down at any period of the Committee stage to any clause of the Bill not yet considered. As a consequence, the printing bill which the taxpayers have to meet is swelled enormously. While a Bill is in Committee the amendments to it are reprinted every night and distributed in the morning, with other Parliamentary papers, to Members of the House of Commons.

It is customary for big controversial measures to occupy a month or two in Committee. Such Bills are discussed, not only clause by clause, but word by word. A member can speak but once on any question when the House is sitting. He may speak as many times as he pleases on any question in

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Committee. In fact, debate on an amendment may be protracted to any length, according to the number and volubility of Members who desire to talk on it, if the Minister in charge of the Bill does not lose patience and bring the discussion to an end by moving the closure. Debate in Committee of the whole House is much more businesslike than debate in the House with the Speaker in the Chair. There is, occasionally, a set debate on an important amendment—a "field night"—on which all the oratorical forces of each Party are brought into action; but, as a rule, in Committee, Members talk in a conversational fashion, and argue the points in brief pointed speeches.

The Bill, as I have said, is considered clause by clause. When all the amendments to a clause have been disposed of, the Chairman puts the question—"Clause 1" or "Clause 20" (as the case may be) "the question is that 'this clause stand part of the Bill,'" or, if it has undergone alteration, "that this clause as amended stand part of the Bill," and on that question the principle of the clause may be again debated, no matter how minutely it may have been discussed, as amendment after amendment was moved to the clause. A Bill is not rejected in Committee. If, however, a vital principle of a Bill is successfully attacked, or, if an important clause is rejected, the Bill is not only dropped, but the Administration, on whom a vote of censure has, in fact, been indirectly passed, resigns—thus throwing upon the Opposition the responsibility of carrying on the Government—or appeals to the country to decide the issue in a General Election.

Nevertheless, a Bill occasionally undergoes substantial alteration or expansion in Committee without bringing disaster to the Government. The Minister in charge puts down many amendments with a view to removing defects in the measure from his point of view, and these, of course, are carried. Modifications proposed by followers of the Government are also often accepted. Moreover, there are compromises designed to gain support for the

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Commons at least. The Speaker is sent for—if the Committee be one of the whole House—the mace is again placed upon the table and the House resumes. The Chairman of Committees, standing by the Chair with a copy of the Bill in his hand, reports to the Speaker that the measure has passed through Committee. If a Bill be reported to the House without amendment it may be read a third time forthwith, and its career in the House of Commons is thus brought to a termination. But as that never happens in the case of a big Government measure, a day is fixed for the fourth stage of a Bill, known as "the report stage," and the Bill is reprinted if it has been at all amended in Committee.

On the report stage amendments may again be moved to the clauses of the Bill, or new clauses may be proposed, or the Bill may even be recommitted to the Committee again, if it has been found that matters which can only be properly dealt with in that stage have been overlooked. However, the report stage is usually brief, the amendments being generally confined to points that have not been dealt with in Committee. It must be added, however, that in the case of a controversial Bill which has been referred to one or other of the Standing Committees the deliberations upstairs has little restraining influence on the same questions being debated at length in the House on the report stage. Then comes the fifth and last stage of the Bill—"the third reading." There is a set debate in which the principles of the Bill are attacked and defended, as at the second reading stage. But the Bill cannot now be altered in any way. It must be either adopted or rejected, and that question is decided by a division. Of course, it is read the third time. The defeat of a Bill on its third reading in the House of Commons is an exceedingly rare occurrence.

The Bill then goes to the House of Lords. It was the custom formerly for the Minister in charge of a Bill which passed the Commons to bring it up to the Lords. The second Reform Bill was brought up to the Lords on September 22, 1831, by Lord John Russell, who had conducted it

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through the Commons, and Lord Althorp, the Leader of the House. The Ministers were accompanied by close on two hundred Whig Members, who assembled at the Bar of the House of Lords, and burst into loud cheers when Lord John Russell handed the Bill to Lord Chancellor Brougham. But a different procedure is now followed. The Clerk of the House of Commons brings the Bill to the Bar of the House of Lords, where he hands it over to the Clerk of the Parliaments. "A message from the Commons," says the Clerk of the Parliaments, "desiring your lordships' concurrence in the first reading of the Education Bill." The Bill is then read the first time; and is again reprinted for distribution among the Peers.

The Commons, by insisting that all great measures should be initiated and moulded by them, and then sent to the House of Lords, would seem tacitly to acknowledge that the proper function of the Peers is to amend and revise the legislation of the House of Commons. But, as a rule, these Bills reach the Lords under conditions which afford insufficient time for due deliberation and revision. For months the Lords are comparatively inactive. In the earlier part of the Session, having no work to do, they sit, day after day, scarcely long enough to boil an egg. Then towards the end of the Session, in the hot days of July and August, the Bills come tumbling up in crowds from the Commons. In 1905 a most instructive return was prepared in the House of Lords showing (1) the dates upon which Bills mentioned in the Speeches from the Throne during the last Parliament were introduced into the House of Commons; and (2) the dates when such Bills were transmitted to the Lords. In 1901 the Factory and Workshop Bill, presented to the House of Commons on March 28, did not reach the Lords till August 14, the same date as the Youthful Offenders' Bill, introduced in the House of Commons on June 20. In 1902 the Licensing Bill, submitted to the Commons on January 30, was not read a first time in the Lords until July, while the autumn sitting, which was held

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that year, had begun before the London Water Bill, the Patent Law Amendment Bill, and the Education Bill, presented in January, February, and March respectively, reached the Peers. In 1908 the Peers had to wait until the month of July was nearly ended before they could deal with the great Irish Land Bill and the London Education Bill, introduced in the Commons in March and April respectively. In 1904 the Licensing Bill, presented to the Commons on April 20, was sent up to the Lords on July 29, while the Education (Local Authority Default) Bill and the Shop Hours Bill, both of which originated in the Commons on April 26, were respectively received by the Lords on August 10 and August 11. Yet a Bill in the House of Lords has to pass through the same identical five stages again, as in the Commons. The Lords may agree with the Commons in the principles of the measure by reading it a second time, and yet may alter it substantially in matters of detail during the Committee stage. But, however trivial the alteration may be, the Bill, after it has passed the third reading in the Lords, comes back again to the other House for the consent of the Commons to the Peers' amendments. The Commons may agree or may not agree with the Lords in their amendments. If they agree, well and good. If they refuse to agree, the Lords' amendments are struck out and the Bill is sent back to "the other place" (as the House of Lords is called in the House of Commons) in its original form. Should both Houses remain inflexible the Bill is dropped, at least for the Session, and the dispute is referred to the electorate, in whom the ultimate controlling power is vested. It is on compromise, however, that the smooth working of the Constitution depends, and usually a compromise smooths, in the end, the differences between the two Houses. The Bill accordingly is passed, and remains with the Lords for the Royal Assent which it must receive in order to acquire validity.

Such is the long and elaborate process by which a Bill passes through both Houses towards its transformation into

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an Act of Parliament by the Royal Assent. Nevertheless, a Bill may pass through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament and receive the Royal Assent in the course of a single day. Such rapid law-making is secured by the suspension of the Standing Orders of both Houses which regulate procedure in regard to Bills. It is resorted to only in a national crisis. The Bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland during the Fenian troubles in 1866, and the Explosive Bill during the dynamite scare in 1883, were each passed in a single day. The Standing Orders are also suspended by common agreement towards the end of a Session, in order to wind up business quickly. Owing to the facilities afforded by the telegraph and special trains for rapid communication the Royal Assent is often given by Commission at the end of the Session to measures within two hours of the third reading by the Lords. The King, say, is at Windsor. The Commission, containing the titles of all the Bills to which agreement by both Houses is expected has been despatched to his Majesty. On the day of prorogation a telegram that the Bills have passed through all their stages is sent to the King, and he forthwith sends a messenger by special train to London with the Letters Patent, authorising the giving of the Royal Assent by Commission.

The most curious, and certainly the most picturesque, scene to be witnessed at St. Stephen's in connection with the evolution of an Act of Parliament, is the announcement in the House of Lords of the Royal Assent. In theory, it is from the King all legislation proceeds. Parliament but agrees. All statutes open with what is called "the enacting clause," which is as follows:

> Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons, and by the authority of the same.

In practice, however, the power of the Crown in regard to legislation has never, since the reign of Henry VI., been more than a right to express assent or dissent to Bills

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which have passed both Houses of Parliament. This right, according to the theory of the Constitution, still exists. Therefore, before any Bill which has passed both Houses of Parliament is declared to be the law of the land it must be presented to the King and receive the Royal Assent. But Bills are not now laid before the Sovereign that he may exercise his independent judgment upon them, rejecting some and approving others as he thinks fit. The "veto" of the Sovereign to reject Bills according to the bias of his own personal views has completely lapsed. He could not personally say "nay" to any of them. He is bound, of course, to act on the advice of his Ministers. Yet according to the theory of the Constitution it still exists unimpaired in all its pristine force. The fiction, however, has its uses. Just as the assent of the Crown is really the assent of the Ministers, by whom the Bills have been introduced, so the veto of the Crown is really the veto of the Ministers. It affords to Ministers the opportunity of dropping a Bill, even after it has passed beyond the control of both Houses of Parliament. If it were found desirable at the twelfth hour not to place a Bill on the Statute Book, the Sovereign need only say "Nay," on the advice of the Ministers, and the measure would be as dead as if it had been rejected on a division in the House of Commons or the House of Lords.

Even in the days of George III., who endeavoured to rule as well as to reign, the giving of the Royal Assent was but a matter of form. Lord Eldon has told the story of his visit as Lord Chancellor to Kew to obtain the assent of George III. to certain measures. He was reading a list of the titles of the Bills and explaining briefly their provisions, when the King interrupting him said, "You are not acting correctly. You should do one of two things: either bring me down the Bills for my perusal, or say as Thurlow once said to me on a like occasion. Having read several of the Bills, Thurlow stopped and said to me, 'It is all damned nonsense trying to make you understand them, and you had better consent to them at once.'"

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What really happens now is that, when a number of Bills await the Royal Assent in the House of Lords, their titles are submitted to the King by the Clerk of the Crown, and are set forth in the Letters Patent, signed by the King and issued under the Great Seal, appointing a Royal Commission, consisting of five peers, to go through the strange and picturesque ceremony of approving these Bills on behalf of his Majesty. Then the House of Lords meets for the ceremony. The five Lords Commissioners are seen in scarlet robes and three-cornered hats, all in a row, on a bench beneath the imposing Throne. In front of them is the scarlet Woolsack—like a comfortable well-padded lounge—on which rests the glittering Mace and the embroidered sachet which is supposed to hold the Great Seal. The centre figure is the Lord Chancellor. At a nod from him "Black Rod," the messenger of the Lords, goes to the Lower Chamber to summon the Commons, as both Houses must be present at the ceremony, and in a few minutes he returns with Mr. Speaker, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and followed by a crowd of Members who congregate at the Bar or overflow into their galleries. The Lords Commissioners retain their seats when the Speaker and the Commons appear at the Bar, but they raise their hats in acknowledgment of the profound bow of the First Commoner. The Reading Clerk at the table gabbles through the Royal Commission, a long proclamation engrossed on parchment, in which is set forth, with much circumlocution, in the name of the King, that his Majesty has appointed "our most trusted and well-beloved councillor" the Lord Chancellor, and "our most dear cousins and councillors," or "our well-beloved and faithful councillors," naming the other Commissioners—each peer doffing his hat at the mention of his name and title—to signify the Royal Assent by Commission to Bills. Then the Clerk of the Crown and the Clerk of the Parliaments take up positions, one on each side of the table. The Clerk of the Crown, standing on the Opposition side with a list of the Bills awaiting the Royal Assent, bows to the Commissioners

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and reads the title of the first Bill on his list. The Clerk of the Parliaments, standing on the Government side, then discharges his important duties in the ceremony. He first bows to the Commissioners, then turns and bows to Mr. Speaker and the Commons at the Bar, and declares to them the Royal Assent in the Norman French phrase, "Le roy le veult," or "The King wills it." The Bill has been transformed into an Act of Parliament. The Clerk of the Crown again bows to the Commissioners, reads the title of another Bill, bows once more, and again the Clerk of the Parliaments bows first to the Commissioners, then to the Commons, and again declares "Le roy le veult." And so on till the list of Bills is exhausted.

There is, however, a change made now and then in the form of words in which the Clerk of the Parliaments announces the Royal Assent. If the measure be a private Bill, such as a Bill empowering a gas, or water, or railway company to extend its operations, he says: "Soit fait comme il est desire"; or should the Bill be one for granting subsidies to the Crown, he says: "Le roy remercie ses bon sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veult."

If the Sovereign thought fit to refuse assent to a Bill—not because its provisions were repugnant to him personally, but because he was advised to do so by his Ministers—the Clerk would declare it in the mild fashion of "Le roy avisera," or "the King will consider it." But not since 1707, when Queen Anne withheld her approval of a "Bill for the Militia of that part of Great Britain called Scotland," has this power of rejection been exercised by the Sovereign personally.

The use of Norman-French in this ceremony is a survival of the days long, long ago, when the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland was supposed to be the ruler also of France. The year 1707, in which, as we have seen, the Royal prerogative of refusing assent to a Bill was last exercised, was also remarkable for an attempt to establish by legislation the giving of the Royal Assent to Bills in the English tongue—the tongue in which Oliver Cromwell gave his assent to Bills

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passed during the Commonwealth. A Bill with that object in view was introduced in the House of Lords, passed through all its stages in that Chamber, and had reached its second reading in the House of Commons, when a dissolution of Parliament terminated its career. Curiously enough no attempt was ever afterwards made to revive it.

An Act comes into operation the moment the Royal Assent has been given, unless some time for the commencement of its operation is provided in the measure itself, which is usually the case; and accordingly the Clerk of the Parliaments is required to endorse on every Act, immediately after its title, the day, the month, and the year the Royal Assent was given to it.

Acts of Parliament are not proclaimed or promulgated in any way. They are printed "by authority" by the King's printers—which ensures their acceptance as correct in every court of justice. Two copies are specially printed on vellum. One is for preservation in the Rolls of Parliament, deposited in the Victoria Tower, and is regarded as the official copy. The other is sent to the Record Office. But that is all that is done in the way of bringing Acts of Parliament under the notice of the King's subjects. Nevertheless, all subjects are bound to take note of the law. A violation of a statute is not extenuated by a plea of ignorance. The whole nation is, in strict constitutional theory, present within the walls of the Palace of Westminster when the Estates of the Realm are engaged in the making of legislation. Therefore, an Act of Parliament requires no public notification in the country. In practice, of course, a subject finds it difficult to obtain entrance as a spectator to the Houses of Parliament; but of that little detail the Constitution takes no count.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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THE DOMINION OF PALM AND PINE

NOTES ON EAST AFRICA

THE minds of men are to-day running, as perhaps never before, on the problems of the British Empire; and a few short notes on its recent acquisition, the East Africa Protectorate, may attract attention usefully to a region of much interest and value. A Scottish settler, who had arrived by devious ways and by successive domiciles in British Columbia, New South Wales, and then Rhodesia, to discover his promised land on the fringe of the great cedar forests of El Damo, described to the writer his new home as in a region where, unlike any other, the white child and the banana flourish together, and where the settler for his comfort lights his fire every night of the year. And yet these El Damo forests are situated precisely on the equator!

Kipling's splendid verse has suggested a title for these pages; in his "Dominion over Palm and Pine" he transports the imagination from the control of the tropics to the vast silent places of our frozen North. But here in equatorial Africa the palm is neighbour to the pine in an atmosphere so vigorous and vitalising that the admiration of tropical nature, its wonderful flora and fauna, its more wonderful colour contrasts, is never impaired by that sense of exotic depression which all travellers, I suppose, have had to reckon with. And in this is

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perhaps the chief value of our new Colony; two hundred miles from its seaboard there rises a great plateau, in area perhaps equal to the State of California; the climate of this African hinterland is fairly comparable with that of California, both its days and nights being rather cooler, and, unlike California, the mosquito is practically unknown. Hitherto, for reasons not very explicable, when focusing my memory and its affection on Britain's possessions, certain islands, always islands, would stand out. Vancouver Island, Tasmania and the South Island of New Zealand; but the African continent between Mount Kenya and the Victoria Nyanza, and from Mount Elgon to Lake Naivasha must always remain a happy hunting-ground for memory, and there is no country in our Empire with which it need fear comparison, whether for sport, for scenery, or soil. A new world indeed has been called into being by a State railway; a world where everything remains to be done and a society created. I think that such a country under our own flag, a country which the completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway will bring within ten days of London, cannot fail during the next few years to be the magnet for thousands of our young and adventurous countrymen. What, then, are its elements, and what are the points that should be borne in mind? Here is a country with very much the climate of New Zealand, which is, so to speak, at the very back door of the markets of Europe. Should it, then, attract the same kind of immigrant who leaves us to make his home for ever in the South Pacific? I have asked the question of several medical men, "Is this apparently perfect climate quite reliable?" True, the few white children look rosy and well; but is this great plateau, from five to eight thousand feet above sea level, a region where our people dare cut the painter and develop a home sentiment? I find the faculty doubtful as to the reply. "Go home every two or three years" is the usual suggestion. I hear the same thing said of the splendid Colorado plateau. The Denver man once or twice a year does well to get down to the sea-level; life at these great elevations is too strenuous and too nervous.

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And if science thus qualifies our enthusiasm as to the air we breathe, is there not a note of warning also from the soil from which we derive our subsistence? Nature is but a huge chemical laboratory, and we are all in the control of the chemist. I remember many years ago when in Cairo being told by Mr. Hamilton Laing that the children of the native population died with unusual frequency during the period of dentition, this trouble being far less prevalent in the case of the children of the upper classes. The natives subsisted on bread made from Nile wheat, the well-to-do Cairenes on wheat imported from India. Mr. Laing thought the Nile soil excessively nitrogenous, so that the milk of the mother lacked the bone-making elements. And here in East Africa the complete absence of lime is very noticeable; the soil is a blanket, often thirty feet deep, of a coffee-coloured volcanic drift, a soil of infinite fertility; the water of every stream is soft as rain water. The conditions were evidently not without effect upon our splendid little Arab horses brought from Bombay, which were ravenous always for salt. Probably then science may determine that this seductive country is not an abiding-place for us, that it is too stimulating, and that the Aryan races now and again require a rest and change. We may find an analogy in the life of the plants. In our temperate zone

> After the slumbers of the year
> In spring the violets reappear,
> All things revive in field and grove.

But in tropical Africa there are no slumbers and no seasons; every day of the year a pulsating tropical sun rises at six and sets at six; to a rainfall twice that of the British Isles there is added in the rainless season, from December to March, a nightly precipitation of dew, reckoned at two and a half inches a month. Imported roses bloom as brightly as in the clays of Kent; but it is necessary to provide them a period of rest during the dry season by entirely laying bare their roots to the rays of the sun. The intending farmer will do well to keep

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this in mind; those perennial plants which require the sleep involved in the seasons' changes are not adapted to East Africa. On the Wazan Guishu[1] plateau and in the hundred pretty valleys watered by the streams from the snowfield on Mount Kenya wild clovers abound. Our horses, ridden steadily during three months eight hours a day, retained their condition wonderfully; and the game, both beasts and birds, is everywhere fat and well liking, testifying to the quality and abundance of the feed. Potatoes, six weeks after planting, are excellent and fully developed, and already are being largely exported to South Africa. Wherever tomatoes and the Cape gooseberry have been planted during the last five years the birds appear to have scattered their seeds over wide areas. In the El Damo forests and in all the country around Fort Hall these nice fruits growing wild are already as plentiful as blackberries at home.

To return to the question of the emigrant. East Africa is not, I think, a "poor man's country," at least yet. For some years to come the carpenter and mason and storekeeper from near by British India who is content with earnings and profits much lower than the subsistence level for men of our race, will hold the field; and I think the young strong man with no capital but his energy, will do better to look westward to that bleak but not inhospitable north where the Grand Trunk Railway is presently to connect Hudson Bay with the Pacific Ocean near Port Simpson.

Now as to capitalist immigration, and by capitalist I mean the settler with at least fifteen hundred pounds; I think that to such an one no portion of the Empire offers equal attractions. Should he incline to pastoral pursuits I have nowhere seen wild grasses of a quality so fine as on the Wazan Guishu plateau, and in all the unoccupied region around the base of Mount Kenya. It is safe to say that here an acre will produce three times the meat or wool that can be produced on an

[1] The proper spelling is Uasa-n Guishu; but the reader will approve phonetic spelling, as the name will occur often.

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equal area in New South Wales and twenty times the product of unirrigated prairie lands in Colorado or Montana. To these districts certain wild clovers are, as I have said, indigenous; many crops of lucerne could no doubt be harvested each year without irrigation; with irrigation it would be difficult to assign a limit to the amount of vegetation the product of a tropical sun, of a water-supply so unlimited, of a soil as deep and forceful as that of the Nile Valley itself. But in dealing with live stock the settler will do well to bear in mind that Africa is the home of desperate diseases, and too that the magnificent plains on the Athi and the Tana are so infested with ticks that except as game preserves they may be regarded as wholly worthless and for all time. Above five thousand feet, however, the tick disappears; the Wazan Guishu is absolutely free from this pest; and while the soil and the abundant and varied crops and fruits that can be grown on the levels between three and five thousand feet are certain to attract the gambler settler in a hurry to get rich, the part of wisdom for the more prudent homeseeker is to resist temptation, put the peg resolutely in his map at five thousand feet, and to build his house and make his bed at no lower elevation. The country in the foothills of Mount Kenya at some six thousand feet is attractive beyond description. This crater rises to eighteen thousand feet above sea-level; its snowfield appears to occupy three thousand feet, below which is a bamboo jungle of rather greater depth riddled throughout with elephant trails and fading into the forest of huge Juniper trees[1] (*Juniperus procera* and *Podocarpus milanjianus*). About every two miles on its circumference of perhaps a hundred and fifty miles sparkling streams of ice-cold water rush down through striated channels, the snows ever renewing and ever melting under an equatorial sun. This entire circumference is a beautiful region for settlement, although until one or two unfriendly tribes, the Embu and the Wakkomba on the northern slopes, have been disciplined, our colonists are very properly kept out of a large portion

[1] *Juniperus*, &c.

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of this, the most delightful zone in East Africa. The travellers, mostly sportsmen whom we encountered this winter, were rather resentful that they were confined by permits to certain districts, and were not allowed to wander at will. Districts were proscribed as unsafe which appeared to be safe enough. It is easier for an unattached individual to explain this attitude on the part of the administration than for the officials themselves to do so. Three years since, when fewer restrictions were imposed, certain white traders, on the ground real or imaginary that their donkeys had been stolen, drove off large bands of native cattle. The next white men to come along were killed. It is not agreeable for the authorities to discriminate, and the allegation that certain districts are unsafe obviates a good deal of inconvenient explanation. It is wiser at the present time to err on the safe side.

Another magnificent region now quite ready for the settler is the Wazan Guishu plateau, a plain of at least five million acres, and having an elevation of fully eight thousand feet. This plateau is nearly enclosed by forests of juniper and yew, the working of which for export will no doubt be presently the staple industry of the Colony. I doubt whether even the famous redwood forests of California, which I saw when in their prime, carried as much timber on an equal area, and certainly the *Juniperus procera*, the "pencil cedar" of East Africa, is in quality and value much ahead of the redwood. The *Podocarpus* belongs to the yew tribe, and its timber closely resembles the white pine of America. As with the cedar, these trees also present a beautiful appearance, rising straight as the mast of a ship, often eighty feet to their lowest limb, and being frequently eight or even ten feet in diameter. It is not unusual to find single trees of either species containing two standards (over three hundred cubic feet) of timber. Of the numerous hardwood trees a species of wild olive, sometimes ten feet in girth, may be the most important. Its wood resembles the ordinary olive, and should be valuable for furniture. The El Damo forest is the haunt of

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the antelope, which the natives call the Bongo, an antelope which is unknown elsewhere. A very fine specimen was brought in while we were there; the horns resemble those of a giant bush-buck: the hide, of rich chestnut, is striped almost like a zebra. This fine antelope, which is apparently not uncommon in the denser portion of the forest, has never yet been killed by a white man. But to return to the plateau: I travelled its extreme eastern boundary for some seventy miles; it is at present absolutely unoccupied even by natives, and forms a sort of neutral zone between the two mutually hostile nations the Nandi and the Masai. It is beautifully watered and sheltered by the heavy forests, and swarms with game; elephants, lions, rhino, buffalo, roan antelope, eland, the five-horned giraffe, Jackson's hartebeest, zebra, oribi, reed-buck, bush-buck, water-buck, wild pig, diker, ostriches, and the great and lesser bustard. Probably I have not catalogued nearly all the varieties of game, as circumstances compelled me to cut short my visit to this very attractive region. I had been told at El Damo that the El Geyo tribe, which inhabits a deep valley on the eastern boundary of the plateau, have a code of signals which in the event of white men approaching enables them to notify the tribe for a hundred miles in a few minutes. We had been travelling the plateau for a week without meeting so much as a hunting Wanderobo, when one evening we saw three natives, who at once made off. The next day before noon, about a dozen miles north, we came very suddenly on a large party, some sixty men, sitting under their long spears, which is a sign they are friendly. Evidently our approach had been signalled up the valley. They had never before seen men on horses, they told our Wanderobo guide, and they were extremely puzzled when they first saw our party; the horsemen being in advance and alone. They allowed their group to be photographed, but on condition I stood amongst them and shared "the medicine." The pow-wow over, I asked where were their homes, and their chief said if we cared to walk a mile he would show us. This we did,

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and were rewarded by a view of what must I suppose be the grandest cañon in the world. Following our guide through a gap in the forest in a few minutes we were standing upon a huge table rock, from which a stone might have been flung down three or four thousand feet sheer into another world—a tropical world of mangoes, oranges and bananas. The whole plateau on which we were standing, "faults," breaks off suddenly into a vast abyss with nearly perpendicular sides, forming a cañon perhaps thirty miles wide. We could see below us a river, the headwaters of the Kirio, winding through the valley and a lake dotted with islands. What we took to be banana plants our glasses showed us to be great trees. Some such spectacle our planet must present to the traveller who had penetrated Orion's belt and was looking down upon us. Confronted so unexpectedly with this Titanic rift I confess to a lump in my throat; but even had I been forewarned the spectacle is still adorable, and I suppose generations of travellers who care nothing for sport will come to this spot to worship. This El Geyo escarpment is far more wonderful than the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; as compared with it the mighty cañons of the Fraser River are liliputian. It is the *coup d'œil* of all East Africa, beautiful though Kilimanjaro is with its scarp of vivid tropical green and its huge symmetrical snow cone opalescent in the setting sun.

Much care should be exercised when travelling the game trails of this plateau. The El Geyos dig huge wedge-shaped pitfalls, some fifteen feet long and twelve deep, to catch elephants; these they wattle with a light hurdle of fibre and grass. Within one of these traps I had an adventure which must have been attended with disastrous consequences had I been, as usual, riding. Two days later we were in camp, close to what remained of an old game-pit, the tale of which was told me by Moro, our Wanderobo guide. An old lion, probably too old to hunt the zebra, which are in vast herds everywhere here, had twice tried to catch him at this spot; in reprisal he dug a game-pit, and a few days later the lion

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was safely wedged in the narrow bottom; "before killing him with my spear," said Moro, "I first climbed down and *rode on his back*," a form of "tail-twisting" not unheroic.

The proposals of his Majesty's late Government to turn over the whole of this lovely Wazan Guishu plateau to a colony of Russian or Balkan Jews recalls Oxenstiern's remark that the intelligence of a governing caste is relative not positive.

Actually, the emissaries of this Zionist exodus came out to view their proposed settlement; but lions roared around their camp, and two elephants providentially wandered in, and the Nandi looked truculent in the eyes of the sacred race. It is really difficult to discuss such a proposal in cold blood. As if the racial problems of Africa are not already sufficiently complicated and sectional without importing a defenceless and parasitic race (I use the word in no offensive sense), that we should be bound to protect, into a district exposed to raids from warlike Nandis and to a district from which its settlers may for some years to come keep watch and ward for the camp fires of Abyssinia's free lances. Is it to be thought of that such a district should be handed over *en bloc* to the Semitic exodus of a foreign Power? The Wazan Guishu plateau is the very pick of East Africa; it is that portion of East Africa which best indemnifies our nation for its expenditure of six millions sterling on the Uganda Railway.

The probability of disease and also the depredations of wild beasts, lions, leopards, hyenas, cheetahs, and wild dogs, are obstacles to ranching in East Africa, and, as I have pointed out, the plague of ticks below the five thousand feet level would almost certainly be fatal to imported stock. Ticks, as was the case with the tick fever of Texas, might no doubt be dealt with by petroleum baths; but, unlike East Africa, Texas is the home of cheap petroleum, and too in East Africa, native cattle and sheep immune from this visitation supply excellent beef and mutton at prices so low that the cost of dipping cannot be entertained. Might it not, however, be possible to

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communicate some infectious disease to the parasites themselves, and thus free men and game and a fine pastoral region from what is at present a hardly tolerable pest?

In dealing with the climatic conditions of these high plateaux, a word of warning may be prudent. Our party, indeed, found the climate not less than perfect and its atmosphere most bracing and vigorous. Although our visit was during the hottest period of the year, the mercury never once rose higher than 74° in the shade, and now and again in the early morning our camp buckets were decorated with a thin layer of ice. But those who have suffered from coast fevers find, I am told, that these elevations recreate their fever, and the nights were trying to our native porters, to whom so low a range of the mercury was previously unknown. I suppose the great forests, containing, as they do, few deciduous trees, forests from which the innumerable creepers and the tropical luxuriance of the vegetation almost excludes the sun at noonday, are accountable for the lowered temperature of the whole plateau region; these damp and dense forests must be to the adjacent plains just what the felt envelope is to a water-bottle, they must cool off the warm equatorial winds that blow through them, and in this way we can best account for the drenching dews precipitated far and wide. The forest vegetation is so dense and evergreen that the prairie fires lighted in every direction by the natives in the dry season are at once extinguished when they reach their fringe, so that forest fires, which commit such awful havoc in other countries, are happily here unknown.

Leaving the El Damo forests and the Wazan Guishu plateau and skirting the great lakes Nikura and Naivasha, we crossed the Settima range at an elevation of over ten thousand feet, and then traversing miles and miles of bamboo jungle[1] our route brought us down into the country around the base of Mount Kenya. This is the district which beyond question in soil, climate, and economic advantage, presents the greatest

[1] *Bambusa aurea.*

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attractions to the white settler. Unlike the Wazan Guishu, which, as I have pointed out, is entirely unpeopled, the district around Fort Hall carries a dense Kikuya population, and rightly handled, this nation, which numbers not far short of a million, on an area smaller than Yorkshire, should prove a mine of wealth to the white man. For the Kikuya is, of all the natives, the most industrious and thrifty. Both sexes work, the men for four rupees a month (*5s. 4d.*) and the women for three rupees, and from this modest wage they feed themselves. For carrying a load of sixty pounds over the Settima range, some sixty miles to Naivasha on the railway, they are contented with a single rupee for the round trip. When the settler has discovered what crop he can best grow for export his gold-mine will be in the services of these industrious natives. Hitherto this nation has only devastated a magnificent country. At a very recent period, almost within the memory of man, this country, for a hundred miles around the foothills of Mount Kenya, was a forest of cedar and pine and olive and innumerable hardwoods. The natives have hung upon the skirts of this forest, burning and destroying piecemeal and then cropping the land, until to-day scarcely a vestige of a forest remains. But in place of the forest is a prairie of great fertility with not a stump nor a hole, and this wonderful transformation has probably been effected by the co-operation of the white ant. It is well known in Africa that if a pit is dug in the garden and into it is flung rubbish, dead stalks, and weeds, in a few weeks the white ant will have converted the rubbish heap into a perfect garden mould; and the fertility and evenness of the soil around Port Hall can, I think, only be accounted for on the white ant hypothesis. For the original soil is only a great lava blanket, perhaps thirty feet deep, and this has been transmuted to a soil not in any respect inferior to that of the Nile Valley itself. Tickled with a native hoe, it laughs with a harvest of two crops of maize or of millet a year, and I am assured with three crops of cotton in fifteen months. The province of Kenya is fortunate in its Commissioner, Mr.

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S. L. Hinde, whose headquarters are at Fort Hall. Mr. Hinde is quite the most untiring experimentalist I have met; he has introduced amongst other things the cotton plant from American seed, also the Japanese mulberry, and the silkworm from Italian eggs. The growth of the mulberry is wonderful; the bushes, now three years old, are more than twenty feet high, and grow a fresh harvest of leaves three times a year. The quality of the cotton is excellent, and what is practically the first crop marketed is selling this year in Liverpool for from sevenpence to ninepence per pound. Taking into consideration the cheapness of the land, the taxes paid, and the rate of wages, Mr. Hinde considers that an acre of cotton can be grown at Fort Hall for at least £5 less than in Egypt. The maize grown by Mr. Hinde, also from American seed, is splendid, but the seed with which he supplies the natives has thus far secured no adequate return; the pollen from the inferior native "mealy" is blown over to its American cousin, and the average is, in a few seasons, debased to the native level. The orange plant, which would otherwise do well, is the food of the caterpillar, of the handsome swallow-tailed butterfly; the planter would first find it necessary to reduce the numbers of these attractive insects. Other crops that grow excellently in the gardens of the natives are yams, sweet and Irish potatoes, bananas, lentils, flax and hemp, and three kinds of beans. The castor-oil plant grows everywhere wild. The products to which the planters' attention might be usefully directed are, I think, cotton, rubber, coffee, vanilla, chillies; the fibre-plants such as the sanseviere, and the agave, aloe, and hops; all these are products which have a high money value, so that when the railway from Nairobi to Fort Hall has been built, the freight charges of, say, £8 per ton to London will not be a considerable tax, and, too, their cost of production is largely made up of the wages of unskilled labour. I take the hop to illustrate my meaning, because it is the plant with which I am most familiar. The worst enemy of the hop is wind, and not only are these hill-sides around Kenya perfectly

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sheltered and at the higher elevations enclosed by forest trees, but wind-storms are here almost unknown. It is probable that two hop crops might be grown from the same plant each year. In Kent an exceptionally good acre of hop land will grow a ton, worth one year with another, £70; of this £70 at least £60 will have been paid first and last in wages. The hop-picking on the Pacific Coast, in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia is done by Indians; I have seen Indian tribes there who have come in their canoes nearly a thousand miles down the coast for their season's hop-picking. The labour cost per ton in the Kikuya country cannot be reckoned at more than one-sixth of its cost in Kent. Any crops, such as hops and cotton, where labour is a very important element in the cost of production and where gang labour is carried on under the employer's eye, should be cultivated very cheaply in a region where soil and sun and rain are all favourable. The only experiment with hops, hitherto, was undertaken last year by Dr. Badeker, near Nairobi, the plants arriving in March; thus far they appear to do well, but it remains to be seen whether the hop-plant can thrive without the slumber of winter. There can be no doubt, however, that great quantities of cotton, of a quality equal to Nile or even sea island cotton, will come from the valleys of the Tana and Juba, and from Voi and Makindu. Fort Hall promises in the not distant future to become a centre for cotton-milling operations. There are in its immediate neighbourhood a dozen rivers, with waterfalls often a hundred feet high to supply power to any number of mills. The Tana alone falls at least five hundred feet within ten miles of Fort Hall, and this is a river fully a hundred yards wide and ten feet deep at low water. What has been accomplished in Bombay with inferior cotton, dearer labour, and with power generated by high-priced imported coal, suggests that when the labour and the rivers of the Kenya province are utilised an important cotton industry will have been created. Black labour and the waterfalls of Louisiana, Georgia, and the Carolinas have already turned the flank of our army of white

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workers. When in California last winter I was greatly impressed by the silent revolution in labour conditions which in favoured regions of the earth is being effected by electrical transmission of power. I spent some days on the great gravel dredges which are there converting the apple orchards of prehistoric river beds into gold. These dredges, almost as large and ungainly as a line of battle-ship, are supplied with electric current from a central station often many miles away. A dredge thus propelled and carrying three shifts of three white men, accomplishes the work formerly done by sixteen hundred Chinamen; it washes no less than four thousand tons of gravel in the twenty-four hours;[1] any gold the gravel contains in excess of three cents per ton, is profit. Mr. Hays Hammond, who is chiefly responsible for these evolutionary monsters, gave me the following figures; the price of electric current supplied from the central station is fourpence per horse-power for eight hours. The work of sixteen white men is equivalent to one h.-p.; therefore electrical power transmitted too over long distances provides the equivalent of a white man's labour for an eight-hour day, for just one farthing. These are the developments with which labour is to-day confronted; the problems are entirely new, and there is no guide either in experience or history. Chinamen having been excluded from California, certain industries withered; but in others, as in the case of the gold dredges, necessity has indeed proved the mother of invention. General Hancock, when the nominee of the Democratic Party for the American Presidency in 1880, excited much ridicule by declaring that the tariff was a "local issue," and yet the problems of the twentieth century reveal hat this issue can only be decided after careful reference to the varying conditions of localities. Given a region such as Fort Hall, with millions of acres of cotton grown on the spot,

[1] The Boston and California Company on the Uba. The dredge averages twenty hours work per day, washes 3066 cubic yards, Gross gold 521 dollars for nine men's work.

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with all its scores of rivers harnessed by electricity, with not, as now, thousands of unskilled blacks working for twopence, but millions of skilled blacks working for sixpence a day, what books of political economy would Manchester workers read? Would John Mill or Frederick List be then their apostle? Manchester capitalists may indeed adjust their operations and make such profits at Fort Hall as will indemnify them for a costly displacement, but what about the operative classes displaced? And it is not improbable that in China just these conditions of industrial competition which I adumbrate, may be awaiting us, and over a narrow threshold of time. I recall that but a few years since the contract for supplying boots for the Indian Army was being filled by certain Northampton firms. A little later I went over the great boot mills at Cawnpore, then newly erected by the late Sir George Allen and his partners. I saw in these mills thousands of native children handling the very latest Boston machinery at a wage of twopence. To-day all the boots for the Indian Army are being made in the Cawnpore mills. But let me return to the Kikuyas. It is all important to attract a large proportion of these natives from agriculture, to forest work, or to work in saw mills or cotton mills, so as to make them buyers and not as now only sellers of food; were starving the alternative to working, this part of Africa, and not this part only, would be on the road to better things. The present policy of settling natives on the very choicest land in the district, to the exclusion of white men, seems to me foolish in the extreme. An hour's work a day on such a soil as this provides for every want; were the native's farm only one-fifth as fertile, some tolerable effort on his part would be required to live. As it is, if the early maize-crop is good, the second crop is seldom planted. At present the only tax collected is a hut tax of two rupees a year, and this is no doubt contributed by the women; were the tax at least ten rupees the men would be driven to work. Great Britain has relieved the aborigines from an extraordinary tyranny, which has had much to do with

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forming the differing habits of the various tribes. Those tribes, for example, which lived near the routes taken by the Arab slave caravans on their way from the interior to the coast were so perpetually harried to furnish slaves that their peoples entirely ceased to live gregariously. A single hut with no cultivation to advertise it—such conditions offered the best prospect of immunity. So that to live on roots and wild fruits and possess only a few goats which could be pastured in the forest recesses, came to be the social condition of the tribes near the caravan routes. The tribal relations thus broken up by slave-raids have never been renewed. As there are no villages it follows that there are no chiefs, therefore no discipline, and no obedience, no law, no public opinion, no moral sense. Such tribes as the Kikuya, on the other hand, inhabiting a district where ravines and countless rivers, spanned only by fibre foot-bridges, made slave-raids impossible, live in large village communities, and on the fruits of the soil. These, however, in their turn, either paid tribute to or were harried from time to time by the more warlike hill tribes from the confines of Abyssinia. We have rescued these people from slavery and spoliation, can we not inoculate them with want, which is at the basis of all civilisation? The desire to wear bright cottons must precede the making of bright cottons; at present these amiable citizens of the Empire go naked and not ashamed. The problem of the negro is indeed the despair of our age. By relieving him from the daily dangers which environed him, dangers from Arab slavers, from lions and hostile tribes, we have relieved him also from the necessity of taking any thought for the morrow; thus he tends to relapse into a condition of sensuality more indolent and more brutish than ever before, while he subsists on the labour of his women. In short he has exchanged the *rôle* of the slave for that of the slaver. By contrast, the slave on a Virginia plantation was not only a better but a much happier man, unless by happiness we mean the satisfaction of the tortoise on a sunny log. What was the purpose of the Creator in fashioning such men in His

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own image confounds and transcends our philosophics. Religion, education, even evolution—these forces afford us hardly a ray of hope for his future, because his moral nature is at the mercy of certain physical limitations. The black child is intelligent and even receptive, until at about the age of eight the soft places on the skull—the skull sutures—harden; then, as the cranium, Nature's helmet against a tropical sun, thickens, the entire growth of the brain appears to be arrested by this clamp of bone, and too frequently they grow up "half devil and half child." In the case of their race removed a century since to America, to a climate where this sun-protector is not greatly needed, the skull is said to be already appreciably less dense, but the black problem there is still desperate and, I think, hopeless; it seems fated to handicap, perhaps even to render abortive, a civilisation necessary to the world, and it even menaces the greatest of the modern creations of man, the American Constitution.

On one occasion when in a densely populated district across the Tana and being as we were assured the largest party of white men, nine in all, who had ever visited the country, the two Kikuya chiefs, Kithai and Kuto, made a great levy of their clansmen, and the result was a most picturesque garden-party. At least three thousand natives attended, each one bringing as an offering a bunch of bananas or a stick of sugar-cane. When stacked together the presents must have weighed some tons. Then one of our party, the lieutenant of a home county, was introduced by Kithai, with appropriate gestures and in a very rhythmical oration. Each of the chief's rounded sentences were punctuated by a deep and not unmusical groan from the three thousand throats. And then our bugle sounded, and our countryman addressed his unique audience in a speech which filtered sentence by sentence through an interpreter: that we and they were united by sentiments of loyalty and affection for a great King; that our King has vast fleets of war ships, and mighty impis, whose war-drums and bugles echo around the entire earth. All this was very well received, but

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the next sentence, "Our King is, however, a lover of peace and not of war"—the chant with which this assurance was greeted seemed to lack volume. There is too much passivity about white-winged peace, it does not sufficiently evoke the war-drums and bugle-blasts, I suppose. However, all passed off well, and, to conclude, his Majesty's lieutenant was required to himself shoot a fine bullock, a part of the offertory. The moment was a slightly anxious one; if the poor beast died handsomely and without a struggle or a groan we felt that the shot would ring north to the Abyssinian frontier and west to the Great Lake; our friend had made an excellent speech under conditions rather embarrassing; would he be equal to this further gallery? So a ·303 was very properly rejected and a ·450 cordite substituted, and, lo! the bullock dies without a shiver. For the amusement of our garden-party and by a happy inspiration we produced our small mirrors, which for quite two hours went the rounds. The delight and excitement of our visitors was good to see. Each of three thousand adults apparently for the first time saw the counterfeit presentment of his own features. Unlike the red man, there is nothing stoical or dignified about the descendants of Ham; the looking-glasses were a revelation; four or five faces would attempt to reflect themselves simultaneously; the impatience of those kept waiting was tremulous, but always good-natured and well-mannered; presently they returned his glass to the proprietor, but with evident sadness and with many a last look. I felt that this transient glimpse of self was for each sable Narcissus a long step on the road to progress, and that, *Petrus nimium admiratus*, Petrus would now haunt the bazaars to bedizen his newly-found heritage of good looks! What an infinity of talk our visit must have suggested to a community so garrulous as these blacks! I suppose, being unable to read or write, time must be spent in talk. One evening on the plateau I had killed a hartebeest, and I noticed that when we returned to camp one of the natives who had been with me was telling the others a quite interminable tale. Finally I

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said to my Zanzibari "boy," "What on earth is Simba talking about?" The narrator, it seems, was telling his friends what I thought of the hartebeest and what the hartebeest thought of me, and how the beast had just decided that he would drink and come back to feed up wind, but that I thought it was not necessary for him to drink because his meat would be better unwatered. This was the nucleus for a tale that lasted nearly an hour, and which was listened to by the others with the keenest interest, while they roasted the meat on long sticks.

Any reader who may have done me the honour to read these pages is likely to make this comment: "But if East Africa is a fine climate and a white man's country, in these days of much white pressure on space, why do not white men go there, and why is it left to the British taxpayer to contribute nearly a quarter of a million a year, the difference between revenue and expenditure?" And these are indeed the questions which puzzle many of us. If people at home had any idea that the Equatorial Africa of these plateaux is a white man's world of the most attractive kind, deficits would be replaced by a revenue advancing by leaps and bounds. But at home the idea of Equatorial Africa is malaria tempered by mosquitoes. I think public opinion has been held to a view which makes all African travellers assume dimensions heroic, sells their books of travel, and fills the missionary box. Hitherto East Africa has been chiefly known to my class as a region in which a noble lord from Cheshire has settled, and where he was reported happy in his choice. Cheshire should be proud of the excellent work her citizen has done almost unaided. But this fertile land now cries out for emigrants, and emigrants of the right kind, not Polish Jews, and not that very off-scouring from Bombay, which has imported from India shocking morals and more shocking diseases. The official class in the Protectorate is highly intelligent and agreeable. If the machinery of the administration was directed so as to encourage immigration, no doubt we should in a few years have a Colony with the wealth, the resources,

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and the white population of the New Zealand of to-day. Such a colony of a million British settlers, when federated with the South African Colonies, would immensely assist in the solution of some burning political problems not national only but international. But hitherto it has been no part of the business of the East African administration to attract immigration, and the visitor is struck dumb by the difference of atmosphere: between the way in which an intending settler is received say in Canada and in this British Protectorate. I am not for a moment criticising the administration nor condemning this attitude. To the official mind the problem presents itself in this way: "It is no part of my duty to accept the responsibility of advising a young gentleman of whom I know nothing as to a settlement which may make or mar his life." In his admirable book on East Africa its then Commissioner, Sir Charles Eliot, writes:

I fear it cannot be denied that the Government has been somewhat behindhand in encouraging colonisation. In theory they desire it and have invited immigration; but there has been a woeful discrepancy between theory and practice.

Sir Charles adds:

The increase of traffic in the East Africa Protectorate is likely to depend entirely on the encouragement given by Government to European settlement and colonisation. If European immigration is discouraged (as it practically has been) no large increase of trade or railway traffic can be expected to occur in our possessions to the east of Lake Victoria, because the native element is small and shows little inclination to use European goods. If, however, a considerable white community is established up country, there is no reason why the trade should not increase by leaps and bounds as that of Uganda is doing. It would be of special advantage to the railway if some permanent industry involving the regular export of heavy goods (such as timber from the Mau, or soda from the deposits in Lake Magadi) could be established.

At present all South Africa is importing heavy goods, such as mining and agricultural machinery, timber and building material, rails and railway equipment, and is exporting only diamonds and gold, so that the ships obliged to return with empty bottoms must charge double freight rates for a single journey. If these ships, by travelling up the coast to Mombasa, could fill up with timber, lumber, and soda, then not merely

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the gain to East Africa, but the economy to South Africa and the relief to South African finance would be very great indeed.

The subject of freights brings me to the all-important question of the railway rates on the Uganda road. I have always believed that, like the distribution of letters, so also the distribution of products and passengers is a proper function of a modern well-equipped State. It added then to my interest in visiting East Africa, where its railway is to this fine country what the Nile is to Egypt, that I should be able to watch State ownership at work. Here, then, I should be certain, as in India, to find cheap freights and cheap passenger rates to bring the settler to the soil, to enable natives to migrate cheaply to where their labour is required, to carry the settlers' produce to the sea, and thus secure to the Colony a favourable balance of trade. Instead of this I found all those conditions which are to-day so largely responsible for the poverty and unrest of Ireland: an attempt to find out the profit attending an industry and then take just as much by railway freights as will yet permit the industry to survive. Such a policy in a new country banishes the intending settler, or, if he settles at all, will keep him for years struggling to find his feet. It is the fitting pendant for the unwise policy to which I have drawn attention, that of reserving for the native land which is so rich that he has no incentive to work. If East Africa is to make real progress, the policy should be reversed; railway rates should be reduced, the hut tax increased; the immediate response will be a prosperous white community, giving more employment and higher wages to the natives. The difference between State ownership and Company ownership is of this nature: the State says, "My interest is that the whole community be benefited and protected by low rates against foreign competition"; on the other hand, the Company has no other interest than in the high dividends paid to its shareholders. I may illustrate the comparative position of State and Company by the light of recent experience. Some fifteen years since I was staying in Hungary with the late Baron Hirsch. The

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State there owns the railways, and was about to introduce its new zone system of third-class fares. The fares were to be cut at one fell swoop from one penny per mile to one penny per three miles. Baron Hirsch, whose knowledge of railway problems and railway finance was profound, expressed the opinion that the deficit was likely to be so very large that the experiment might not be persevered with. Unlike England, he said, Hungary has a poor soil and a sparse population; if in England we suddenly reduced our fares by two-thirds he would anticipate success, just as was the case when the fourpenny postal rate was reduced to a penny; the stimulus to business would rapidly overcome the deficit and presently secure a profit. Such was the baron's view. But the event showed that, even in the case of Hungary, the policy of cheap rates was abundantly justified; in three years the net earnings of the railways from their third-class passenger traffic was greater than ever before. And this was the smallest part of the benefit to the community. For it was found that the farmers of the rich Danubian provinces were now able to draw on Hungary for the labour they required to harvest their crops, and that the return tide of harvesters from the Danube, their pockets full of money, was bringing back quite a new life to the villages of Hungary. In this case, then, the State for three years deliberately budgeted for a deficit, keeping in view the probability of profit later. No body of shareholders would or could thus consent to forego dividends for three years on the chance that it would be made up to them later. The railway policy of a country, just as its postal system, requires to be regarded as a whole; it is reckoned that sixty letters can be delivered for a penny within the London district, but that to deliver his letter to a cottier in Mayo costs sixpence. In this case the community in London consents to be taxed in order that the Mayo peasant shall be cheaply served. The argument for the State ownership of railways is of the same nature. But on the Uganda Railway the fare paid by natives is one half-penny per mile; thus a journey of a hundred miles exhausts a

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month's wages. These fares are fully one-half higher than on the Belgian State railways and four times the native rate on the Indian Government railways.[1] The first-class fare in East Africa, which is threepence per mile, is the highest rate, I imagine, in the world. This is not a policy calculated to build up a new country, nor to justify State ownership. What splendid results have followed in America from quite the opposite policy—a policy, too, dictated by enlightened self-interest; the policy of the smallest possible profit on the largest possible business; the policy of dividends earned from collective prosperity; the policy of such master-builders as James J. Hill and the late Collis P. Huntingdon. A recent number of the *New York Engineering Journal* declares that where sufficient tonnage can be maintained for the present two thousand-ton train, a rate of one mille per ton per mile will pay. A rate of one penny per mile for twenty tons! Such a statement, or even that two thousand-ton trains could, as now, be hauled behind a single engine, would have been laughed out of court only a generation ago. I venture to suggest for the consideration of the administration in East Africa Professor Frank Parsons' statement:

> Traffic increases in geometric ratio with the reduction of rates. Public enterprise serves the people at cost, reducing the rates to the lowest practicable figure, while private enterprise keeps prices up to the highest practicable limit.

I do not propose to burden these pages with any chronicle of sport; but as the big game of East Africa is a chief inducement to visitors at the present time it invites a short reference. I had no conception that any country could carry such a prodigious head and variety of game. I am old enough to recall how, in the late seventies, in the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming, a party of which I was one was hardly ever out of sight of buffalo, and this for weeks together. I never supposed that I should again see as much big game as I saw then; but here in East Africa it is no exaggeration to write

[1] In India for long distances the rates are as low as eighty-four miles for a rupee.

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that I have seen more game from the train windows east of Nairobi during six hours, and again between Naivasha and Njoro, than I had ever seen in the aggregate during all my wanderings in America, Asia, and Australia. Zebras, hartebeest, Thomson and Grant gazelle, these are verily as the sands upon the seashore for multitude; the trains have by now become such a recognised part of their daily walk and conversation, that the beasts scarcely cease grazing to look up as we pass. Other game interspersed with these that the traveller will see at intervals from the train are rhinoceros and wildebeest, bush-pig, and wart hog, Chanler's reed-buck, and ostriches, and more rarely lions, and even an elephant; also there will be noticed the great and lesser bustard, Cavirondo cranes with glorious top-knots, Dutch storks, Egyptian geese, the great Hornbills, and many game birds of a more modest presence.

Ten years ago, before the arrival of the railway and the sportsman, the natives were decimated by lions; it was impossible in some districts to procure mail-carriers. Appalling stories are still related of the fearless ferocity of these beasts. I record one which is perhaps the most remarkable of these, and of unquestioned authenticity. The railway was building at Kiu; several coolies had been carried off by an old lion, and one night Mr. Ryall, an English engineer, who had seen much service in India, decided to sit up in a railway carriage on the chance of getting a shot. With him were Mr. Huebner, the German Consul, and an Italian, Mr. Parenti. The night was dark with but little moon, and after midnight Mr. Ryall commented upon the brightness of the fireflies near the carriage, and also remarked that he had seen a rat repeatedly cross and re-cross a spot where the steel rail glinted in the moonlight. The recognition would have saved Mr. Ryall's life that the supposed fireflies were the luminous eyes of the lion he waited for, and the rat was the slow movement of his tail. Tired of their vigil toward the morning the three watchers went to sleep, Mr. Huebner on the upper berth, the two others below. The carriage was the ordinary sleeping carriage familiar to

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Indian travellers with a lavatory beyond the couches. An hour had passed, the party were asleep, when the lion jumped into the carriage and seized Mr. Ryall, while in a moment Mr. Parenti had slipped into the lavatory and closed the door. The movements of the lion, or more probably his weight thrown on one side, caused the door by which he had entered to slide to, thus Mr. Huebner's experience was most terrible; for him no escape was possible; the rifles were below, and on the upper berth he remained while the lion killed Mr. Ryall within three feet of him. After a few awful minutes the great beast jumped out through the window with the body of Mr. Ryall in its mouth.

An almost more shocking story was told me by a gentleman who has a large farm near Njoro. An official, Mr. O'H., accompanied by his wife, had stopped at the farm, and had then gone north four miles to camp. The next morning the lady alone returned; "I thought," he said, "that she was looking ill and sad"; a lion had entered the tent during the night and had carried off her husband, who was sleeping beside her. Such are the tragedies, but I was reminded that there is a comic side too to the life and death of big game. I asked an Italian gentleman had he ever shot an elephant? "Only one," he replied; he was riding a bicycle ahead of his waggon when he came suddenly on an old bull and killed it with a single shot. The juxtaposition of bicycle and elephant seemed to me Gilbertian, and I could not refrain from laughing; the narrator was puzzled and rather nettled by my merriment, which I tried not very successfully to explain. The future of these vast herds of African game is a problem; at present it is preserved to the point that settlers, even with a high licence, may not shoot freely on their own farms, and great sections of country are reserved as sanctuary. Certainly the pleasure of travelling in this vast zoological garden is very great indeed; but the day of fencing is at hand, and what havoc will not a herd of a hundred absent-minded elephants create as they stroll through a barbed wire fence! At present the spectacle is

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extraordinary. One evening my companion, Captain Alwyne Greville, and I had followed a herd of quite five hundred buffaloes for some miles. Returning to camp we found the country (an open plain with neither trees nor brush) dotted all over with grazing rhinoceri. From one small kopje, and without using our glasses, we counted twenty-three of these great beasts. And dangerous beasts they are, even when not molested; not perhaps dangerous to us on horses, but not infrequently they charged through the line of our porters with preposterous noises and alarums.

It was matter for frequent comment that something in the tenuous atmosphere of these table-lands makes cordite powders carry high—that flattens still more the flat trajectory of the modern rifle. Possibly the heat of an equatorial sun intensifies the power of cordite; but whatever the cause the difference is not less perhaps than a foot in two hundred yards, which in the case of powerful beasts such as the buffalo or lion imports an element of unexpected danger and is therefore worthy of note.

There being no spring the game birds are much puzzled as to how to behave. The guinea fowl were in packs, often fifty or more together; it seemed to them that late autumn had come; but the various partridges were paired, and judging from the breast feathers of some of the hens they were nesting. Again, the chicks of the francolin, a splendid game bird which we encountered though rarely in the great bamboo forests of the Settima range, were more than half grown, while the bustards, and especially is this true of the lesser bustard, were in a state of single blessedness. The visitor should make early acquaintance with this latter bird, to be distinguished by his long legs and neck, and the broad bands of black on the wings. They were a great addition to our camp cuisine.

Did space permit pages might be pleasantly filled with the varied ornithology of these regions; a variation in its bird-life occurring with every change in the altitude.

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The beautiful mountain streams flowing from Mount Kenya and the Settima range are at present quite devoid of fish life. In February two consignments of trout ova arrived, one brought out by Mr. Hinde, the other by Mr. Ewart Grogan. Mr. Hinde's being badly packed had unluckily perished on the road, but Mr. Grogan's twenty thousand, the ova of the common brown trout from the Howietoun fishery, were well timed and reached their improvised hatchery near Nyeri within a week of the hatching-stage. The results will be awaited with interest. There is a fairly wide zone in these streams, which is below the too cold water of the melting snow and yet above the too warm waters of the big rivers, and in this zone trout should do well. Fish food, the larva of countless flies and grasshoppers, is abundant, and in the brooks high upon the slopes of Kenya tiny fresh-water crabs swarm. The *salmo* that might probably be best suited to these streams is the rainbow (Irideus). This fish thrives with a water temperature as high as seventy degrees, a temperature which is fatal to the other *salmonidæ*. Like *salmo salar* the rainbow is really a sea fish, coming to fresh water only to spawn; there is little doubt but that he is identical with *salmo Gairdneri*, the steel-head salmon of the Pacific; but just as in the Rocky Mountain plateau, so also here in East Africa hundreds of miles of water too hot for *Irideus* to navigate will pen him back and cure him of seafaring habits. Mr. Hinde proposes to introduce the rainbow trout next season.

The current money of the Protectorate is the rupee of the Government of India; introduced only a few years since it has won its way far into the interior and is awakening the trade of Central Africa west of Uganda. Of all human machinery wrote Wolowski, money is that which costs mankind the least, considering the services it performs. It is therefore machinery that should when introduced be entirely up-to-date. The Indian subdivisions of the rupee, sixteen annas each, further divided into four copper pice, are bewildering; and Mr.

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Bowring, the treasurer, has advised the decimal division of the rupee—a system which has proved already so convenient in Ceylon. Thus the division of the rupee would be into a silver half-rupee (50 cents), a silver quarter, a silver ten cents, and into copper fives and one cents. In a country such as this where money is still in its earliest infancy, where there is neither custom nor tradition to upset, and from whence it may presently cover half a continent, Mr. Bowring thinks very properly that it is extremely important to make a fair start with the decimal system. And especially is this the case with a vast wholly illiterate community. In his elementary mathematical caculations the native already employs his decimal digits; his fingers are his unit of summation, and the rupee subdivided as above would, quite apart from its work in currency, prove a useful mathematical primer. There is a natural sentiment on the part of the few English settlers who have already arrived in favour of the British currency of pounds, shillings and pence. But where wages are so low as four rupees per month, a coin such as the rupee with the prerogative of unlimited legal tender, its convertibility secured by the exchange conditions in India, is essential. Fort Hall alone collects yearly in hut tax a quarter of a million rupees. What could the collector do with some three hundred and fifty thousand shillings thrown on his hands and possessing only a limited legal tender, and therefore inconvertible into sovereigns? Then also, unlike the sovereign, the rupee exchange will stimulate such exports as coffee, rubber, cotton, vanilla, and other products which have to compete in the European markets with similar products coming from other countries which have a legal tender silver currency. At the present price of silver the Government of India is making a profit of fourpence on every rupee brought over to the African circulation. The Government of India now buys the silver contents of a rupee for a shilling, stamps it and sells it to the banks and merchants, who buy its Council drafts for sixteen pence. This profit is very excessive, and as the

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volume of rupees coming to Africa is certain to swell to great dimensions, it might be matter for negotiation between the Government of India and the Treasury how this seigniorage should be fairly divided. Through the National Bank of India alone there were exported to its Mombasa branch between the years 1896 and 1902 more than ninety-five lakhs or nine and a half millions of rupees. The natives are already commencing to suck the rupee out of currency and into their hoards, and as the rate of wages rises and exports increase it is safe to anticipate an immense absorption of rupees in East and Central Africa. The contention no doubt of the Government of India is that they are entitled to the seigniorage because they guarantee or at least secure the convertibility of any fifteen rupees to a pound sterling. This is true, but in a very short time I should expect that the balance of trade, now against her, will favour East Africa, in which case her exchange will need no assistance, and indeed will itself assist its sterling exchange for the Government of India.

I left Mr. Bowring jubilant that at last rupee notes for his Government were actually on the sea outward bound. But the exchange relations between Bombay and Mombasa being what they are, and also the native traders and coolies travelling between these ports being so numerous, will make the retention of these notes in Africa difficult. Even though not legal tender in Bombay the banks there may still find it profitable to buy them at par for the convenience of travellers and for small remittances. However a short time will decide.

A few words only in conclusion. The late Professor Seeley once wrote that the British Empire had been got together in a fit of absence of mind. The accident that led to the construction of the Uganda Railway—no one seems to know quite why it was built—has added this beautiful province to our vast heritage. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a State occupying such a geographical position, with such a harbour, and such a climate, as a Sanitarium for our Asiatic

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and African possessions.[1] What shall we do with it? By some means fill it to the thwarts with Britons. Its future *rôle* as a State of an African Federation must be infinitely important. Imagine at this moment the sense of national relief (except indeed to New Zealand) if New Zealand and its redoubtable Premier could be towed across and moored off Capetown. And I hazard the suggestion that East Africa might be at once utilised as a great military outpost of Empire. Troops at Nairobi, or at some depot further west still on the plateau, would be within striking distance of Bombay, of Capetown, of Constantinople: would be hardly a ten days' trip from any of these points. If a large proportion of our Indian army could be maintained where the mercury never goes higher than 74° in the shade and is never lower than 40°, how greatly it would improve the conditions of that service! The time-expired soldier who had camped and manœuvred through the beautiful region around Mount Kenya would often marry and return there to settle. Indeed, why should not the whole Wazan Guishu plateau rejected of the Jew be reserved for the married ex-soldier settler? The banks would advance him the capital he required to stock his farm, taking as security his splendid homestead. A large project of this kind would popularise the service and greatly assist the recruiting officer. At Nairobi building stone and timber for barracks are ex-

[1] An expenditure of some six millions on a railway of six hundred miles to Lake Victoria Nyanza has presented the Empire with this great and fertile Dominion. The Prime Minister apparently has little admiration for a great work completed at a timely moment in the Empire's history. On May 17, replying to a deputation at the Foreign Office, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said: "Mr. Morley and himself were members of the Cabinet who first approved of the construction of the railway. That railways showed how cautious they must be in undertaking any work on the part of the Government for such a purpose in an ill-surveyed country with doubtful elements of difficulty and with all the causes of uncertainty which wrought such terrible results in the Uganda railway." This may, of course, refer to the killing of Mr. Ryall by the lion; but on general grounds his countrymen think that no act of his official life has been more admirable than this railway creation, for which, however, the Prime Minister offers this rather cryptic apology.

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tremely cheap and good; a big bullock suitable for ploughing costs £5; native sheep five shillings; thus beef and mutton and in any quantity can be had for about twopence per pound; vegetables and fruits almost for the asking. It is safe to say that the cost of keeping a white soldier at Nairobi is less than half the cost in Ireland and less than a fourth the cost at Pretoria. Downing Street too would be much lighter hearted during the coming quarter of a century as to the problem of African politics were there fifty thousand mixed white and Indian troops in this eyrie above the Victoria Nyanza. And how pleasant the life and sport for both officers and men, and what a market would be created for the settler's produce! The completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway would place a large military force at Nairobi at the very back door of Cairo.

In Africa at present there are other problems of interest, and even of anxiety, than those South of the Zambesi. It is quite time that our frontier with Abyssinia was delimited. Almost daily the native tribes within our Protectorate are being despoiled of their cattle by King Menelik's riders. In Sir Charles Eliot's words:

> There is no mistaking the rapidity and significance of their (the Abyssinians) southward advance. If it continues at the same rate which it has maintained for the last six years, the Abyssinians will in another six years be on the Wazan Guishu plateau and the slopes of Mount Kenya.

MORETON FREWEN.

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THE GAMING OF MONTE CARLO

WHILE most European States have suppressed public gaming for high stakes, after having recognised its corrupting influence, while the saloons of Ostend and Baden no longer exist, the establishment of Monte Carlo continues to develop. This being the case, it will be well to inquire into the working and the ethics of an enterprise which flourishes in spite of the reprobation which it has not failed to excite in the course of its long career.

The history of the tables is somewhat generally known, but it may, for the present purpose, be briefly related. In 1858 the then reigning Prince of Monaco granted permission to certain persons to open roulette tables in the Principality. The first venture, owing to insufficiency of capital, was unsuccessful. It was shortly afterwards ceded to others, who held the rooms until 1868, when François Blanc acquired the concession. With his administration, during which the extension of the railway to Monaco was effected, the true era of roulette began, and the game has continued to be played with increasing prosperity to the present day, conducted by the international company which was subsequently formed. It is sanctioned by the present ruler of the Principality for reasons which it is not necessary to mention.

The Casino in which the game is played is situated on a spot of great natural beauty, sheltered as no other place is, except the adjacent Mentone, from the cold winds which prevail on

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the Riviera during the greater part of the winter months. It is the most conspicuous building in the town of Monte Carlo. Around it are palatial hotels and restaurants. An air of luxury pervades the place, which a French writer has described as "a true terrestrial Paradise, spoilt by the modern luxury, the Casino, and the immoral gaming rooms." The building itself differs little from the type of the larger casinos of the Continent. It possesses a theatre, reading-rooms, and lounges; but the long suite of rooms in which the play takes place distinguishes it, as to extent and character, from other establishments of its kind. This suite consists of a series of richly decorated rooms, each containing several tables around which are gathered, from two to ten deep, a little army of players and onlookers. In these precincts, admission to which is obtained by the exhibition of papers of identity, you are required to take off your hat, out of respect, it must be supposed, for the principle of play; you are made acquainted with the rules by the lists which hang upon the walls, stating the minimum and maximum which the Bank allows as stakes, the discretion of the administration as to whom it shall admit and whom it shall exclude, and the astute prohibition to natives of Monaco to play. Around the rooms are placed divans, on which the players are allowed to rest. Grave men in livery move about observing the occupants, ready to prevent any breach of the regulations.

About three-fourths of the tables are devoted to roulette, the special game of Monte Carlo. This game, it may be explained for the benefit of those unacquainted with it, consists of a movable cylinder fixed in the centre of a long table, and forming a dial on which are thirty-seven divisions, separated by copper partitions, painted red and black alternately, and numbered from 1 to 36 + 0, zero being placed on black. The cylinder and dial, which are made to rotate by the *croupier*, are encircled by a fixed ebony ledge along which this official projects a small white ball in the contrary direction to the movement of the dial. When the velocity imparted to this ball is expended, it falls on to the dial below, and after some changes of position finally

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settles in one of the divisions, thus determining the game. The player who has staked upon the number into which it falls receives thirty-five times the amount of his stake; he who has staked on red or black or odd or even, once the amount of his stake if he be successful; and there are thirteen other less direct modes of staking, all marked on the table on either side of the dial, which it is not needful to describe here. When zero occurs all stakes are swept away, except, under conditions, half of the simple chances (red or black, odd or even, 1-18 and 19-36). It is very necessary to notice, however, that on a single number the maximum stake permitted is 180 francs, and on a simple chance 6000 francs, because these limitations render it impossible for a player or a coalition of players to long continue doubling their stakes so as eventually to retrieve their losses and to gain. It is plain that under these conditions the chances for each stake are $\frac{1}{37}$ for a number and $\frac{1}{2}$ for the colours or other simple chances; but it must not be forgotten that the zero is always imminent, and that within the ordinary period of a player's time there is almost as much probability of its presenting itself at one moment as at another.

The roulette of Monaco is worked ostensibly upon the zero chance, which, occurring daily with sufficient frequency at many tables, is productive of an enormous annual revenue. But that is not the only source of profit which the tables possess. With accurate instruments (and great care is said to be taken to ensure the accuracy of the instruments) an equilibrium must necessarily be established between the chances; but the number of strokes required to establish this equilibrium is so great that few players have sufficient capital or sufficient courage to benefit by it, whereas the Bank, with vast resources, gains a constant advantage from the desistance of ruined or discouraged players.

A great many systems of play have been devised, some offered with a cruel irony by men whom the tables have ruined, and in the jargon of the game there is a series of terms which

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I shall not enumerate. All systems are dangerous. The progressions of whatever nature struggle vainly against the three staple assets of the Bank, the zero, the limit and the capital, the three reefs on which, sooner or later, shipwreck must occur. Nearly every method, as one writer on the subject has pointed out, has its opposite, which is as firmly believed in by some as the method whose laws it reverses is trusted by others. All are dangerous. Had they not been liable to be upset, the Bank could never have pursued its prosperous career till now. Combinations are calculated by the nth power of 2, n being the number of strokes in a series, and according to this it will be seen that in a play based upon, let us say, 6 strokes of red and black (2^6), the number of different possible combinations will be as many as 64, not one of which may be relied upon to occur within the sextuple limit.

The truth is that the player is at a constant disadvantage. He can only win occasionally by fortuitous entries and by prudential exits after gain and by the practice of abandoning the table after the first losses. But the coolness required for this manner of play is extremely great, and few players possess it. Gains thus acquired are, in a sense, miraculous, and, it must be said again, necessitate the absolute withdrawal of the player from the rooms if they are to be retained, because always, if given time, the Bank retrieves its loss.

I need not enter at greater length into the details of the game. I have said enough, I think, to show that, for the great majority of players, it is one of the easiest means of losing money that human ingenuity has devised. It is also one of the most rapid, since each stroke occupies only about three minutes. Far more ruinous than betting on the result of such occasional events as horse races, it is even more hazardous than stock-gambling, in which the operator has at least some dim perception of future events. In roulette, which is a mechanical invention, human agencies, present in horse racing and stock-gambling, are non-existent, unless we count the personal

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equation of the *croupiers*, some of whom are said to unconsciously bring about certain results owing to the nature of the impulsion which they give to the cylinder or the ball. But this is problematical, and precautions are taken by the administration to change the *croupiers* frequently.

The same remarks apply to the more simple card game of *trente et quarante*, where again the *refait*, the equivalent of zero, takes half of the entire stakes. In this game there is the slight privilege of ensuring against the *refait*, which occurs when the numbers on the cards make 31; but as this number occurs frequently, it is plain that the chances of the player are little greater than at the more attractive roulette.

The gaming institution of Monte Carlo is one which, while not practising any equivocal methods of play, nevertheless is a permanent temptation placed before the visitor to the Principality to risk his substance with the probability of parting with it in exchange for the mere gratification of the gaming instinct. The game is one that excites an almost superstitious belief in the possibility of amassing wealth. It is practically impossible to amass wealth at Monte Carlo On the contrary, a fortune may be lost there with the greatest ease.

Long ago these facts were recognised. It was seen also that even before they left the Principality, numbers of ruined gamblers committed suicide; that others passed the remainder of their lives in penury at Nice, or adopted discreditable callings. No fewer than six petitions for the suppression of the tables were presented to the French Chamber and Senate from 1867 to 1891, signed by the inhabitants of Nice, and the department of the Alpes Maritimes as well as by others. In 1880, an influential international committee was formed in London to obtain the compulsory closing of the gaming rooms; but in every instance the French Parliament declared itself unable to take action in the matter without violating one of the first principles of international law and breaking the treaty by which France recognises Monaco as an independent State.

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The Italian Parliament, appealed to also, has given much the same answer. The ruler of a State, however small, which has once been declared independent, has apparently a right to permit whatever public gaming he may think fit, and the surrounding States may not prevent him. This is the principle virtually proclaimed and in the meantime the tables of Monte Carlo flourish. That they are more prosperous than ever of late years is largely due to the phase of moral apathy through which the European publics appear at present to be passing.

For on moral grounds the gaming at Monte Carlo is indefensible. It is a device whereby a human failing is most strongly fostered. There are no warnings of the real danger of the amusement. All who are admitted into the rooms are supposed to be able to control their passions, to be prudent, or, if not, to deserve the fate awaiting them.

There are, it is true, a considerable number of persons who risk a small but settled sum, and desist as soon as that sum is lost, and the aggregate of their losses must be productive of a large annual income to the tables. One can but regret the loss to charity of the sums thus sacrificed.

There seems at present only one means by which the tables might be suppressed, and that is by a determination of the public to desert them; but unfortunately, far from realising that by even staking a five-franc piece they are giving support to the principle involved, the majority of visitors to Monaco consider that they have scarcely done their duty to themselves if they depart without risking a few coins. At the hotel at which I stayed on the Riviera, none of the visitors could believe it possible that anyone should visit Monte Carlo without playing, and I am led to conclude that non-players in the gaming rooms are seldom seen. The contagion of example is very strong at any one of the roulette games. The bystander sees a number of persons seated at a green-cloth-covered table, many of whom stake steadily in answer to the *croupier's* invitation. He sees that one individual now and then is paid thirty-

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five times his stake; he perceives in the faces of the players little or no traces of emotion; the game appears as a normal and almost inevitable thing. Money, which is thrown about like counters, appears to lose its value; the effort by which it is obtained is forgotten; the players seem possessed of an inexhaustible supply wherewith to keep pace with the game. Silence reigns during the rotation of the instrument. The constant expectation of results keeps the mind in a state of engrossed suspense. There is present the psychological influence of crowds, the desire which they excite in the individual to do as they do.

Roulette tables should never be tolerated in a civilised community. Cunning contrivances to exploit a human weakness, they maintain the gambling spirit, and they are frequently the causes of moral and material ruin.

Some years ago, in order to elicit an expression of opinion, a French writer submitted a work in which he had demonstrated the inevitableness of ultimate loss at Monte Carlo to an eminent mathematician, a member of the Institute of France. The reply was favourable to the writer's conclusions, but it expressed the conviction that no demonstration of the folly of gaming would ever prevent the lover of it from indulging his propensity. This is partly true. Nevertheless, just as alcoholism is known to be diminished by the suppression of public bars, so gambling may be lessened by the abolition of public gaming tables. It is wrong to dismiss the subject, as many do, by declaring gaming to be an incurable proclivity. Gaming is stimulated by gaming institutions which should never be permitted to exist.

F. Carrel.

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE OTTER

WHEN we recall the number and variety of the fauna indigenous to this country that have one by one become extinct, the survival of the otter presents itself as a problem particularly deserving of examination. It may be said, with little fear of contradiction, that no wild creature has enjoyed less protection or been more relentlessly harassed. Yet, on the other hand, its prevalence is not to be traced to its fecundity. Like most carnivora the female produces but one litter in the year, and that a small one, the average number not exceeding four. That she succeeds, if unmolested by man, in rearing them all is most probable, for flood and springtide must rise very suddenly to prevent the devoted mother from removing her helpless cubs from the nest to a place of safety. A more serious danger is a severe frost, which congeals river and lake and excludes the otter, not only from its fishing-ground but from its chief refuge. But cold so intense is rare: through every ordinary season the otter will cling to the element so essential to its support and safety as long as it can keep open a few breathing-holes by bumping its head against the ice. A female with young whelps, when shut off from water, must be sorely beset to provide for them; and should snow fall a situation of privation becomes also one of great danger, inasmuch as her whereabouts, till then unsuspected, is betrayed by her tracks, even to the most careless observer.

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Under all other conditions of nature the wary creature is quite able to look to its own safety, and so circumspect are its ways that very few otters meet with an untimely end from accident. They have been taken drowned from trammel, set, and eel nets, and even from crab-pots; there is also an instance of a full-grown otter found frozen to the ice, of another choked by a small fish it had attempted to swallow, and, as in the case of fox and badger, a few otters are killed on the railways by night trains. Of the number that die a natural death we are as ignorant as of the places to which they creep in their last moments. Nevertheless it may be inferred with confidence that the total losses due to material and accidental causes are insignificant in comparison with those occasioned by the agency of man.

Like every other outlawed creature the otter has to run the gauntlet for its life whenever it shows itself in the open. There is, perhaps, no better instance of the exhibition of this primitive instinct of the human for destruction than the well-authenticated story of the conduct of the Scotch butler under conditions as unfavourable as could well be imagined. Whilst kneeling at family prayers one Sunday evening, with mind remote no doubt from all thought of injury to bird or beast, he caught a glimpse of an otter and her cubs as they sank the brae towards the burn that flowed below the castle window. Even the most enthusiastic of sportsmen was for the moment—in Scotland—under restraint, but scarcely had the "amen" passed the laird's lips before, to the consternation of the family, the butler rushed wildly out of the room, and was next seen careering across the park brandishing the kitchen poker. It was not until his return, dishevelled and dirty, panting: "'Twas an otter, laird, under the verra window," that the family could free themselves from the fear that the staidest of their retainers had lost his wits. But whilst the instincts of the chase may be condoned as a common inheritance from our savage ancestors it is difficult to frame a defence for those riparian owners and river conservators who order their underlings to

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trap and shoot the otter as if he were a criminal of the deepest dye without a redeeming trait. What is the truth about the otter as a destroyer of fish? Allow the whole charge brought against him, viz., that he kills, besides kelts and diseased salmon, a number of fresh fish, and even that he thins the crowded ranks of the salmon on the spawning-beds, and when all is said, an unprejudiced judge, acquainted with the vast amount of good he does, will not only not find cause for his extermination but will pronounce for a thorough system of protection. The argument advanced on behalf of the otter has never been shaken. It cannot be denied that he feeds chiefly on eels, which are as great a pest in fresh water as is the dog-fish in the sea. To say nothing of the harm they do to coarse fish, the ravages committed by eels on our salmon and trout fisheries can hardly be exaggerated. For not only do they devour the spawn deposited in gravel and sand, but even seek out the fry under stones in shallows where they are safe from the depredations of other fish. Only by the preservation of the otter, its only serious enemy, can the increase in the eel be kept within reasonable limits, and the balance of nature preserved.

But the array of steel traps which, as the result of the prejudice against him, are ever set in the shallows where he is wont to land in his up and down river journeys, is painful to contemplate. Sooner or later they close on a victim, for the line taken by one otter is the track of all the tribe that follow at intervals in its wake. A few escape with the loss of a claw, others so mutilated as to die a lingering death; others, again, with trap and chain fixed to limb or jaw. Is it not time that the law stepped in and forbade this, the most hideous relic of barbarism, now that the man-trap has been abolished? In olden times the otter was taken for the value of its skin rather than on account of the harm it did to the fisheries. In the code of Welsh laws made by Howel Dha in 940 A.D., the prices of skins were fixed as follows; those of the otter, fox, and wolf at 8*d.*, of the martin cat 24*d.*, of the beaver, which did not become extinct till two hundred years later, 120*d.* At the

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time of Henry IV., Welsh rents were sometimes paid in otter skins, but the supply from this source, added to the supply from English rivers and morasses, had to be supplemented by importations from France to meet the great demand. At the end of the sixteenth century the value of the pelts was from twelve to fifteen shillings; and in the days of the gentle Isaac Walton, the sole stain on whose memory is his bitter prejudice against the otter, it fell to ten shillings. It would probably be incorrect to say that the Welsh caught the otters they marketed solely by trapping, for there is reason to believe the animal has been hunted in the Principality from the earliest times, and that from thence came the first pack of otter hounds, formed by one of the early Norman kings, It is not clear whether the Conqueror, or his son Rufus, set up the pack, but it was in full operation in the reign of Henry II., and successive packs were supported by the Exchequer through Plantaganet, Lancastrian, Yorkist, and Tudor times.

Unfortunately we possess no records of the number of otters taken by the varlets of the king's otter hounds, as the servants of the royal hunt were styled, nor, indeed, have we more than the most fragmentary evidence of the plentifulness or scarcity of otters even from the time of Somerville until we come to recent years.

Nowadays every animal killed by the twenty packs of otter hounds in existence is duly chronicled, and the big tally of the five summer months, during which the otter is hunted, has alas, to be supplemented not only from the records in a hundred local papers of otters shot or trapped, but also by the long list of those that meet their ends by foul means and find no chronicler.

So popular has otter-hunting become that there are few rivers or sheets of water in England and Wales not drawn by one or other of the packs, and the sport they show in the wild and picturesque spots where the otter is found is, in the opinion of many sportsmen, unequalled in the pursuit of any other quarry.

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By hunting, the otter would never be exterminated; but the increasing legion of anglers and "specimen" collectors, the fishermen-hunters, who know every cranny and crevice along the cliffs, the gamekeepers, waterbailiffs, country millers, osier cutters, fenmen and poachers, are all enemies of the amphibian by lake, marsh, creek and riverside and the more we consider the widespread persecution to which it is subjected, the more we marvel at the creature's resources that have not only preserved it from extinction but enabled it to combat, with no mean measure of success, the forces arrayed against it.

In the England of even a century ago, when there still existed wide stretches of marsh and fen, the otter's fastnesses must have been so difficult of access that it ran no serious danger of extermination. But when one comes to the more recent years which have witnessed the almost entire reclamation of its marshy strongholds, investigation is severely taxed to account for its undoubted prevalence. That the transmission of the strains of the fittest of each persecuted generation has contributed to this result is probable, but a more convincing explanation is to be found in those habits which differentiate its mode of life from that of the carnivora that have become extinct, or, but for the protection they enjoy, would become so.

Fox and badger are content to kennel in one or two earths and are stay-at-homes, except in the courting season, but the otter is a Bedouin, and over the extended circuit of which the halt where he was littered may be a focus, will be dotted a score of places of call that he reaches before dawn and does not quit until dusk. The hunter who has followed his trail across wide stretches of country has laid bare some of the mystery shrouding the otter's roamings and proved that the animal which to-day may be kennelled in the cave of an estuary, may to-morrow be found under the roots of ash or oak overshadowing a salmon pool ten miles up stream, or before peep of the next day in the morass where the river rises. Indeed, it is difficult to fix a limit in the extent of his longest marches;

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and the late Mr. Collier, a veteran otter-hunter of half a century's experience, admitted that there was no getting to the bottom of this wilding's capabilities as a traveller. To the creature's nomadic ways is due the fact that the race has escaped the deterioration that almost invariably results from inbreeding in species of more local attachment. In this commingling of different strains may also be sought the cause of that immunity from disease which the otter is believed to enjoy. Some may hesitate to accept these views, but all will agree that the survival of the race and the vigour of the stock are in no little measure due to the parent otter, whose care of her whelps is perhaps unequalled even amongst wild creatures.

A vixen's devotion to her cubs is well known, but it probably falls far short of the devotion of the female otter.

Solicitous for her offspring's safety her first care when about to become a mother is to select the securest place in which to bring them forth. Drought and flood must cause her untold anxiety as the time of parturition approaches and if the lowlands fail to offer the stronghold she seeks, she will betake herself to the boulder stream upland and beneath cairn or tor find a safe halt in which to fashion her soft nest. There week after week, she will nurture her precious litter. Later she will teach them to fish, then the hidden lodging places of their tribe the wide countryside over, and instruct them in the dangers of the world in which they will spend their lives. So great is her maternal solicitude that she keeps them by her till she is about to become a mother again. A book might be filled with well-authenticated examples of the female otter's affection for her young. The following is a typical instance.

An otter's cub was captured and confined in the stable yard of a house near a river where the mother had been hunted during the day. At night, in company with her other cub, she came to the yard and tried to liberate the little captive, but without success. At dawn she withdrew to the river, where she was again hunted, but after several hours' pursuit managed

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to escape. Nothing daunted she returned at nightfall to the yard, and once more endeavoured to free her cub but with no better result than before. It is pleasant to read that after such heroic conduct on the part of the poor beast, the hunter's heart was softened and the whelp restored.

The journeys, whether to new fishing-grounds in search of a mate, or undertaken to gratify an inborn restlessness and love of wandering, are made at night, as if the outlawed creature knew, as indeed he does, that he must not show by day. Yet in retired stations, where the silence is unbroken by shout or footfall of man, he will stretch his great length to the full and expose every hair to the hottest rays of the sun. But if you would watch him, you must keep absolutely motionless, for not only does he possess keen ear and nostrils of the greatest sensitiveness, but his restless eye is quick to light on aught that is not in harmony with his surroundings. Such a chance of viewing him at his ease offers, however, but rarely, for the otter's usual quarters by day are some dark halts where he is effectually screened from sight. A hollow bank is a frequent hover, but no lodging however strange comes amiss to the secretive amphibian, provided always it is safe enough to satisfy his critical judgment. Where a sandy shore affords no shelter he will betake himself to a dry shelf in an abandoned tin or copper mine flooded to adit level, curl up in an osier bed close to a leat, or seek a couch bordering a reed-circled pool. But the harbourages most acceptable to his instincts are to be found where nature is wildest—the islet of a lonely tarn, the marshy ground between confluent moorland streams, a morass on the crown of a curlew-haunted watershed, the rushes fringing a mere, or a pile of rocks formed by the tumbled fragments of a promontory. Such spots are few in the wild England of to-day, and but for the otter's adaptability to artificial conditions he would probably be making his last stand in the fells or along the Cornish cliffs. For unlike the birds whom drainage dispossessed of the habitat they shared with him, but who had only to take flight and seek less cultivated lands, the

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otter had to remain and confront the conditions of civilisation that had overtaken him. Wonderfully has he come through the ordeal, and to-day he has few securer strongholds than the very network of drains that robbed him of his marshy hovers. Nor does he disdain the overgrown backwater of a deserted canal nor the crumbling stone or woodwork of derelict wharves and jetties, nor even a raft of timber in the quiet corner of a harbour. At times he exhibits a strange daring that seems to belie his extreme shyness and fear of danger, for when the furze and rhododendrons are gayest and hunting at its height, he will lie up under the bushes bordering the walks of a reservoir as if he knew that the hounds are denied the railed-in sanctuary where he himself has found refuge. He may linger a day or two close to the well-stocked water until the arrival of one of his kind, and then betake himself to the next empty lair along one of the trails. For, except at courting times, the dog-otter is solitary in his habits and consorts not at all with other carnivora. By this unsociable use he escapes the fate of the poor badger, who is often found in the earth along with the fox and shown no mercy by the diggers. I know of no instance of the presence of an otter in the earth of fox or badger, or in a cave frequented by seals. This preference for an existence apart seems to be a historic trait in his character; for though remains of fox, badger, polecat, and even seal were collected with those of hyæna and bear from the ossiferous caves of South Devon, not a tooth or bone of an otter was discovered amongst them. A lonely denizen of the wild in the vigour of life, the otter is equally isolated in the places where it creeps to die, the situation of which is one of the many unsolved problems clustering about the history of this mysterious creature.

But for all its secretiveness it cannot wander by stream or marsh without leaving its footprints on spits of sand or the muddy margin of the water.

In such places its seal is as familiar to the otter-hunter as the chain of silver bubbles that betrays its subaqueous flight.

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Its spraints also tell of its whereabouts during the night, and most of all the half-eaten fish, eel, pike, or salmon which it leaves on the banks.

But these remains do not lie long to witness against the poacher, for rats, hooded crow, and fox are all voracious scavengers, to whom the leavings of the otter's supper are welcome. Then again its shrill whistle heard above the roar of the river is more than likely to be mistaken for that of some bird, but, and if not, the chances are the otter will be miles away before the sun lights the foam-sprinkled boulder where he stood to sound the call.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the presence of otters is often overlooked ; but it is surprising that a female otter, kept prisoner to one halt by her helpless young, should often rear her litter without her near neighbourhood being even suspected until, perhaps, the haymakers come on the path she has beaten across the corner of the meadow.

Yet for all her subtle and secretive ways, too many piteous tragedies darken the domestic annals of the otter, for when gamekeeper and water-bailiff take the mother's drowned carcase from the river, there is often evidence that she is suckling her litter, left by her death to die of starvation.

If surprised by day the otter will crouch and remain motionless until it catches its enemy's eye. Then it makes off with a speed surprising in a creature apparently unfitted for rapid progression on land.

Should you happen on it spread-eagled on the surface and floating with the stream, it will not dive and so attract attention by exposing its back and tail, but will sink quietly out of sight, after the manner of the grey seal. Indeed, all its movements when danger threatens are characterised by extreme noiselessness and absence of flurry. Those who pursue it know how chary it is of yielding a single point to the hounds, except perhaps when in desperation it leaves the water and trusts its fortunes to the land.

Apart from the safety due to the natural qualities that it

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employs so well for its protection, it enjoys a singular exemption from molestation which is not shared by its fellow carnivora.

Strangely enough, neither dog nor hound, except perhaps the otter-hound, takes naturally to its scent, and this in a great measure explains why otters may frequent waters in the neighbourhood of villages without being discovered. Nevertheless, the scent of the otter is more lasting than that of any other wildling save the foumart, and otter-hounds will own to it from fifteen to twenty hours, or even longer, after the animal has passed.

It will at times happen that a dog stumbles on the creature in a dry ditch or amongst rushes, but, if he dare attack it, he is certain to get more than he gives, and a terrier that invades its halt in drain or bank is nearly sure to receive severe punishment. A bitch otter never acts on the offensive, and a dog otter only against a rivalry of his own kind. In defence of young or life, however, it exhibits a very high courage. It is, indeed, exceptionally equipped for fighting. Its well-developed muscular system is supported by a massive framework of bone, and encased in a loose skin of the toughest and most slippery nature. His jaws are of a formidable character, and its endurance excites the wonder of even the veteran otter hunter. The protracted fight it will wage against a pack of hounds, after hours of pursuit, is little short of heroic. When at last it is overpowered it will relinquish its tenacious hold on life in sullen silence. His last stand, like every phase of the hunt that preceded the final scene, is eloquent in explanation of the survival of the race.

Whether the otter has been losing ground in the last half-century it is difficult to say, but there is little room for doubt that the creatures are now much less plentiful than they once were. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the otter must have been seen of everybody, for the author of the "Master of Game," writing at this time, says that "an otre is a common beast inow, and therefore I need not tell of his making." A

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hundred years later otters were very numerous in the Norfolk Broads and east country rivers, for in some regulations made by the Norwich Assembly in 1557 for fresh-water fishermen between the tower at Conisford and Hardley Cross, it was provided that "every man shall be bound to keep a dog to hunt the otter and to make a general hunt twice or thrice in the year or more, at times convenient, upon pain to forfeit ten shillings." Camden tells us that the creature was very plentiful in the South-West of England at the time of his visit; and Daniell, the author of "Rural Sports," mentions that nine otters were killed in one day in the Essex marshes, which were frozen over at the time. It need hardly be said that our waters do not swarm with otters nowadays. With most packs of otter-hounds one day out of three is blank, and hunts have from time to time been given up owing to the scarcity of game. Nevertheless, a greater number of packs have been afoot during the past season than at any time in the history of otter-hunting, and, paradoxical though it may seem, in the increasing popularity of the sport lies the hope of the otter's preservation. The amphibian would not be protected any more than the fox for its own sake: that is evident from the ruthless way in which both these creatures are trapped and destroyed in every part of Great Britain where they are not hunted.

Nor can the objections formerly raised against the methods of pursuing the otter be fairly sustained now in face of the growing tendency on the part of masters of hounds to leave the chase more and more to the hounds and the quarry. The spear and the net have been entirely done away with; tailing the otter and flinging him to the hounds is rarely resorted to; the beast when found is no longer restricted to a score yards of water between lines of men guarding the stickles; there is more hesitation in asking the miller to lower the mill pool; in short, there are indications everywhere that the spirit of the old veneur revived by Trelawney of Coldrenick, Lomax of Clitheroe, and Gallon of Bishop's Auckland, is asserting itself

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over the recent infatuation for scoring a record number of kills; and that the best sportsmen forbear, as the knightly Gaston de Foix puts it, "to take beasts unless by noblemen and gentlemen, and to have good disport."

And surely, in the name of fair play, this is as it should be, now that the river banks have yielded up their secrets to the otter-hunter and the packs of hounds have been increased from the six couples of old days to the ten, fifteen, and twenty couples of to-day. If an otter after many hours' pursuit can beat the best trained hounds, where is the true sportsman who will not rejoice at its escape, though his hounds return to kennel "unblooded"?

It may be asked by those who are no more moved by the seal of an otter than the footprint of a dog, why protest against the extermination of an animal, however graceful, that rarely shows itself unless hunted? With such opponents all discussion of the subject would be ineffectual, but no answer is needed by those who hold that the countryside would lose half its interest but for our few surviving fauna. For them, though they may never see an otter, the chief charms of the oak woods and bracken brakes of Exmoor is as the home of the red deer, the caves of Lundy, those along the cliffs from Tintagel to the Land's End would be mere resounding vaults without the seals that frequent them, and the glamour would fade from the Cumbrian fells if foumart, martin, and badger were extinct that shelter in ravine and screes.

To many who see the otter it is an otter and nothing more, but to those that have followed the fortunes of its race this ownerless nomad is the most interesting surviving creature indigenous to this island. Its ancestors were contemporary with the otter whose fossil remains tell of their existence far back in those remote, undated ages of which geology alone takes any account, its more recent progenitors shared our rivers with the beaver and witnessed its extirpation, and were companions of the boar and wolf in the great reed brakes of mediæval England as they are to-day in the vast marshes of Andalusia.

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And through the centuries it has lived on, not only unprotected, but even in the face of a most terrible persecution, defended not only by its own marvellous endowments and sheltered only by the hidden fastnesses that kindly river and tide have fashioned for it.

If the law which gives partial protection to the feathered fowl may not be extended to the amphibian, let us hope that a more enlightened public opinion may save it from the trapper and the gunner.

Signs of improvement are not wanting. On many banks where gins were formerly set, drains have been built to encourage the otters to use them as places of call in their rounds or hovers wherein to bring forth and rear their litters. No matter how isolated the pond or lake, the artificial lodges do not remain long untenanted. In these sanctuaries the fearful creatures lose something of their shyness, and will venture out in the early dusk. No finer sight does the wild England of to-day offer than a couple of dog otters engaged in a friendly romp, or, it may be, in deadly fray, no more interesting picture than a bitch otter teaching her whelps to fish.

And beyond the pale of the inparked lands of those to whom such glimpses of wild life are priceless, more humane counsels are making headway, and the example set by the King in forbidding the use of steel traps on his estates is sure to be followed by those amongst our country gentlemen who have hitherto not discountenanced their use. If so, then at last the prejudice which, at least from Norman times, has been the otter's curse, if not conquered will at least cease to direct the action of riparian owners and river conservators, and the otter for the first time in its long history be free to roam the wild by night without fear.

J. C. TREGARTHEN.

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"ANOTHER WAY OF (MOUNTAIN) LOVE"

THE love of mountains is, no doubt, in many persons an acquired habit; like smoking, or eating olives; in some it is even a stimulated pleasure; again like smoking, or eating olives. But in the latter case it is liable to break down under strain; as in the well-known story of the Frenchman in *glacé* boots and best kid gloves, toiling up the steep side of Ben Lomond, and at last exclaiming to his companion, "Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature? Moi je les déteste!" But besides these persons we may distinguish at least four classes of mountain-lovers. First, there are those who like to gaze upon mountains at a safe distance, as from a comfortable hotel at Berne or Lucerne; or to play lawn-tennis somewhere within forty miles of them, as at Villars or other places of that kind. Secondly, there is the numerous class of persons who have courage enough to go right up to them, and so to speak stroke and make friends with them, without ever trusting themselves on their backs. This class composes the bulk of the holiday-makers who crowd the hotels of Grindelwald or Pontresina in the month of August; for them is the 20-centime-in-the-slot telescope focused on the peak of the Wetterhorn or the Cervin; for them is provided the cinematograph in the evening. The third class is of those who go in lifts and funiculars and rack-and-pinion railways to the top of anything which can be ascended in this way. They enjoy the excellent *table-*

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d'hôte at the top of Pilatus—and indeed it is, or was, worth going for—and stand muffled round with cloaks at the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau Bahn. The members of this class have a tendency to be stout and Teutonic; and their favourite air is *Funicoli Funicola.* The fourth class is that of the climbers, and includes many varieties male and female; from the would-be Tartarin, sandwiched between two strong guides, relieved when he gets to the top of his peak in safety, and still more devoutly thankful to find himself safely at the foot again; to the being of stalwart limbs to whom the mere exercise of a steep climb is delightful, the feel of a rope pure joy, the tinkle and slither of ice-fragments under the axe the most exhilarating music.

But besides these four classes, or rather a sort of cross-division running through them all, there is yet another class of mountain-lovers: those who love them wholly and solely for their own sake; not as scenery, not as objects of interest, not as sensations, or stimulants to appetite, not as exercise-grounds; but as themselves, for themselves, in themselves, the mountains, the everlasting hills, in all their inspiring beauty and grandeur and loneliness. It is to emphasise this special love of mountains that I have ventured to adapt the title of this paper from that of a well-known poem of Browning's, "Another Way of Love." And if such a dish of trifles has any solid ingredient in it at all, it will be in the importance claimed for this true devotion to mountains, and the suggestions to be made for its encouragement and gratification.

I suppose this ideal love of mountains—this love that we may almost call a platonic love, since it seeks no selfish gain—really exists in most or all of us; and is at the root of the instinct certainly of the climber, possibly even of the tourist. We have all of us had our "moments" either on the mountains, or perhaps in some distant view of them, when life and joy have assumed new meanings, and the world's horizons suddenly broken down and shown us realms of dream beyond and yet beyond. Sometimes it is on the top of some lonely

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peak—when the world seems at our feet, and the blue dome of space an appreciable thing; sometimes it is among the hush of snow-fields and glacier walls with icy peaks above and moon-lit mists below us; sometimes it is from some lower height, where suddenly a panorama of silver tops breaks on us; or we see the far-distant snow peaks mirrored in sunny lake waters. However, the moment of inspiration comes—it comes always twofold, half as a satisfying joy, half as a quickening impulse. It passes, and we feel we *must* have it again; and so we climb new mountains and seek new scenes in hopes of finding it, and, alas, too often find it not. For it is not a vision or a feeling that can be bought with money, or earned by toil, or even won by mere determination.

Skimming an idle stone along the lake
An idle day,
Sudden I saw a little rainbow wake
Amid the spray,
Which, trying oft, I could no more remake.
This is Joy's way:
All in a moment in our eyes to break,
Then flee away:
Nor all our toiling e'er can bring it back,
Nor all our play.

For it is almost a commonplace to say that the mountains we gaze at are not the mountains we climb. *These* are matters of hard rock and chilling snow; of panting breath and toiling limbs; of keen eye and alert hand and foot. *Those* are a dreamland, a Paradise, no foot has trod, no mortal come to. The "Promised Land" is always a dream—always unattainable. "Where the rainbow rests," runs the old folk-saying, "lies a crock of gold." No one has ever found the crock of gold; but the saying has an inmost truth in it, which we may transfer to the vision of the mountains.

To whatever class in life we belong we all come eventually to the grave; and so to whatever class of mountain-lovers we belong we eventually meet in the Swiss Hotel. In fact, so associated has hotel life become with our recollections of

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Switzerland that in fond retrospect even the discomforts and disagreeables of that unnatural form of existence are seen in mellowed and rosy light; even the meagre breakfasts, the lumpy so-called sandwich, the interminable *table-d'hôtes* on Sunday, the roar and babel of guttural volubility, seem tolerable or desirable, as connoting mountain air and the thrills of climbing. There is surely a wistfulness in those goodly lines of our Oxford successor of Calverley:

> They will dine on mule and marmot, and mutton made of goats,
> They will taste the various horrors of Helvetian *table-d'hôtes*.

following immediately as they do on the graphic vision,

> For a foothold or a handhold they will diligently grope
> On the rocky, icy slope, where we'll charitably hope
> 'Tis assistance only moral that they're getting from the rope.

But this is only in retrospect; and it is wonderful what retrospect will do. One can imagine a soul escaped into Bliss looking back almost with affection to the Purgatory which eventually led him there; and perhaps hotel life has this fitness and use, that it is a sort of purgatorial preparation for the climber's Paradise. Still I do not think any one would think that in his own case—whatever it might be for others—a purgatorial preparation was necessary: and in sober fact to most of us hotel life must to a large extent spoil the mountain life by its utter contrast and incompatibility with it—the artificiality of the one: the simplicity of the other. I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be possible to lessen one of the evils of hotel life to the climber, the temptation, I might almost say the necessity of over-eating or at least eating injurious forms of food, by prevailing on the hotel-keepers in large centres to have a "climbers' table" or a "climbers' dinner of simpler fare, fewer courses, and, if possible, less cost." It would certainly appeal to many of their guests—but whether it would pay the hotel-keeper I do not know, unless on the principle of the Irish tradesman who lost a little on every

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article he sold, but made a profit owing to the enormous scale of his business.

Being much out of taste for this sort of existence, disliking hotels, and yet wishing to enjoy Swiss mountains, I decided, now a good many years ago, to try the experiment of taking a châlet for the whole summer, and endeavouring to live an ordinary English home life in Switzerland. And I found the plan answer so thoroughly and the summer proved so delightful that I have repeated the experiment again and again, and always with success. I remember that the first time we pictured a great many difficulties before us; and thought it necessary to make a great many preparations, including the despatch by that happily named institution the *Petite Vitesse*, of household necessaries of all kinds. But in practice everything proved amazingly simple, many of our preparations quite unnecessary: and the whole affair very little different indeed—except in the length of the journey—from taking a small furnished house anywhere in England or Scotland.

The chief difficulty of all is that of finding a châlet to let in any place where one least wishes to go or to spend the summer. I tried one year advertising in several Swiss journals, and got a large number of replies enclosing many photographs; but hardly one in the least suitable. It was usually the situation that was hopeless; there seemed to be plenty of pleasant houses in the Rhône valley, or other low and hot situations, but few or none among the mountains, and in spite of the numerous replies which kept arriving by post in various mis-spellings of the French and German languages, I drew a complete blank in those advertisements.

I also tried application to one of those obliging Swiss institutions, the Verkehrs bureau, where an affable young lady put aside her work and gave me half an hour's worth of absolutely useless information, finally telling me that if I came later the head of the bureau would be in and perhaps be able to help. I did go again, and being meantime fortified by luncheon, had sufficient firmness to resist all persuasions to

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spend a day in going to see a châlet of the most ideal kind in the most unsuitable locality. Here again I drew an absolute blank.

The fact is that there are very few places that I have ever been able to hear of where one can find a furnished châlet to let—very few places, that is, in high and beautiful neighbourhoods, with good climbing near at hand. I believe there is a growing demand for such houses, and that more are being built or adapted. I have never tried to find such at Chamounix, but I have been told there are châlets or houses to be had there, only somewhat expensive. The three places where I have found châlets or houses more or less suitable, and have spent summers in this way, are Champéry in the Valais, Engelberg, and Grindelwald; and though all these places are well known and familiar, I will venture to talk a little about each of them from the point of view, not of a hotel visitor in a hurry but of a châlet-resident with plenty of leisure. No doubt there *are* other places where the same advantages may be found. I only mention these as being places I have myself tried.

Each of these three places has special features and characteristics of its own, many of which are immediately evident; but some grow upon one as one becomes more and more at home in the place. For instance, I do not think that the full beauty and charm of the Berlin shopkeeper can be thoroughly understood by any one who has not spent some weeks at Engelberg, and watched him in his magnificent and Kaiser-like appropriation of the whole place, or seen the unconscious grace with which his female relations will walk three abreast—a broad breast—in a narrow path, and leave the would-be passer-by the tactful choice of a rock-wall on one side or a river on the other. After all, however, this is an anthropological study of an incidental kind; and should perhaps hardly rank as one of the native interests or attractions.

Were it not for its climate I should personally think Engelberg a very suitable spot for a long summer stay. But

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unfortunately the air is decidedly relaxing, surprisingly so considering its height; this being no doubt due to the presence of an ancient lake-bed, long filled up, but still flat and in places marshy. Geologically no doubt this is as interesting as the Berliner is anthropologically and the discussing of this lake-bed compared with existing lakes in the neighbourhood, the Trubsee and the Engstlen-see provides the most entertaining discourse if one is fortunate enough, as I have been, to walk those parts with a companion equally distinguished as a geologist and a mountain climber. The mountains in the Engelberg entourage are of course not the highest; but it is extremely easy when resident there to make a few days' expedition to the grander peaks, and meantime there is an infinity of rambles and scrambles, and some fairly exciting rock-climbs as the Adler-spitze on the Spannorts for instance, or the little roof-ridge or traverse on the Spitzman, the Winkelplank stock. A whole summer with a fair average of fine weather is not sufficient to exhaust the neighbourhood for those who enjoy as much as most things a twelve or fifteen hours out from dark to dark alone, or with a chosen friend, finding their own way, and carrying their own everything.

The advantage of Grindelwald is, of course, its closeness to the real mountains. The disadvantage, from the point of view I am taking, that these dwarf all other things, and make the lesser expeditions, on what may be called the green side of the valley, seem less worth doing. Nothing can be more simply pleasurable than a long solitary ramble to the Schwarzhorn—or over the ridge to the Giessbach—or along the ridge to the Schynige Platte. But it is a little difficult all the time to possess your soul in patience and get the full enjoyment out of these places, with the great glaciers and glories calling imperatively to you all the while from across the valley. But I need not say much of Grindelwald. Every one now knows Grindelwald, with its crawling railways to the Scheidegg, and its crawling carriages to the Upper Gletscher, and its twice or thrice a week deliveries of labelled excursionists, and the

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blatant exploitation of its mountains as mere baits for the sightseer. It seems wonderful that any real mountain-lover can care to go to Grindelwald, where everything is done to vulgarise the sublime and sublimate the vulgar. But thanks to the infinite power of Nature and the comparatively feeble powers even of railway engineers, the prevailing and underlying feeling of the place—the glory of the mountain masses and the stimulation of the neighbouring snowfields—still remains, and overcomes all that is distasteful; and I do not think it is fanciful to see the working of this power, the influence of this pervading charm, in the character of the inhabitants of Grindelwald, who are as yet very little spoiled by all that one would have expected to destroy their simplicity. This is pre-eminently so in the case of the guides; but it is noticeable, and perhaps more remarkable, even in the hotel-keepers and tradesfolk. No doubt, however, most members of the Alpine Club treat Grindelwald mainly as a base of operations, a mere halfway-house to the various mountain huts. They go there to do certain well-known climbs, or perhaps to try new ways up or down old mountains. But there is many a delight to be found in a long summer spent there quite unguessed at by the passing visitor. Mr. Coolidge's little handbook gives very good general guidance to all the charming walks to be had among the lower hills; but there are infinite variations, and every one can find for himself there some special walk or particular climb to make his own. The ridge of the Hörnli or the Mittelberg still offer many snug rock-climbs where one may venture without guide and alone—after all the most delightful of all ways of climbing.

Still, on the whole, for real enjoyment I think it is best to fix one's abode rather among the lower mountains, and leave the greater ones for occasional excursions. In this way one gets the full enjoyment of both. One is not tempted to despise the humbler pleasures by the dominance of the higher; nor in retrospect is there the regret of having passed unnoticed

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many delights in the supreme rapture of the big climb. For, as has been well said,

> There are a thousand joyous things in life
> That pass unnoticed in a life of joy;

and in climbing great peaks one necessarily neglects the charms of many lesser ones.

And this brings me naturally to the third of the Swiss resorts of which I spoke, the little village of Champéry, at the head of the Val d'Illiez, in the Valais. I do not know that I should expect others to feel the same, but for myself I have no hesitation in saying that this comparatively humble place has an almost unique charm and attractiveness. Partly, no doubt, because having been there now many times I am familiar with almost every bit of it; and many of the inhabitants are warm friends. But I do not think it is only so; for I regret to notice the yearly increasing number of visitors to this out-of-the-road nook; and in the last twelve years or so there is an immense difference in the number and kind of people who go there. One class, however, rarely visits the place; and that is climbers and members of the Alpine Club; and, therefore, at the risk of telling some of my hearers things they know well, I will briefly speak of this green valley-end, nestling under the knees of the Dent-du-Midi, where, on fine Sundays, the village priest solemnly gives leave to his flock to get in their hay; where a single hand-loom still weaves the thick Champéry cloth—lady visitors occasionally have skirts made of it; and where among the upper pastures the female inhabitants still wear in a most neat, modest, and eminently practical form those convenient garments which the selfishness of man has reserved for his own use.

Champéry lies at the head of the Val d'Illiez, a lateral valley at right angles to the valley of the Rhone: preserving still some of the characteristics of those hanging valleys with regard to which my geological friend before mentioned has the most ingenious and engaging theories. At the mouth of the

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valley are found those marvels of glaciation, the enormous erratic blocks of silver-white granite which have been so often described. Alas, many of the finest, including that noble block which used to lie among the chestnut trees close to the road above Monthey, have been destroyed and used for purposes of building. All the vineyard walls are made of this stone, as well as a great many of the houses and buildings in Monthey and the hamlets near. An attempt was made to save this particular block, known as the Pierre à Martin; but the sum demanded, 6500 francs, could not be raised, and the whole block is now cut up and gone.[1]

I read in "Ball's Guide" that "to a mountaineer Champéry is not nearly as attractive as Sixt or Salvan, but it is very easy of access, and has good wine." I was greatly pleased to find this remark in such a work, appealing, as it does, to a much wider circle of climbers than any words of mine will reach. Because it allows me to speak freely of the charms of the place, without risk of finding certain pet climbs and private ways up invaded by better climbers, and becoming hackneyed routes. For there are in this neighbourhood many spots of exquisite beauty; and climbs—not, of course, the highest—but of great interest. And the immense advantage, from the point of view of this paper, is the number of châlets which can be taken for the summer, at quite reasonable rents. There may be other places in Switzerland where this is the case; but I have not been able to find any

[1] Since writing these words, I have learned of a still greater loss threatening. At this moment, I am informed, the still finer block known as the Bloc des Marmettes, which lies above the roadway, and is the most wonderful monument of this enormous glacial energy, a huge mass of 2000 cubic metres, is itself in danger. It has been sold to a stone merchant to be quarried. The municipality of Monthey has interfered, and stayed the destroyer's hand temporarily, by an appeal to the Federal Tribunal. But the sum necessary to preserve it permanently is 27,000 francs—over £1000; and a subscription is now open for the purpose of raising this sum. The block is so interesting that it would be an everlasting loss to the place and to geology if it were allowed to disappear.

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where there is such a comparatively large choice of comfortable private residences. Once established there, what a delightful range of walks and excursions there is—of all distances and all kinds of difficulty: from an afternoon's training scramble (ending in a view) up the Croix de Culet, or the Dent de Bonaveau, to an eighteen hours' expedition over the Tour Sallières and the Mont Ruan: from a breezy upland walk among the green Savoy hills, to an arduous rock-climb on the more difficult points of the Dents de Midi: and always, as the reward of almost every climb in this region, you have the glorious view of the Mont Blanc range—silver thrones set along the blue horizon, enchanting in distance, tempting in nearness, inspiration to the dreamer, stimulus to the climber. Ah! and there is one valley there, high up, walled in with rocks and low peaks—threaded with a swift but not too headlong torrent—the valley levelled by long years of overflowing waters, and silted mountain-wreckage: paved in July with all the loveliest of the Swiss flowers, set so thick that the foot can hardly pass without crushing pansies or gentians, or groups of delicate harebells, of rare blue or rarer white, among the golden hawkweed. I know no valley more lovely in Switzerland: and you have it all to yourself, so rarely does any visitor pass.

> O valley safe in fancy's land,
> Not tramped to mud yet by the million.

But to descend to the more prosaic side of châlet-life. I have sometimes been asked whether it is not a very expensive way of getting a Swiss outing. My experience is certainly that it is not. Provided, that is, that you wish to go for some time, and go, either in a family party, or several friends together. One can get quite a large-sized châlet for 1200 francs for the whole summer: there are also smaller ones at a lower rate; and a few better ones for rather more. The catering is very easy: as there are first-class provision shops—butcher, baker, groceries—in the village: and butter, milk, and cream are naturally very cheap. A few years ago I used

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to calculate that living there was considerally cheaper than in England: but the prices have somewhat risen since then: and there is less difference. One can get excellent Swiss wine in cask very cheap: and fill one's own flasks or bottles for oneself or one's guides in expeditions. The tinned *Saxon* soups and meats are also extraordinarily cheap and good, and can be bought in the village. There is now electric light in many of the châlets. Firing is perhaps the most expensive item: but one does not want very much, once the cook learns to use the stoves properly. I have always found that English servants enjoy Swiss life very much, and readily pick up the ways and even the language. A good-looking young guide was quite ready to take our English maid (also good-looking) for a walk, and she quite ready to accompany him: although neither understood one word of the other's language. So that there must plainly be some mode of communication surviving from the remote common ancestry of the races. Also it is usually possible to get extra service locally.

These domestic details are, I fear, sadly away from the ideal side of mountains. But in the châlet-life of which I am singing the praises they become of much importance, and I mention them partly to show how little difficulty there is in planting a temporary household in a Swiss village.

The enormous advantage of this châlet-life is its freedom. You can eat what you like, and when you like: you can have a simple "English" or roast joint, and as training a menu as if you were rowing at Oxford or Cambridge. You can get up when you like, and go to bed when you like, undisturbed by your neighbours' early rising or late dancing. Moreover, you can choose your days for your expeditions, and only go when the weather pleases you and you feel quite fit; and by settling in one place for a whole summer, even with occasional absences for bigger climbs and grander excursions, you acquire an intimate and personal familiarity with every rock and valley, which gives a home-like charm and a feeling almost of ownership. The difference between this way of life in Switzerland and

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the ordinary hotel life of a few days in one centre and a few in another, is much like the difference of owning books and getting them from a circulating library. In the one case you read hastily and acquire a general idea; in the other you absorb and assimilate and draw into the soul all that is lovely and treasurable.

Above all, you can enjoy what is certainly the most absolutely enjoyable form of climbing—climbing alone. I say this with fear and trembling, because I have been often warned by much better climbers than myself that one of the first and great commandments in the Alpine Club decalogue forbids to climb quite alone. But I have sometimes dared to wonder whether this law was not framed, or at least kept up, merely to heighten pleasure by the feeling of wrong-doing. As the famous citizen over his loin of roast pork expressed regret that he was not a Jew, to add a last epicurean zest of law-breaking to his enjoyment of it. For certainly many climbers—need I name them?—have done the thing; and one, whose untimely death was not in the least due to this practice, actually dares to say outright—and his words are in a printed book—what I should otherwise have hardly ventured to hint, that to climb alone is the most delightful of all climbing. Of course it must be limited by obvious prudences. Except in dire necessity I presume no member of the Alpine Club would cross a glacier where the crevasses were hidden, alone or unroped—an act of ignorance or rashness which only three years ago left empty a special niche in the world of book-lore which has not been filled and may not be filled in this generation. This, and other obvious risks, as on bad rock or in the neighbourhood of falling stones, should be rigorously refused by the solitary climber. But even with these limitations there is much real climbing work that may be safely done. And in such a stay as I am describing this particular pleasure has special chances. One may try a climb again and again till one finds the one way to do it; one may find out-of-the-way creeps, and chimneys unknown to any guide. One may make most

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interesting ascents of rocks or points too humble to attract mountaineers; and please oneself with the fancy that it is a first ascent. For to the climber without guides who finds his own way unaided every peak is really a first ascent, just as much as if no foot had ever been set upon it before, and there is so much pleasure in this feeling of a first ascent that I sometimes think it is rather selfish of alpinists not to keep such things to themselves.

If only less were said, still more if only less were written and printed, about climbing, how much pleasure would be left to a world now using up its pleasures almost as fast as it is consuming its coal-fields; and now that the illustrated climbing article has become a feature of the modern magazine, and that latest invention of the Devil—the cinematograph—however he wishes us to pronounce it—reproduces sham accidents and jerky step-cutting as representing the life of the mountaineer, how is this noblest and most inspiring of pursuits becoming vulgarised and profaned! History repeats itself; and we can now again realise the full import of the Roman poet's sarcastic advice to the President of the Carthaginian Alpine Club:

> I demens curre per Alpes
> Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.
>
> Go, climb your mountains, fool, and help the sale
> Of the *Boy's Own Paper* or the *Daily Mail*.

If these illustrated articles, and photographs of roped climbers suspended by their eyelashes or the skin of their teeth in plainly impossible situations, if these things really made for true mountain-love and mountain-knowledge and mountain-reverence, then they might have some educational value, and philosophy and philanthropy might encourage them. But in any case the Alpine Club should not, any more than a Trade Union would encourage tempting articles on the joys of bricklaying or boiler-riveting. After all, although we also have our "May Meetings," we are not merely a religious body, nor primarily a Missionary Society. We do not claim that our climbing of mountains makes the world better, as football

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does or pheasant-shooting. Nor, again, do we seek subscriptions from the public, and so need to draw attention to our doings by self-advertisement. Nor, again, being a non-political body, do we need to influence the public by pictures suggesting that men may walk with ropes round their waists without being in a condition of slavery.

All this exploitation of mountains is of course absolutely abhorrent to the true mountaineer. For one thing it tends to crowd the mountains with a host of men, women and children, tied on to ropes, and pulled by guides like sheep—only, alas, not to the slaughter; and such an incident as the following becomes possible on one of the most famous of mountains. A party of young men and women, happy in health, wealth and ignorance, hired a sufficiency of guides and set out to what they called climb—I will not mention the mountain. They picnicked at the hut; and next day some of them duly reached the top, and returned, burning with self-esteem, to be photographed, roped together, before the hotel. But one member of the party, less capable than the others, failed to reach the top, and became too much exhausted to be dragged home even by two stalwart guides. It (forgive me for disguising the gender by the neuter pronoun) passed the night under a rock, with one burly guide for its mattress, and another for its coverlet, thus keeping warmth and vitality; and in the morning was safely restored to its family. In the photograph the face of one of the guides, presumably the one who had acted as mattress, had a curious flattened and distorted appearance, as if it had borne, for some time, the pressure of a heavy body. But the flatness may, of course, have been only the natural expression of face after an unsuccessful climb, or even due to the amateur photographer.

These somewhat desultory remarks have drawn me far away from the main object of this paper, which is to bring out the ideal side of mountain climbing. There are many alleged explanations of this passion which have been formulated to refute the charge of mere folly and foolhardiness, which at one

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time was brought against climbers. Some climb mountains for statistical reasons, to have been so many times above 10,000 feet, or to have done fifty peaks and passes in fifty days; some for scientific reasons, to study the flow of glaciers or count the red corpuscles in a guinea-pig's blood; some from a spirit of imitation, to do what others have done; some from a spirit of emulation, to do what others have done. These and a dozen other excuses have been offered to pacify the habitual British attitude of mind: "What's the use?" And if climbers ever did as cricketers and golfers and other enthusiasts, and fell to talking shop, these are the kind of objects that would be taken for granted as underlying and dignifying the talk of chimneys and crevasses and hand-holds and step-cuttings.

One reason is never given openly, rather is disguised and hidden and never even allowed in suggestion, and I venture to think it is because it is really the inmost moving impulse in all true mountain-lovers, a feeling so deep and so pure and so personal as to be almost sacred—too intimate for ordinary mention. That is this ideal joy that only mountains give—the unreasoned, uncovetous, unworldly love of them we know not why, we care not why, only because they are what they are; because they move us in some way which nothing else does; so that some moment in a smoke-grimed railway carriage, when in the pure morning air the far off cloud of Mont Blanc suddenly hung above the mists as we rounded the curves beyond Vallorbes, or, still fairer, from the slopes near Neuchâtel, the whole Bermese range slept dreamlike in the lake at our feet, lives in any memories above a hundred more selfish, more poignant joys; and we feel that a world that can give such rapture must be a good world, a life capable of such feeling must be worth the living.

F. W. Bourdillon.

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THREE GARDENS AND A GARRET

I KNEW it belonged to me as soon as I set foot in it. I was following the little lame landlord across the floor towards the windows when something as real as a presence stopped me suddenly at the hearth, with an inward clench of conviction that here was the end of my quest. This was my dwelling-place; here I could be at home.

I had known it waited for me somewhere—that bare, white, sunny, silent space of mine so often lived in in my dreams—and as I wandered north, south, east, and west, the wiser half of me had been aware that I was not really hunting for a lodging: I was but idly marking time till the mother-heart of the great city should show me the niche it was keeping for me.

And on the third day of search, led by what seemed the casual sight of a name suggesting the peaceful student ways and cloistral dignity of ancient college quads, I had come to my own.

High up above the red-tiled roofs of an old-fashioned quarter where the houses still dream of the high-waisted and low-slippered ladies, the be-powdered and lace-ruffled men who used to grace their sombre panelled rooms; thrown out by itself in a little tower away from the main building, as if the romance of the neighbourhood, hard pressed by the besieging force of modern economy, had avenged itself upon its enemy at this point by beguiling the architect into an absurd extrava-

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gance; this garret had the unwonted luxury of three outside walls, and a stone staircase to flank the fourth. No sandwiched feeling here to fret a hermit soul: such aerial spaces gave more than a moorland freedom.

One glance from the first of the three windows in reassurance of what I had already guessed—free sky, and trees, and misty distance—yes, it was good enough: one could dwell here contentedly, unirked by any need to rebuild the place in imagination as an apology to one's self for living in it.

A week for the lustral rites, and I was in possession. Then, because there awaited me such wealth of joy within, I must needs turn my attention outwards, as a lover will look everywhere but into the eyes of the beloved when the awe of his love is upon him.

But not so could I escape the Presence on my hearth. Its reflection met me in all I saw without.

For my three neighbours were solitaries all, and, little as perhaps they dreamed it, were devotees of the same cult.

Westward, under a vast space of sky which flames at sunset into titanic splendours, my window looks upon the garden of an old surgeon long retired from active service, but bluff and jolly as the ivied Bacchus on his terrace, to whom he nods as to a life-long friend over his port on summer evenings. Those two have seen some festive times in the low broad house facing the narrow lane where a turnpike still bars the way to adventurous motor-cars, which sometimes risk a short cut to the bridge beyond and find themselves caught as in a trap, whence they struggle out backwards to the jeers of the ubiquitous small boy.

From the discreet professional air with which the dwelling fronts the world one could gather nothing of the jovial affluence held in reserve at the back, where three big creeper-covered bays look out upon as many acres of lawn and wood and garden.

Sheltered by house and stables from the north, and dividing them from the first acre of scrupulously kept lawn and flower-

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beds, is a twelve-foot gravel terrace, running for sixty yards due east and west; and here on the driest, sunniest days the grizzled head and stalwart form of the owner may be seen leisurely pacing up and down his favourite walk. He never ventures further even in his own domain, for, in spite of his libations to the god of joy and inspiration, gout has him by the toe, and nowadays the mellow turf, so long and jealously preserved, responds to none but the gardener's foot.

It is a brave old figure, of a type fast making way for one whose beauty is less easily discerned. Except for the hands, it might pass for that of a champion boxer who had left the ring before it had degraded the very physique which was its glory. But no bruiser ever had hands quickened to such fine intelligence that the fingers, like sensitive antennæ, seem to have developed special brains of their own, by which feeling combines the powers of all the other senses, and to touch is to see, hear, taste, and smell.

Hands of this high order, obedient to the behests of a soul whose love for the Hellenic ideals of physical beauty expressed itself in correcting the ugliness of disease in the human body of to-day, must have been endowed with a healing grace which no learning of the schools could impart.

At its western end the terrace turns at right angles into a path which runs for a hundred yards along a herbaceous border protected by an old red wall, and ends in seven steps leading up to the second acre, laid out as a kitchen garden, as neat and flat and square as a chess-board. Each bed is trimly shut in by box-edged paths, where never a weed or leaf escapes the gardener's hand. It is so carefully kept, the soil is so rich from years of generous tendance, that the crops look strong and cheerful as in any rural garden, and the gnarled old fruit-trees, whose blossom hides the black earth in spring, still seem to bear as comfortable a harvest of pears and plums and apples as in their early days, when, instead of wharves and factory chimneys, sweet open meadows stretched between them and the river.

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But the heart of the garden is in the third acre, where the trees are thick and tall, and the moss-grown paths wind in and out in curves of enchanting mystery, and the dew, and the frost, and the wind, and the sunlight play as they will on the broad untrodden spaces of green grass, where even the gardener comes but once a year, and then only to gather the fallen leaves.

The path to this place of hidden sweetness has faded to a faint wavering line through the shrubs at the other end of the terrace, where, to the uninitiated eye, they form a wind-break to the north-east round a square brick summer-house heavily overgrown with jasmine, and a wooden seat built round a chestnut-tree, whose stoutest arm holds out a swing. Behind these obvious attractions, the ghost of a path disappears into a tangle of evergreens, to emerge into a quite different world: a world of wayward and romantic beauty, which contrasts as sharply with the utilitarian precision, the conventional respectability of the rest of the garden, as if some dithyrambic quality in the owner's soul, too strong to be outworn by a lifetime of professional materialism, still reserved to itself in this wild acre, the right of free expression.

For here he has set up stone symbols of that early Nature-worship which marked the happy childhood of the race; and when the winds and frosts have brought down the shrouding leaves, white limbs and laughing faces of fauns and dryads glimmer through the branches, under which they stand concealed from the glare of summer, and seem to wait for the return of that truant lord who has deserted their woodland secrecy for the open ways of men. Of all the troop, only the god himself has dared the daylight, and stands forth upon the terrace, jocund, exultant, as the tutelary genius of the frank old pagan whose homage he receives. But those shy creatures of the elemental world keep to the twilight of the trees, old growths of ash and plane, acacia, beech, and elm, in whose venerable silence a recluse might meditate serenely as in a Himalayan forest, with no sound harsher than the cawing of

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rooks overhead, no vision ruder than the waving of grass at his feet.

So lonely, indeed, is this garden, and that also of my neighbour to the south, that one might almost fancy their owners refrained from breaking in upon such solitude that the eyes of all the hundreds within sight of it might share the joy of undisturbed possession. For as they are, empty and unused, yet cared for, these gardens are a visible peace, an actual perfection of silence and repose, at the service of every soul whose eyes from any overlooking window may wander along their quiet paths, or rest upon their fresh untrampled sward.

My second window looks upon the house and garden of an artist whose studio window-blinds were so long drawn down when first I came to my garret that I began to wonder if he would ever come back from those interminable wanderings in Italy, whence he would send from time to time a diary in the shape of various potteries and sculptures, which were always respectfully unpacked by his man-servant on the gravel space before the studio door. These treasures were carried in and hidden away from vagrant eyes within a few hours of their arrival: all but two huge terra-cotta oil-jars, which to this hour remain outside, in startling contrast to the prim little Kate Greenaway house of yellow stucco with its square green boxes on each side of the porch holding bunched heads of bay perched upon long stiff stems like evergreen mops turned upside down.

There was a strained attentive look about the place, as if the very doors and windows listened for the step of the absent master, and the servants seemed driven to cleaning the same thing ten times over for want of some more cheerful occupation.

Every morning the man came out with a flourish of broom and pail to scrub the long path of red tiles leading up to the house from the garden door in the high yellow wall on the street. The zeal with which he scrubbed and swilled those tiles to keep their colour fresh as on the day they were laid

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down was only equalled by the anxious care with which he spread clean sacks and dust-cloths over all the surrounding gravel when he had to undergo the ordeal of replenishing his master's coal-cellar. For the coal-shoot opens right in the midst of his fleckless courtyard, and no eighteenth-century spinster ever fussed over the washing of her china more punctiliously than this faithful soul over the ground his master treads on.

It is a merciful dispensation that such an artist should have such a retainer, for if his outward comfort were in the custody of less devoted hands and heart his lease of life might be a short one.

Clearly he has never known how to be at home in his body. The restless, questing soul of him looks out through the hungry eyes of a face as hypersensitive as a naked nerve.

To turn from the massive calm of the old surgeon's self-contentment and watch this other neighbour of mine go down the street is to pass from one world to another, to step suddenly from the simplicity of the physical plane of evolution to the bewildering complexities of the psychic.

As he urges his unhappy body forward with the desperate intensity of that neurosis of genius which is divided by less than a hair's breadth from the neurosis of disease, every line of the long lean form betrays that it is tense as a tuned harp to the faintest vibration he meets by the way, as well as to the fever of thought and feeling for ever fretting him from within.

In the sedate deliberate order of his house and garden might almost be read a pathetic attempt to surround himself with the outward signs of peace, in the hope that by subconscious response to the unobtrusive suggestion of environment he may acquire the poise he lacks.

There is an air of studied quietness as of a hermit's room about the large rectangular lawn enclosed by buttressed walls hung thick with ivy, and margined by square-tiled paths whose brilliant red makes the grass look green as a water-meadow. Three poplars stand at its farther end, and alone in its midst

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grows an old pear-tree which, for one radiant month each year, the Spring transforms into a presence like that of "the Bride of all Delight," whose beauty heightens the blue over-head, and deepens the green under-foot.

Beyond this garden of the seeking soul stretch acres of low grey roofs, broken here and there by spires and towers and misty tree-tops, whose outlines merge into the soft monotones of cloud and river haze, which hide all sordid detail, and harmonise the whole into the dim and indeterminate beauty of a dream.

For so subtle is the effect of this strange London climate that even in full sunlight as one looks at the scene it is hard to say where the cloud-fabric ends and the houses made with hands begin. An ever-changing mystery is the note of it all, mystery which hangs like a half-transparent veil revealing yet concealing the beatific vision of the true and perfect city whose foundations underlie these insubstantial structures of brick and stone which seem so real and change with every breath.

The hour of clearest vision is when day breaks over the nuns' garden to the East, and shields of golden light flash back from all the gloomy ramparts of the sky as if innumerable hosts of shining ones acclaimed their Leader's signal to advance and rout the darkness of the world. In the morning hush the convent bell rings clear and deep for Prime, a distant throbbing starts in the factory engines by the river, and from the elms behind the convent comes the long-drawn warning call of the rooks as they wheel about their nests.

For the nuns too have their delectable secret, a little green field of their own, where now and then a flock of young things in shroud-like veils wanders slowly over the grass beneath the trees, shepherded by the Mother of the Novices, a stout, comfortable body, with wise old eyes not easily to be deceived, and a mouth which looks both tender and inexorable.

It is evidently a happy sort of schooling she gives her charges, for the white veils flutter round the black one like

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bees round a honey-jar, and the youthful feet instinctively subdue their springing gait to the slow and measured paces of the aged lady.

The meadow with its rookery seems to be set apart for them, for they always disappear in the direction of the chapel, of which one mullioned window is just visible through the trees, and they never come back to the convent by the shorter way through the garden, where a beech spreads its great drooping branches like a tent, and a golden yew "makes sunshine in a shady place," and a juniper bush bears fragrant red berries for winter days, and a cedar of Lebanon gives its sweetness to the winds of summer. Of these delights no one takes heed, unless perchance they please for a moment the lay-sister who hurries past them with bent head on her way to the kitchen garden to cull herbs for the refectory table.

There is at least one soul, though, in that community who loves a garden and all other pleasant things, for on a certain wintry day when the grass was grey with frost and the walls were white with rime, two nuns came out into the visitors' courtyard to give orders for the laying of fresh gravel and the disposition of a piece of waste land bordering the drive.

One of them, the spokeswoman, was evidently the senior in years and in rank, but as evidently the junior in intelligence; and the face of her companion, who stood slightly behind her as she gave her directions to the gardener, was eloquent of a vehement impulse to speak her mind in defiance of all decorum and discipline. Her nervous hands opened and shut impetuously as they hung at her sides, and again and again her eager lips parted as if the words springing from her heart would be controlled no longer. Once some half-articulate sound must have escaped the rigid repression of her will, for the old nun's head turned sharply towards her, and her own bent meekly under the implied reproof. The gardener scratched his ear and fidgeted as if he wished he had to deal with the wits of the young sister, whose eyes in a single glance conveyed more sense about outdoor things than all the other's chatter; but

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the eyes that knew were not again raised from the ground, and the interview resulted in a shrubbery adorned with clumps of half-baked clinkers from the nearest gasworks, and a variety of useless little paths, which carefully led the eye to the dingy blank of the boundary wall. At this work of suburban art the gardener toiled for a fortnight with dubious face, but it seemed entirely to represent the elder nun's ideal of garden beauty, for she beamed and nodded like a mandarin when she came out again to inspect it at the finish.

And yet, as it stands there in its vulgar, wasteful stupidity, it bears a significant relation to all that lies beyond it. A stranger entering that enclosure and seeing its barren ugliness would get from it no hint of the beautiful old walled garden on the other side of the boundary, or of the still more beautiful meadow with its rookery elms. Like the Church to which it belongs, the place keeps the sweetness of its mysteries for the elect and faithful who live within.

Ah, that *within-ness!* The feeling of the word lures the heart back with joy to its *garite*, its place of refuge and of wholeness, where, safe from the strife of opposites, healed of inertia and violence, it rests secure in the knowledge that nothing can hurt, disturb, offend, or make afraid.

No wonder that the "Poet or Maker of Ideas" should have been wont to dwell in a garret. What abode could be more fitting than one whose very name reminds him of his high calling and its power to heal the souls of men?

The old French *guarir*, *warir*, to protect, defend, preserve, keep safe, take care of (from the early Germanic *warjan*, to guard), has come to mean, in the *guérir* of to-day, rather the restoration than the preservation of well-being, the recovery of lost health rather than the safe-guarding of a treasure already possessed. And so, the Lover of the Word, aloft in his watch-tower under the roof, is kept in mind of its double purpose, and of the ancient warning that he who would heal must first himself be whole.

If this, then, be the soul of the garret—the thought and

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feeling of it—its body or visible part must needs be, as far as possible, a symbol of that interior silence which reveals the Spirit, or Being, of the word.

Poverty, chastity, obedience—triple vow of the monastic life — that is the description of the ideal garret. But it must be a *bareness* which, like the fine frugality of the multi-millionaire, tells of the fulfilment, not the starvation, of desire: it must be a *whiteness* of passion no longer shunned and dreaded as a force hostile to righteousness, but known, controlled, sublimed into an exhaustless source of power: it must be *order* which expresses the freed man's involuntary yielding to the inspiration of grace, rather than a slave's submission to the law.

To have a room sweet, simple, serviceable, would seem to be easy enough, and yet it takes years to learn the art of living without lumber. We cling so hard to our superficial weaknesses that their very record is dear to us, and we are slow to disenchant our minds of attachment to those accumulated things which represent the ever-changing mask of mood, rather than the deep clean outlines of essential character.

When I came into possession of my garret its white nakedness was in itself so perfect that for many days I squatted happily alone upon the floor with nothing in it but a fire, acquainting myself with the sweet soul of the place, and mentally passing in review everything that belonged to me to see what could fitly claim its hospitality as part of the organic structure of my life. And as, one by one, I brought each once-treasured object before the Presence on the hearth, It smiled at me, and I knew I had no further use for that thing. It was no longer good enough. Books, pictures, sculptures, carvings, hangings, furnishings, of it all I found I needed only something to sleep on, something to write on; and as I mused as to what might be the perfect form of each, since all I had ever used had been found wanting to some vague standard which haunted me the more persistently for being indefinable—the long-quiescent cells of earliest memory yielded up their hoard,

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and in a flash I knew that I had been ever groping backward through the dark of intervening years to recover the lost treasure of a happy childhood. The cycle was complete. I had come home at last, and on the threshold rose to welcome me the gladness of life's unremembered morning, bringing to light that long-obscured ideal of a perfect dwelling-room, which had been unconsciously formed in me by the sweet Asiatic souls whose language and whose country were then more familiar to me than my own.

For the four qualities prescribed by the famous Cha-jin Rikiu as indispensable to the national tea ceremony of Japan, have been diffused, through the social ritual of the cultured, into the humblest lives, and the dress, speech, laughter, manners, gestures, tones, of my Japanese amahs—their very room with its open sun-lit spaces, its smiling reticence, its emptiness so full of blithe content—expressed the "purity, peacefulness, reverence and abstraction" ordained by the great philosopher.

So, a matting-covered floor, a low divan, a pine-branch, and a Japanese writing-table to be used sitting on the ground, and my garret felt as home-like as all other Western rooms had hitherto been strange.

The Eastern idea of cleanliness, which keeps all that belongs to the purification of the body separate from the place of sleep, is based upon a finer intelligence in these matters than yet obtains in the West. To the metaphysical Hindu, Buddhist, Tao-ist, Shinto-ist, sleep is sacred as the subjective state into which the soul voluntarily withdraws from the sense-world, to receive the inspiration of its indwelling Spirit; but the more material mind of the European tends to look upon sleep as an animal necessity to which man is subject in common with the beasts of the field; and such an idea, prevailing as the genius of the sleep-place, dedicates it to the dark silence of inertia, rather than to the white silence of illumination. Yet this same Illumination, or super-consciousness, is the end of all our striving, for whether we come from

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east or west, the goal of our aspiration, however little it may at times appear to be so, is nothing less than To Know, and To Be, the *Whole*.

The lover of the garret will find its heart of flaming joyousness even more intimately expressed by the favourite mystic formula of "Purgation, Contemplation, Illumination," than by the neutral beauty of the conventual vow. The three-fold hempen cord of "Poverty, Chastity, Obedience" kindles into a radiance of golden strands as it catches the glow of the more vital words; and Poverty, in its cathartic essence, is seen to be freedom from all pre-occupation with the senses; Chastity becomes the singleness of mind, or purity from all pre-conceived ideas, necessary to the practice of true contemplation; and Obedience is recognised as that final state of surrender which enables the soul to receive "as a little child" the mysteries of the Kingdom of Eternal Consciousness.

Suddenly, as with waiting pen I sit and watch the firelight flush the walls to the faint rose of snow at sunset, a boy's voice soars into the stillness, singing for sheer joy of life as he saunters idly past on his way to the seething slum close by, where at midnight the hot-blooded Italians of the quarter settle their fierce disputes with cries of "Dio! Dio!"

Jerusalem the Golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

Up from the squalid street each note comes clean as a pearl, sweet as a rose, purging the soul with wonder and delight. This song of the Heavenly City,—do my neighbours hear it? The man of Science, with the Eager Hands devoted to the Beauty of the Body; the man of Art, with the Eager Eyes

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ever seeking the elusive Beauty of the Soul; the Nun of the Eager Mouth, vowed to the Silent Beauty of the Spirit; do their hearts listen and thrill in unison as the child's voice sings of that inextinguishable Passion for Perfection beating in the life-blood of each one of them, in ceaseless reminder that the Kingdom they seek is *within?*

A. M. Curtis.

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CHARACTER IN LETTER-WRITING

THE late Lady Burton, widow of the famous Sir Richard Burton, once remarked to me that she thought it "the height of discourtesy to leave letters unanswered, even letters from strangers." For this reason, though generally extremely busy, she made it a rule to set aside one whole day a week, which she spent in answering letters, many from persons she had never even heard of, and in glancing through books of many sorts and kinds sent to her by authors anxious to have her opinion. And she used to say that she considered letters received from total strangers to be among the most interesting she got.

In the pursuit of an avocation that necessitates my writing to persons of many sorts and conditions, and in many different ranks in life, and that, I am afraid, occasionally necessitates my worrying strangers, I have for some years past been afforded opportunities of judging character, not by handwriting, for the great majority of busy men and women nowadays employ secretaries, but by the way in which letters are expressed. A great number of persons to whom I wrote in the first instance as a total stranger I have since come to know personally, and intimately, and in few cases indeed have I found that the opinion I had formed of these individuals, judging solely by the way they expressed themselves in their letters, had been a false opinion.

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The letters I have received from persons to whom my name is, or was, quite unknown—and the total number of these letters runs into hundreds—may, broadly speaking, be divided into three sets; namely, the courteous, the discourteous, and the strictly formal. And here let me say at once that I have found that, contrary to the popular belief, true courtesy has nothing whatever to do with good breeding. I have had letters from men and women who can trace their pedigrees back almost "so far that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," that were courteous in the extreme in tone and style; but I have also many letters from persons of equally good breeding that only a man who at heart was a snob, or a sycophant, or a prig, could have written. Upon the other hand I find among the pile of letters before me as I write, communications from both men and women of very humble origin, but who have now risen to eminence, that for consideration, kindly feeling, and very great courtesy, could hardly be excelled. Indeed, upon comparing the one set with the other I find, to my astonishment, that the balance of courtesy rests with the latter. The letters that the least afford indications to their writers' characteristics, temperament, or peculiarities, are, of course, those communications that are of a strictly formal nature.

Though unable to speak from personal knowledge, I have it on the best of authority that the members of our Royal Family, and their immediate representatives, invariably adopt an extremely gracious tone when replying to letters of inquiry on matters of general interest, which is what one might have expected. The many members of Parliament to whom I have, from first to last, had occasion to write, have almost all answered by return of post and in a very friendly way. Not so a great many Army officers, and I do not recollect ever receiving from any one of the gentlemen until recently connected with our War Office, a letter, in reply to an inquiry, that was not more or less brusque. Indeed it was from a gentleman indirectly connected with the War Office when the

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late Government was in power that I received the following message written across a letter that I had sent to him: "Sir, I have looked in 'Debrett' but cannot find your name there," an unkind cut, seeing that I had not hinted at being so honoured. Naval officers, on the contrary, generally write in a very courteous tone—short, concise letters, that go straight to the point. When disinclined or unable to supply the information asked for they say so straightforwardly and have done with it. Naturally it must be borne in mind that I am speaking now of bodies of men collectively. There are exceptions in every instance.

The following letters form an example of the striking contrast there is in the way men answer inquiries put to them civilly. I had been commissioned to write an article on a question of some importance at the time I applied to them, and to obtain as much expert opinion upon the subject as possible. The letters I addressed to the various men I deemed in a position to furnish the information I needed were to all intents and purposes identical. It is not difficult to read between the lines the temperament of the man who wrote the following reply:

I shall have great pleasure in doing what you ask. This week, unfortunately, I am more than ordinarily busy; but you shall hear from me early in next week.

Nor the manner of the man who wrote the following in reply to the same inquiry:

I am not aware that I have the privilege of your acquaintance, and I decline absolutely to grant your impertinent request.

It was in reply to a similar letter of inquiry that the following answer reached me:

The enclosed slip contains the expression of my views upon the matter referred to in your letter, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for the compliment you pay me in desiring my opinion.

And the following:

In answer to your letter, —— desires me to say that he is not in the habit of conferring favours upon strange gentlemen.

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A lady I employed as secretary was directly responsible for the following two gems, which speak for themselves. Through an oversight she had addressed the letter intended for, let us call him Mr. Brown—though his name was not Brown—to Mr. Browne. By return of post Mr. Brown wrote:

I really am much too busy to answer letters from strangers, more especially from men who know so little about me as to write my name with an "e."

The other was yet more whimsical:

Sir John Smith presents his compliments, and wishes me to say that he is not in the habit of corresponding with lunatics.

Enclosed was the envelope that had contained my letter. It ought to have been addressed to Sir John Smith, Bart. Instead, the address, which was type-written, appeared, Sir John Smith, Rats. When I drew my secretary's attention to this trifling error in spelling she became almost hysterical. She declared that she had been very tired, and that when you become tired your type-writing machine is apt to take strange liberties—a statement that all who use a type-writing machine will know to be true. Consequently it was not until some weeks later, when a descriptive report of the movements of a great fog in the Channel, that I had dictated to her, appeared in the typoscript with the weird heading, "Great egg in the Channel," that I deemed it expedient to seek another assistant.

I could quote many more letters that serve to indicate the peculiarities of their writers' natures, but the foregoing will suffice for the moment. It is a curious yet indisputable fact, however, that quite a considerable section of the educated community is firmly imbued with the belief that a brusque, arrogant manner denotes strength of character. What can first have given rise to this erroneous supposition it is difficult to conceive. My own experience and observation lead me to conclude just the reverse. Almost all our successful organisers, pioneers in commerce, politicians, statesmen, literary men, lawyers, doctors, financiers, actors, artists of all kinds, are courteous in the extreme, and their courtesy is in most in-

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stances revealed in the tone of the letters they have occasion to write to persons with whom they are not acquainted. The successful men who lack courtesy have succeeded in spite of their unfortunate personality, not because of it. It was no less successful a man than Sir Alfred Jones who said to me only recently, "In these times no man has a right to be, or can afford to be, discourteous;" and as an after-thought he added, "even to his office boy."

The idea, prevalent in certain circles, that the newly-rich constitute, as a body, the least considerate if not the most snobbish and purse-proud class, is not borne out by facts. The remark made lately by a well-known diplomatist that "no snob is really so snobbish as a well-bred snob," is probably one of the truest of utterances. Judging by the tone of his letters, the modern man of humble origin, who has amassed wealth through his individual industry, is businesslike and methodical, but he is seldom overbearing. His shortcomings are a tendency to be patronising, and generally a lack of humour, the latter characteristic possibly denoting that Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was right when he recently pronounced a sense of humour to be "a hindrance to practical success in life," though one could wish this were not so. The great proportion of men who send post-cards "in haste" to say they are "much too busy to answer" belong almost always to the class that devotes several days a week to golf or some equally engrossing occupation. Men who really are busy find time to answer letters, and they answer usually by return. Mr. Gladstone used to answer every letter he received—begging letters from obvious impostors alone excepted—and he never dictated his replies; also, I believe I am right in saying, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain seldom leaves a letter unanswered.

Among my collection I find a few letters that can best be summed up in the one word "gushing." Experience teaches me that the habitual writer of the "gushing," frothy effusion, is seldom a man to be trusted. As a rule he ends by revealing himself to be a humbug, if not a hypocrite, and eight times out

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of ten he finishes by wanting something, it may be a loan, it may be only note of introduction. I print one specimen only of the "gushing" letter, word for word as I received it.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I was most charmed to receive your most courteous communication, which let me hasten to answer. I can assure you it will afford me the very greatest of satisfaction to show you . . . and to furnish you with every particular. But won't you come and lunch with me, and let me introduce you to my wife? I know she will be as delighted to make your acquaintance as I shall be; in fact, we are both quite looking forward to your visit. . . .

And so on. Yet there was no reason, there could not have been any reason, why this man, or his wife either, should honestly have looked forward to meeting me, a complete stranger. They had no interest in my concerns, and I had none in theirs. But before I quitted their "hospitable" roof they made use of every means of persuasion in their power to get me to write a newspaper article in praise of some property in which they were interested.

I feel it is almost unnecessary to mention that a considerable proportion of the people to whom one is compelled to apply for information at one time or other, do not reply. Such persons belong to one of three groups. The first group is made up of men and women who, being, to put it plainly, too lazy to write any letter they can avoid writing, are in the habit of remarking sententiously that they "don't answer more letters than they can help—on principle." The second group consists of well-meaning people either devoid of method, or addicted to procrastination, who will tell you semi-apologetically, when you meet them, that they "ought to have answered that letter of yours," but that they are "such shocking correspondents." The third group embraces the self-complacent little crowd who observe, when the subject of not answering letters is broached, that they find that "heaps of letters answer themselves," and they generally roll off this platitude as if it were an original phrase, whereas it dates back to the time of Disraeli. Some men become extremely

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annoyed when their letters are not answered, in the same way that others lash themselves into anger when they receive rude letters; but, to adapt to the present case the sentence of a famous statesman, "when there is so much in life that is really vexatious it would seem mere waste of animal economy to let such pin-pricks disturb one's equanimity."

I have been struck at discovering how deceptive handwriting often is as a true guide to the writer's habits. Letters well expressed, neatly written, and carefully punctuated, that ought, according to the canons of graphology, to emanate only from men of tidy and regular habits, come, as often as not, from individuals whose mode of living is quite the reverse, and whose "workshops" present the appearance of a waste-paper basket recently in eruption. Consequently I have found that a letter typewritten or dictated forms just as sure a key to the correspondent's temperament as one written by hand. Here, for instance, is a letter written at the instruction of a Royal Princess to a very famous vocalist that surely reveals the Royal lady's kindly nature, and her deep consideration for others, as accurately as if the written words were before us:

MY DEAR MADAME ——,

As you are always so kind, I come to ask you if it would be possible for you to hear a young girl sing, in whom the Queen takes much interest. She is the daughter of Mr. ——, one of the Queen's head servants, who has been fifty years in the Royal service, and she has been taught at the Musical Academy at South Kensington. The other day she sang there, and the Queen was so much struck by her fine contralto voice that she wished some one of musical influence could hear her. So we thought perhaps we might turn to you dear Madame ——, if it is not giving you too much trouble, and recommend this young girl to your kind interest. She is twenty-two, and, I believe, wishes to make singing her profession. Her elder sister is also very musical, and obtained the Duke of Edinburgh's prize for pianoforte playing at the same academy.

It was such a delight hearing you the other night in *Lohengrin*, and my husband was so pleased to hear you for the first time on the stage.

Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you again this autumn,

Believe me, dear Madame ——,

Yours very sincerely,

——

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And here is a letter in the same tone from another Royal lady that was received by the same artist:

My dear Madame ——,

You are always doing kind things for other people, will you do one more for me? The Conversazione of the . . . Nurses' Association, of which I am President, takes place on December 18, at the . . . Hundreds of nurses come from all parts of the Kingdom, and we always endeavour to provide some special pleasure for them. Would you—if you are free—give them the supreme pleasure of hearing you sing? Of course I shall be there myself, and if you can grant my petition I shall feel it only another proof of your friendship for me and mine.

Believe me,
Yours most sincerely and affectionately,
——.

Even more gracious was the letter she received upon another occasion from a reigning Sovereign abroad:

Acceptez tous mes remerciments, très chère Madame . . ., pour la généreuse contribution que vous venez d'offrir à l'hôpital qui porte mon nom. Cet acte de charité est digne de la grande artiste que nous voyons partir avec regret après l'avoir admirée comme l'interprète international de l'harmonie.

What a contrast in tone from that adopted by some of the persons who move in ordinary society, when they have occasion to communicate with distinguished artists. Here is a letter that was sent by a wealthy woman of title, last season, to an artist of world-wide renown:

Madame,—I shall expect you to be here at *ten* o'clock *punctually*, so don't fail me. Tell your accompanist to bring *all* the songs I wrote down in my list. We shall want you to give us five songs, at least. When you get here you will be shown into the artists' dressing-room, where please wait until you are fetched.—Yours faithfully, ——.

I need hardly add that the famous vocalist was, at the eleventh hour, "unavoidably detained." In point of fact she did not wish to be "fetched." There are probably few well-known artists, actors and actresses who have not in the course of their careers received communications of this latter sort. Fortunately the courteous and gratifying letters as a rule considerably outnumber those which are calculated to leave a disagreeable flavour.

Basil Tozer.

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THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

Though I strive anew
Shadows to pursue,
Shadows vain
Thou'lt remain
Within my heart.
JOHN OXENFORD.

CHAPTER I

THE LONELY LADY

It's delightful to breathe the air,
Breathed by people in Grosvenor Square.
Popular song.

DECEMBER in London, 1902. Fog had prevailed throughout the early part of the day; now it had lifted, but a dismal rain was falling upon the coal-black stems of the lilac, the sooty branches of the plane, and the palings which divided them from the muddy pavement and muddier street.

A benevolent, bearded policeman, secure in mackintosh cape, paced slowly and solidly past the windows of 99 Grosvenor Square.

Within, a lonely lady sat at luncheon.

The table was spread with massive Georgian silver and Crown Derby china. Forced lilies of the valley, red roses

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prematurely called into being, and clinging garlands of smilax curling in and out of the dessert dishes, added poetry to the prose of wealth's display.

The servants were not permitted to wait at luncheon.

The lonely lady left the brown chops to simmer over a plated furnace on the sideboard, and only looked at the glazed tongue and frilled ham reposing on beds of glittering aspic jelly.

This was not because she lacked appetite, but because she was afraid to broach them.

She helped herself timidly to boiled sole and mashed potato. She ate a little maraschino jelly in a furtive and guilty manner, and ended her meal by taking a peach, and some crumbs of a fine old Stilton cheese, in the wrong order.

She drank first water, stealthily and as though she were doing something wrong; and then, with frightened gulps of triumph, a small glass of light tawny port.

When she rose from the table she rang the bell so gently that the responding tinkle must have been very thin and uncertain; and she walked across the big solemn dining-room, over the parquet floor of the square hall, past the porter's empty chair, and into the morning-room.

Here she sat down, alone, as usual.

The room was decorated in strict accord with modern taste and convention,

The ceiling was heavily encrusted with white ornament, like unto a wedding cake. Panels of green brocade bore old gilt candelabra on the walls. The narrow Adam's mantelshelf held Louis Seize candlesticks, a Dresden clock and Sèvres vases, beneath the life-size Romney portrait which occupied the space usually assigned to a mirror.

The fender rose in wild ornament of mimic flames made in solid gilt metal, around the white-tiled fireplace. The moss-green carpet bore heavy impress of a suite of Louis Seize furniture, gilt and brocaded.

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Hothouse palms, rose-wreathed hangings, and the curved legs of enamelled tables lent graceful lines to pleasant spaces. Silver vases bore fragrant burdens of curled chrysanthemums, golden and bronze. A malachite pillar supported a tree, fern, and masses of azalea, pearl-petalled and scarlet-stained-bloomed in unnatural profusion in a shady corner—so quickly drooping, so easily renewed; because the owner of the house in Grosvenor Square was very rich, and had a great love for flowers.

The lonely lady had nothing to do with the decoration of the room, and flowers which disdained times and seasons, and bloomed for gold alone, bewildered as much as they pleased her.

She sat on the sofa and looked at them; rose and walked to the window and looked at the rain and the promenading policeman; returned to the sofa and looked at the little empty idle hands in her lap.

She would gladly have taken down one of the volumes, bound in morocco and bright with golden tooling, from the shelves behind the glass doors of the Chippendale book-cases, which lurked in the alcoves on either side of the fireplace, but, alas! she had tried the doors, and found them securely locked.

Upon the low occasional table by the side of the rose-wreathed couch, lay a copy of the "Book of Beauty," published in the early forties.

It opened of itself at a steel engraving of the portrait of Miss Marney of Orsett, and represented a young lady seated upon a balcony beside a marble pillar, playing the harp.

Miss Marney wore a flowing muslin gown looped with roses; ringlets depended on either side of a handsome face, archly smiling over a bare shoulder; her gloves, lace handkerchief, and a stiff little bouquet were carefully disposed in the foreground.

The lonely lady had looked at the picture many times already, and read the verses facing it, which began:

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Fair girl, and hast thou left the festive scene,
To warble as a nightingale without
The noble halls of thine ancestral home,
Where thou are queen of frolic, deuce and rout?

But she read them again with a momentary renewal of interest, before she put the book back in its accustomed place.

The crackling of the fire within the room, and the distant clip-clop and jingle of hansoms outside, broke the silence; there was straw laid down in the street beneath the windows, because the owner of the house was ill.

The lonely lady looked up at the Romney portrait, and sighed childishly.

"I wish you could speak to me."

Her name was Jeanne-Marie-Charlotte de Courset; but the gilt plate on the frame of the Romney portrait bore the name of her English great-grandfather,

LT.-COLONEL HARRY MARNEY, R.E.,
Of Orsett Hall, near Bath.
Born 1771. Died 1851.

The portrait must have been painted when Harry Marney was about twenty years old. He wore a grey powdered wig ending in a pigtail, a red coat with black velvet *revers* and gold epaulettes, a waistcoat and knee breeches of white satin, and a snowy neck-cloth.

The scene represented a battlefield, and the young face, oval and delicate as a woman's, stood boldly out against a background of lowering clouds and grey smoke.

Straight black brows met above dark blue eyes and an aquiline nose; a firmly closed mouth with slightly upturned corners gave a stern, almost satirical expression to the proud handsome face.

"It is no use looking so brave and so scornful," said Jeanne, "you know you were never in a battle in all your long life."

Then she relented and apologised.

"But I daresay you would have been if you could, for you are very like Louis. So like that it almost makes me cry to

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look at you, great grandpapa Harry. I suppose promotion was very quick in your time for gentlemen of fortune, or perhaps the inscription was put a long time after the picture was painted. Surely you could not have been a colonel at that age. I must ask Aunt Caroline."

The only surviving daughter of Colonel Harry lay upstairs on her sick bed. She was now eighty years old, as the original of the portrait had been when death had summoned him from the hunting-field to take his place in the family vault.

Jeanne had been nearly three weeks in the house of her grand-aunt, but it seemed to her almost as though as many years must have elapsed since she had left the farm on the borders of Wales, where she and her twin brother Louis had been brought up.

She was used to loneliness. Coed-Ithel lay among the mountains, more than two miles from the nearest village; and the roads were bad and distances great for travellers to town and market.

The homestead belonged to her bachelor uncle, a hard-working farmer, who was generally out of doors, and who mostly fell asleep if forced from any cause to remain within, so that his niece could scarcely look to him for companionship, even if he had been as congenial to her as he was kind.

She had not seen her brother Louis, who was now in South Africa, since he had left home to join his regiment in India, nearly five years ago.

Thus she had grown accustomed to a certain solitude; but the loneliness of the hillside is not the loneliness of a large house in the midst of a crowd of strangers.

A restless impatience of the conditions which surrounded her began to pervade her empty days and her wakeful nights.

She was five and twenty years old, but in consequence of her forlornness, and the roundness of her little face, she looked much younger.

Her sojourn in town had not yet succeeded in dimming the

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beautiful red bloom which the air of her native mountains had lent her complexion. The clear blue whites of her soft brown eyes, fringed with long black lashes, betrayed the perfect healthfulness of their owner. Dimples lurked on the round chin, and in the round young cheeks: but there was no smile to bring them forth from their hiding-places; the corners of the pretty mouth drooped, and expressed as much sadness as such a childish face could hold.

Jeanne had seen her aunt but once during the last three weeks. Upon the day of her arrival she had been sent for to Miss Marney's own apartment—to which that lady had been confined by illness for some time past, although she had not then yet taken to her bed.

Her first view of Miss Caroline presented to her a tall and dignified figure, erect in an elbow-chair, and clad in a flowing gown of grey satin, with flounces of Honiton lace; upon which couch of luxury her favourite dog, a little Yorkshire terrier, was very calmly reposing.

A lace cap, with pale pink velvet bows, crowned Miss Caroline's white hair, parted above black brows which met across a hawk nose, and blue eyes still piercing—still blackly fringed.

Jeanne had trembled not a little before this stately apparition, and her obvious alarm and admiration had impressed her grand-aunt favourably.

But of the interview she had but a vague recollection, for between terror and fatigue she could scarce bring herself to answer the few formal questions put to her concerning her journey.

Miss Marney would hardly have permitted an earthquake —far less the arrival of a humble stranger niece—to derange one of the established customs of her regular existence. It was the hour for double-dummy, and Jeanne was therefore requested to establish herself in an arm-chair in the background, and given a prolonged opportunity for recovering her

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composure, during her aunt's nightly recreation of card-playing.

As the clock struck nine, Mrs. Pyke, the housekeeper, entered, dressed in black broché, which was curiously patterned with violet flowers in accordance with an ancient fashion; also she wore a black lace cap upon her head, and a long gold watch chain about her neck.

The maid, Dunham, had already set forth the card-table, and Mrs. Pyke, pausing in the doorway to make a curtsey, glided decorously into her place, and gathered the cards into slightly palsied hands, veiled by black mittens.

Pyke had entered her ninetieth year, but it had not yet occurred to her that she was too old to fulfil her duties.

She was a strangely silent person, and her length of service did not inspire her to abate one iota of her perpetual awestruck deference to her employer, though nothing could have exceeded Miss Marney's graciousness to her oldest dependent.

The rubber had been played in silence; Jeanne scarcely daring to breathe. She noted with wonder and delight the magnificence of her grand-aunt's appearance, and the stateliness of her bearing. She had indeed never seen any one like her: every time Miss Marney tossed her head, and this was a favourite gesture oft repeated, Jeanne thrilled responsively. She practised the movement afterwards before her looking-glass in private, and was disgusted at her own inability to produce double chins in rapid succession.

The scene interested her deeply: the card-table, lighted with green-shaded candles, struck her with pleasant dismay.

Her nonconformist uncle at Coed-Ithel called cards the devil's books; and she had never seen this class of literature before.

She felt almost as guilty as though she were being called upon to assist at a witch's orgy, instead of an old lady's innocent rubber, as she watched the housekeeper's shrivelled black figure, and dim spectacled eyes, peering at the cards held in her mittened hands. She observed with interest the small sour

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smile on Mrs. Pyke's sunken mouth when her mistress condescended to put an ace on her king, and heard her faint clack of apology when she secured the odd trick for herself.

Jeanne wondered why both the old servants affected violet as their only decoration, and came to the conclusion that it must be because they thought it the most respectful colour for servants to wear, next to unrelieved black.

Dunham, another silent witness of the game, had been interested only in the flush on Miss Marney's face, and the stertorous difficult breathing which was painfully audible in the heavily curtained double-windowed room.

The rubber was cut short by some astounding *coups*, and a timely revoke, on the part of Mrs. Pyke, in deference to private signals from Dunham, who was seated a little behind her mistress; when it was over another time-honoured ceremony was gone through.

A glass of madeira was poured out very solemnly, and presented to the aged housekeeper, as a recompense and refreshment after her labours.

Pyke received this mark of favour with perennial surprise and gratitude; venturing to express a humble wish for Miss Marney's good health before she swallowed the wine, and making a second curtsey before she retired finally from the apartment.

Jeanne, too, had been dismissed—but with a gracious smile, an intimation that she should in future address her relative as Aunt Caroline, rather than as Aunt Marney—and a promise that an early interview should be accorded in the morning.

During the night, however, a great bustle and commotion arose in the old house, of which little Jeanne, sleeping soundly after her journey, and forgotten by the terrified domestics, knew nothing.

She learnt next day, that her grand-aunt was very ill, and that she had had some kind of a stroke or seizure. Dunham was reticent concerning details, but she explained that Jeanne

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must not go to Miss Marney's room unless she was sent for; and Jeanne, unaccustomed to independent action of any kind (for she had always been subject to authority), had acquiesced as a matter of course.

During the weeks that followed, she had moped unquiet, alone, and disconsolate; poring over the newspaper for hours, rather in hopes of finding her brother's name in the South African intelligence, than because she was particularly interested in the general news of the day; afraid of venturing forth alone into the unfamiliar streets; choked by the fog, depressed by the weather, and hourly expectant of the summons to her aunt's bedside.

The long afternoon wore away, and at half-past four the tea was brought in by Hewitt the butler, and William the Irish footman. William was still a footman, though forty summers had passed lightly over his carroty head and freckled face; for his twinkling eyes, snub nose, and wide smiling mouth belied all his efforts to emulate the serious dignity of his superior, and debarred him for ever from rising to the first rank in his profession.

A little animation came into the lonely lady's woebegone face when the servants withdrew, leaving her respectfully alone to enjoy her meal.

She enjoyed it less because she was hungry than because eating and drinking gave her something to do.

To farm-bred Jeanne, the tea, however dainty, appeared but the contemptible shadow of her favourite repast; though, since she had taken next to no exercise for several days, and had lunched but two hours earlier, a less healthy appetite would scarcely have needed it at all.

She handled the heavy Georgian urn nervously, made the tea, and poured it into a shallow cup of egg-shell china. She spurned the London cream, delicately flavoured with boracic acid, and haughtily left one of the four minute wafers which did duty for bread and butter on its snowy folded napkin, lest Hewitt and William should be led to suppose her accustomed to more solid fare.

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It was a greater effort of self-denial to spare the third sponge cake.

Miss Marney's still-room maid made excellent sponge cakes, though they were shaped and sized rather to suit dolls than human beings with a taste for sweet things.

Spin it out as she would, the meal was over in the space of a quarter of an hour; and when the door opened presently, Jeanne thought the servants had come to clear away the tea-things. She did not turn her head from the window, still blurred with rain, to which she had returned, but stood there, looking out dismally at the rows of twinkling lights in perspective, reflected in the wet mud of the street until they were lost in grey mist and smoke.

The sound of a throat cleared—respectfully but unmistakably in readiness for speaking—made her start; and she beheld her aunt's maid standing at her elbow.

The old-fashioned waiting-woman—who was scarce ten years younger than her mistress, and had tended Miss Marney faithfully for upwards of half a century—addressed Jeanne kindly but stiffly, and somewhat as though she were speaking to a very little child.

"Your aunty is asking for you, Missy."

"For me? At last! Will she really see me again? I will come at once," said Jeanne, very joyfully.

The *ennui* vanished, and the dimples appeared.

"Then she must be better. Is she better, Mrs. Dunham, do you think?"

Dunham shook her head. Down her wrinkled face stole the slow tears of age, falling, unheeded, one after another on to her black silk bodice and violet silk apron.

A certain independence of character, joined to great industry and a respectful manner, had recommended Dunham to her mistress from their earliest acquaintance. They quarrelled just sufficiently often, and Dunham was just sufficiently outspoken to enliven their daily intercourse; but the maid was tactful as well as frank, and knew exactly how far she might go.

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Now that her lady lay dying, Dunham felt very desolate; her interests outside the little world of Miss Marney's household had lessened with the passing of years almost to vanishing-point.

The thought of change chilled and saddened her. She would have been shocked indeed had any one accused her of wishing to die before her time; but yet, had she been given any choice in the matter by Providence, it is probable that she would have chosen to accompany Miss Marney on the journey which lay before her now—as she had accompanied her on shorter journeys, during the past fifty years of her existence.

Jeanne's pretty face reflected the maid's sadness. Her heart was tender, and her impulses were quick and warm, though perhaps not always as wise as they were kind. She would have embraced and consoled the old woman had she dared. But the distance between them seemed too awful to be thus bridged over by an impulse, and Dunham looked too inscrutably respectful and dignified to be embraced by any one —far less by so young and insignificant a stranger as Jeanne felt herself to be. Wherefore she followed her guide meekly and silently up the winding stone staircase of the old house to the second floor.

She felt both frightened and pitiful, for Dunham's expression betrayed that she believed her mistress to be on the point of death.

CHAPTER II

THE PEDIGREE

Miss Marney's aquiline nose and blue eyes were visible over the edge of the sheet as Jeanne entered the bedroom. A nightcap was tied with pink ribbons under her ample chin, and a hand, with a white kid glove on it, caressed her little growling Yorkshire terrier, which was curled up on the quilt.

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All her life Miss Caroline had prided herself upon the beauty of her hands; and they were exquisite yet, though seldom visible, for she was busy preserving them still.

"Would you like the candles, ma'am, or the light turned on?" said Dunham, advancing to the bed.

"No, there is a good fire; the room is light enough, one can talk better by firelight," said Miss Marney, in a tone so brisk that it made Jeanne jump. She had expected to find her aunt in a semi-moribund condition, and was no less astonished than relieved to find her in such cheerful-wise, and so well able to speak naturally, and give orders as usual.

She decided that Dunham must have taken an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation.

"Don't fidget about, Dunham," said the invalid, imperiously, "but go out of the room and shut the door after you. I want to make acquaintance with my grand-niece."

"You won't tire yourself, ma'am?"

"When I feel tired, Miss Jane will ring."

Dunham turned a warning face towards Jeanne before leaving the room, and Jeanne nodded acquiescence and encouragement.

The door was shut, and she found herself alone with her great-aunt.

"I like to see your fresh face, my love," said Miss Caroline graciously. "You have the Marney complexion. When I was young the reddest rose could not vie with my colour. There is no such thing as a complexion nowadays. Young women are all pasty-faced."

Jeanne's confidence was restored by this complimentary address. Though she was alarmed by the butler and footman, and even rather fearful of Dunham and Mrs. Pyke, she became at once easy and natural in the presence of her august relative; for, like many ultra-sensitive persons, she alternated between the extremes of courage and timidity.

"You are neither thin nor sallow," said Miss Marney. "No

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one in fact could believe you had a drop of French blood in your veins, and yet, undeniably, there it is."

Her voice was surprised and rather triumphant, as though she were under the impression that French blood must be yellow rather than red, and of a necessarily inferior quality. "You are not in the least like your father."

"But it is a great disappointment to Louis and me," said Jeanne, unconscious of her aunt's prejudices, "that we are not like our French ancestors. We sigh over it every time we look at the miniatures which belonged to poor papa."

"Have you those miniatures still?"

"Why, they are our greatest treasures," said Jeanne, surprised in her turn. "Louis said I must never let them out of my sight, so I brought them to London with me. We are very very proud to belong to them, but we know we are not like them. However, I mind less now that I know who Louis *is* like."

"Does your twin brother not resemble you?"

"Not a bit," said Jeanne, and she winked away a tear at the mere mention of her brother, after the weeks of silence she had unwillingly endured. "It is the portrait over the mantelpiece in the morning-room that Louis is like. He is so like that it might just as well be *his* portrait."

"Like the Romney picture of my father," said Miss Marney, rather sharply. She drew herself up eagerly on her pillows, and the gloved hand that settled the pink bow of her nightcap trembled nervously. "How very extraordinary! Your father was not like our family, and your mother was a farmer's daughter with, as I have always heard, no great pretensions to looks——"

"Just a little round thing like me," said Jeanne, humbly enough.

"Yet their son resembles his great-grandfather! I find it difficult to believe that the likeness can be anything very striking, my love. I should like to judge for myself."

"He will be coming home very soon, I hope," said Jeanne.

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Miss Marney moved uneasily, and the thought crossed Jeanne's mind that perhaps even the "very soon" might be too late for her aunt.

"Surely you have a photograph," said Miss Marney.

"Of course, how stupid of me! It was taken five years ago, so he may be changed. But he was twenty, and I suppose the young man in the picture—I beg your pardon," said Jeanne confused, "I mean my great-grandfather, must have been the same age when that was painted."

She unfastened the bodice of her plain serge frock and took a common silver locket from its little white nest next her heart.

This she produced very simply and handed to her aunt.

Miss Marney groped for her spectacle-case beneath the pillow, and adjusted the glasses on the high bridge of her hawk nose. Then she pressed an electric button in a knob beside her, and by the light of a tiny glass globe above the bed stared for some moments at the photograph.

A pleased and interesting expression grew upon her good-looking old face.

"My dear, you are quite right. He is remarkably like, remarkably like. What an instance of the freaks of heredity! The son of Louis de Courset, whose foreign appearance we deplored; and of a farmer's daughter with no appearance at all, and he grows up the living image of my beloved father, who was one of the finest looking men of his day! Pray, how tall is he?"

"Six foot two in his stockings," said Jeanne proudly. "He is very strong and athletic, Aunt Caroline, and has won silver cups—I have them at home—for running and jumping. And think how well he has done for himself in the army, poor boy, with no interest, and only his own brains to help him along."

"Looks are of quite as much assistance as brains, my dear Jane," said Miss Marney, "and he owes his looks to us." She seemed soothed and gratified by this reflection. "Your

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brother is very handsome, my love. He is a true Marney. I should like to keep this photograph."

Jeanne's brown eyes grew round with dismay.

"I could not sleep without the locket in my hand," she faltered. "It was his parting present, Aunt Caroline."

Then she was shocked at her own selfishness. Who was she to be refusing what might prove to be, perhaps, the last request of her dying relative? Though the pink bows on the nightcap and the liveliness of Miss Caroline's blue eyes looked very little like dying to Jeanne.

"Keep it as long as you like," she gasped, and closed the gloved fingers gently over her treasure. "If it is any comfort to you to have it—if it reminds you of your father—I could not grudge it to you. After all"—she choked back a sob—"I do not need anything to remind me of Louis *really*. He is *here*, in my heart," she clasped her little hands tragically upon her round young breast. "I think of him always, day and night."

"You shall have it back soon," said Miss Marney.

The simplicity of her niece pleased her. She was impulsive herself, and generous, though many years of complete independence and great wealth had caused her to become likewise capricious and self-indulgent.

"I see you mean to be kind to me," she said, with amused graciousness, "and I mean to be kind to you. Now tell me what you think of the house."

"I think it is very beautiful *inside*, and filled with beautiful things," said Jeanne sincerely.

"You have not, of course, seen the saloons? I keep them covered up. The tapestry chairs there were all worked in the eighteenth century, and are very exquisite. I keep the pictures covered up too. I believe they would suffer from the London blacks, to which I cannot accustom myself even after twenty years' experience. And I will not risk the family collection. Some day I will show it to you. I have added to it myself as regularly as I was able."

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"I should like to see it," said Jeanne.

"But I had the morning-room made ready for you to sit in. I am very partial to that room. It is done up according to modern taste, for, though I am so old, I pride myself upon not falling behind the times," said Miss Marney, bridling. "I sit there always, and I hope you like it, my love."

"I like it very much indeed," said Jeanne, and she sighed unconsciously. "Are you always alone, Aunt Caroline?"

"I am almost entirely alone, my love. I do not care to make new friends, and I have outlived most of my old ones. Those who survive are down in the west country, and correspondence is not my *forte*. I drive out a good deal. I hope you order the carriage when you require it?"

"Thank you very much," stammered Jeanne, "but—I—I——"

"Quite so, my love; the fogs have been rather bad, I understand; but you will feel inclined to go and see your friends as the weather improves."

"I know only one person—I scarcely know if she is a friend still—in London," said scrupulous Jeanne.

"You are young, my love, and will find more friends, and later on you will have plenty of visits to make, I have no doubt. But you are quite right to be exclusive," said her aunt, "I do not care to be hail-fellow-well-met myself with everybody I see. We must try and amuse each other, for the hours seem very long to me, lying here."

"And they seem very long to me downstairs," sighed Jeanne. "For I do not like to talk to the servants even if they seemed inclined—which they don't——"

"I should think not, my love; it would not do at all. Never encourage familiarity. But have you nothing to do? You should never sit idle. It is a bad habit for a young person. Have you not even brought your tatting?" said Miss Marney, solicitously.

Jeanne knew not what tatting might be, but she shook her head, for, whatever it was, she had certainly not brought it.

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"I brought nothing but absolute necessaries. I did not know how long I was to stay. Uncle Roberts said I was to go at once when your telegram came; so I started as soon as the cart could be got ready, and brought as few things as possible. Just a small box; and my desk in my hand."

"You must be sadly uncomfortable, my love," said Miss Caroline, sympathetically. "Still it will give you some shopping to do. Pray hand me the bag on my quilt."

Jeanne attempted to do so, but the little terrier growled ominously.

"Sensible dog!" said Miss Marney, in approving tones; "you see how he guards my property."

But she quieted her pet, and the bag was extricated. Miss Caroline opened it without removing the white kid glove, and took out a bundle of crackling bank-notes.

Selecting a couple she handed them to Jeanne.

"You must get yourself any trifle you require, my dear Jane. No thanks, I beg. Put them in the pocket of your gown. And pray write and desire that your wardrobe may be sent. I am in hopes to persuade you to stay on."

Jeanne's heart sank, but she tried to conceal her dismay as well as she could; and faltered forth her thanks for her relative's proposed hospitality.

"I am desirous to know," said Miss Marney, settling herself among her pillows, and half closing her eyes, "how far you are aware of your near connection with our family. I am too weak to be able to talk much myself, but I can give you my attention very well," her accents were regretful, and Jeanne divined that Miss Caroline was more accustomed to hold forth herself than to listen to others. "Speak clearly, my love People nowadays mumble so dreadfully."

Without suspecting her aunt of deafness, Jeanne obediently raised her voice.

"I know more about our own family than about yours; but uncle Roberts has told us what he had heard of both. Then there are the labels on the miniatures, and an odd

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volume of a kind of old French history of the *ancienne noblesse*, containing an account of the de Coursets. It brings down the pedigree as far as my great-grandfather."

"Ah," said Miss Marney, drily.

"There were two brothers and a sister; Pierre, Charles, and Anne-Marie. Our great-grandfather was Pierre, the Marquis de Courset. He was page to Madame Royale, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette. He escaped with his young wife during the Revolution in 1793, and came to England and gave drawing-lessons in Bath to support them both. But he had been an officer in the French cavalry, and couldn't be happy without soldiering; so he left his wife and their little son Henri, and joined the campaign of the French princes in Germany, and was killed. But he desired that his son should be brought up an Englishman."

"Quite right. I know all this, and, as you may suppose, it is not very interesting to me, but it must be got through before we come to our family," said Miss Marney, tossing her head among the pillows.

"Would you rather I stopped?" Jeanne said, somewhat discouraged by this reception of her enthusiastic recital of a history which was to her the most interesting and romantic in the world.

"No, my love; I am equally struck with the retentiveness of your memory, and your respect for the past. Pray continue."

"The brother of the Marquis, my great-grand-uncle Charles, was in the French navy," said Jeanne, "and served on board the *Calipso*, at Martinique, a battleship which remained faithful to the royal cause throughout the Revolution. Louis XVIII. made him a Chevalier of St. Louis and of the Legion of Honour, and that is all the book says about him. I don't know if he married and had children. Anyway he did not emigrate, he stayed in France."

"I never heard of him, but a Frenchman is a Frenchman," said Miss Marney, sternly and incontrovertibly.

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"The little sister, the Comtesse Anne-Marie," said Jeanne, yet more disconcerted, "was a *Chanoinesse*, but we do not know exactly what that means. She is the one we like best. She was the first noble lady to be arrested in the Revolution, and she was imprisoned in the Citadelle of Calais during the Terror, and died there. She looks so gay and beautiful and disdainful, and has a mouth like a cupid's bow."

"Ladies in miniatures always have that kind of mouth, my love," said Miss Marney. "Her fate was very shocking. But we will return to the little son, Henry. He was left in Bath under the care of his widowed mother, who, most fortunately for herself, eventually married an English gentleman."

"But it wasn't very faithful of her," said Jeanne, indignantly.

"Possibly not, my love. Foreigners are more apt, I believe, to be frivolous than faithful. Still, she married an English squire of fortune and repute, who was a true father to Henry, and sent him to Eton, and put him into a cavalry regiment. He grew up quite English, though he was called the Count de Courset."

"Yes," said Jeanne, trying to keep the sound of regret out of her voice.

"He was a Colonel in the 29th Hussars when *we* made his acquaintance," said Miss Marney, who now took up the recital with much energy in spite of her weakness. "He became a Lieutenant-General, and married my dear sister Jane, who died in childbed, in 1851. Poor Henry fell before Sevastopol in '55, and my brother and I adopted their little Louis."

"That was my father," said Jeanne.

"I can hardly expect you to realise, my love, in the light of after events, how devotedly attached we were to the orphan son of our gentle beloved Jane. But Louis was not, unhappily, a true Marney: his foreign blood was a distress to us both; and his disposition, alas, though attractive to some people, too clearly denoted his French origin. His character was not congenial to my dear brother, a very grave and serious man.

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Louis had a happy nature, light-hearted, facile, and, and—but in short, the exact opposite of your poor uncle. *Louis le débonnaire*, I used to call him, fondly and playfully." She sighed. "I over-indulged him, my love, for it seemed to me as though Providence had bestowed him upon us. My dear brother designed him for his heir; being himself a great invalid, and unlikely to marry. We planned that Louis should assume his mother's name, and become one day Marney of Orsett."

"And you cast him off because he married my mother," said Jeanne, holding her head very high, in spite of her timidity.

"My dear Jane, I cannot discuss your father's conduct with you," said Miss Marney, with great dignity; "it would be neither charitable, nor seemly. When I tell you that all our hopes were centred in him, you must imagine for yourself, as well as you can, that we did not lightly decide to abandon them for ever. It pleased God," Miss Caroline's voice shook, but her sunken eyes gleamed brightly, "that he should atone by a gallant death for many errors of youth——"

"They have all died like that, the de Coursets—it is the family tradition," said Jeanne, with a throb of pride; "but, oh! how frightened that made me for Louis all through the Boer War. And he was never even wounded—after all!"

"It also pleased God," said Miss Marney, "that the last of the Marneys of Orsett should be—just an old brother and sister living together, and alone; pursued by misfortune, as you must know."

Jeanne had heard of the great fire which had destroyed Orsett Hall, and she nodded sympathetically.

"I know you lost your home," she said softly.

"And my brother," said Miss Marney. "He was not an old man, but he never recovered the shock; he would not face the rebuilding of Orsett, so we came to London. I had always desired to live in London, thus sorrowfully was my wish attained—too late to give me any pleasure. We bought

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this house from a distant cousin, the Duke of Monaghan, and here we settled with the salvage of our home—and here my brother died."

She wiped away a tear, but it seemed rather an involuntary tribute to her brother's memory than the outcome of any agitation, for her voice was quite calm.

"Fortunately we had saved most of the family treasures; the pictures, which are very valuable, the library, the plate, and some of the furniture. My love, I hope these things will always be cared for as I have cared for them. I have guarded them as the apple of my eye," said Miss Marney, very earnestly. "During the last twenty years, the care of them has been my only solace. I have had the pictures cleaned and restored by degrees under my own supervision; and a *catalogue raisonné* made of the books. They have supplied the place of friends and acquaintances, being so very full of memories and associations for me. I was too old when I came here, my love, to begin a fresh life . . . but you are young. You will call upon people later on, and they will be glad to see you."

There was a pause.

"You are wondering," said Miss Marney, shrewdly, "why, when your father was killed in Afghanistan, we did not send for you and your twin-brother, twenty years ago?"

"I have been wondering ever since I came here," said Jeanne frankly.

"My brother had the strongest possible feelings against such *mésalliances* as the one your father chose to contract. It was utterly repugnant to him. His indulgence was already exhausted by your poor father's extravagance and—and other matters into which I cannot enter with you; and he warned Louis that if he married this young woman he would henceforth be a stranger to him, and to his children after him. He kept his word, as a Marney naturally would," said Miss Caroline with excessive haughtiness. "He never, in fact, wavered for a moment. He told me he hoped I should never waver. But

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he exacted no promise." She hesitated. "Your brother is very dear to you, Jeanne?"

"He is everything in the world to me," said Jeanne.

Her brown eyes glistened in the firelight, which now illumined the room somewhat less brightly.

"Then you will understand that his wishes were the more sacred when he was no longer with me."

"Then why——"

"I am coming to that. The actions of human beings," said Miss Marney, solemnly, "are not always guided by principle. More often, perhaps, especially in our family, by impulse, prejudice, or sentiment. Let me get my dear dog safe and snug, or he is such an intelligent animal that he will assuredly bite you. Now you may look in the pocket of my bag—don't fumble anything else—and you will find a little letter in a fancy envelope. It was written to me when your father was at a preparatory school, the first time he ever left home."

The firelight flickered over the mahogany furniture; on the polished glass top of the dressing-table, laden with crystal and gold; on the medicine bottles by the bedside; and on the little brown head of Jeanne, stooping by the brass fender over the dim writing on the small yellow sheet.

Miss Caroline Marney lay still among the pillows of her four-poster bed; apparently considering the ornamentation of the ceiling, as she caressed mechanically her sleeping lap-dog; twining the gloved taper fingers among its silvery grey curls.

She had come very nearly to the end of her life's journey, and doubtless her thoughts travelled a long way back on the road, bridging space, and lingering among those flowery tracks of youth; which seem always so fair to the onlooker, with a beauty which the little pilgrim straying therein seldom recognises until he has left them far behind.

Jeanne read the letter.

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Slough, Windsor,
January 1858.

My Dere Auntie,

I am writting as you bid me, but it is very difficuld to writ here. I hope soon it will be time for me to leeve here and go to Eton. I am not at all homsick as you feered I would be. I hope it will soon be the hollydays. I wish I had been a better boy to uncle Philip, and then I need not have come to schol yet. There is one boy hear yonger than me, so I am not the yongest. I send everybody at Orsett my love, and plese *plese* tell Uncle Philip I fele very sorry indeed now to have been so bad. I deresay I shall bring home some prizes. It is not three months to the hollydays. Plese feed my guiny pigs. My derest darling Anty, you need not be afrade I will forget you at schole.

Rember that werever I am I will holways love you even when you are quit old.

Your aff. and dutiful nephew,
Louis de Courset.

"I thought I had destroyed all his letters," said Miss Caroline's voice from the bed. "But I found that one the other day, just before my illness, when I was turning out an old desk. If you ask me, Jane, why, after all, I sent for you —that is the only reason I can give you."

"You are not afraid——" Jeanne's voice faltered, and she looked rather fearfully round the shadowy corners of the large luxurious room. "You are not afraid that your poor brother would be angry with you?"

"I am so close to him now," said Miss Marney's voice in the darkness, "that I know he is not."

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CHAPTER III

THE MINIATURES

THE lonely lady went downstairs to her own bedroom after this conversation, not a little cheered and comforted by the first real intercourse she had held with a human being since her arrival in Grosvenor Square.

Her bedroom was on the first floor; a strangely solitary apartment, whereof the isolation inspired her with much nightly terror.

A suite of cold white drawing-rooms had been turned into a series of picture-galleries, and though the walls were crowded with pictures, these were carefully veiled from view, and the scanty furniture, dotted about the ocean of polished *parquet*, was muffled in holland covers, so that the saloons presented a very comfortless and ghostly appearance.

The empty music-room beyond had no furniture at all save a grand piano and two shrouded chairs. The great mahogany folding-doors of this apartment opened upon the landing of a secondary staircase; and across this landing, in a *cul de sac*, was the spare room which had been assigned to Jeanne.

It had not occurred to Miss Marney that her niece might be nervous; she had herself no experience of night fears. She occupied the best bedroom on the second floor, and Dunham slept in the communicating apartment on the right, whilst old Mrs. Pyke inhabited the dressing-room beyond the bath-room on her left. Moreover a hand-bell stood by her side, and the knob of an electric bell was nightly placed beneath her pillow, so that she might be able to summon assistance in a moment, should a burglar appear, as Dunham constantly apprehended he would.

Jeanne had a bell in her room, but she had no idea whether any one would hear it if she rang it after the household had retired; and being, besides, unaccustomed to the convenience of bells, the sight of it brought her little comfort.

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She suffered great agonies of nightly terrors; thinking of the silent ghostly suite of rooms beyond her own, or listening to the unaccustomed noises of the streets; with the knowledge that no one else was sleeping on the same floor, and that the servants' quarters were carefully shut off by green baize doors at the end of the long passage.

But to-day she felt less lonely, because the sounds overhead no longer spoke to her of mystery and suffering. She could picture her aunt's face on the pillow, with the pink bows tied under her chin, and Mrs. Dunham moving about, making up the fire, and ministering to her various needs.

Coming freshly from the perusal of that letter, penned half a century ago, by a miserable little home-sick schoolboy, it was natural that Jeanne should go straight to the shabby desk which contained his despised family records; consisting of one worn old blue leather volume, stamped faintly with the fleur-de-lys; and five miniatures.

From this little stock of treasures she drew first her father's portrait.

It was a very bad little painting, and perhaps her long enforced study of the Romney picture in the morning-room helped to open her eyes to its deficiencies.

She laid it down with a sigh, and lifted the triple frame which contained the three French miniatures of her great-grandfather, and his brother and sister, in their *première jeunesse*.

The young Marquis wore a wig of powdered curls depending on either side of a full sensuous face, with a high nose, thick dark eyebrows, merry brown eyes, and a pronounced dimpled chin. The feature most attractive and individual was the mouth, beautifully shaped, and redder even than the crimson drapery held by a white hand in most artificial pose, around a loosely open shirt or frilled lawn, and an unbuttoned *surtout*.

Charles, the naval officer, was cast in a sterner and plainer mould; but Anne-Marie resembled her elder brother. There was no trace of the *réligieuse* in this miniature, which repre-

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sented a young girl, with raven tresses and flowered head-dress, piled above arched brows and hazel eyes, and simpering cherry bow-shaped lips. It was strange to look upon the picture, and read the record in the shabby book of her dignified heroic acceptance of imprisonment; of her lonely death in the Citadelle of Calais; the first woman of her order to suffer arrest, and victim most innocent of the Revolution.

The fifth miniature was in a locket, and represented her grandfather, Henri, as he had been when he married Miss Jane Marney of Orsett. Doubtless, the medallion was a wedding present, and had been worn upon the bride's heart; for a lock of the gallant Colonel's grey hair was enclosed in the crystal back, and on the rim was engraved in minute letters: "Henri Charles Louis, Marquis et Comte de Courset, &c. &c., Col. 29th Hussars."

The portrait of Jeanne's father bore only his name. The French title had been evidently discarded by his mother's family. The boy who was destined to become Marney of Orsett could afford to ignore such empty and barren honours. Perhaps the "gentle Jane" had been less scornful, Jeanne thought.

Louis and Jeanne had built many a fairy castle of hope and romance in their childhood, all founded upon this wonderful French ancestry which Miss Marney regarded so contemptuously.

Louis was burning with ambition, and fertile in imagination, and his bold fancy embraced many a scheme for the restoration of the French monarchy, and his own consequent aggrandisement.

His hopes were for himself, Jeanne's were for him; but her sympathy and ardour were not the less warm on this account; and her dreams continued long after his had been quenched in the realities of an active life.

Their honest, prosaic Welsh uncle had no idea of the secret aspirations of the twins' early youth; nor was his respect for French blood and breeding any higher than Miss Marney's own.

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Louis and Jeanne, who were called Lewis and Jane at Coed-Ithel, ascribed his contempt to ignorance, and learnt to smile inwardly when he expressed his views on the subject.

"Poor sister Jenny," said the farmer, alluding to their dead mother with indulgent pity. "So much to do about her grand marriage, and, willy nilly, she must have him against the wishes of his family; and what did my fine gentleman do for her after all? Lost her a good situation in Bath, and sent her here with his pedigree in her pocket, and never a brass farthing to keep it company. A pedigree be good for stock, but it never made human beings any more worth that ever I heard of. Poor Jenny had a hankering after the gentry, more than ever I could understand; but there it is, she was church and I was chapel so to speak, and her children shall be what she was, as is but right and natural. Still she came to be glad, pension or no pension, that her boy should be brought up on a good honest farm. I don't grudge him a good education, though. He's a gentleman's son, and I can afford to pay for 'un. Take it and welcome, says I."

Louis took the best he could get. The rector of the parish was friendly with the head-master of the grammar school in the nearest large market town, and interested him in the history of the twins while Louis was yet a little boy. The child's lively intelligence, precocity, and good looks did the rest. In time, Louis won scholarships as well as the approval and affection of his master, and he delighted his uncle by retaining his interest in the farm throughout the triumphs which awaited him in his school and college career.

"You can't make that boy a farmer," said the grammar school wiseacre.

"I'll be a farmer some day," said young Louis, "but a soldier first, as my father was before me. Uncle Roberts can carry on the farm without my help for many a long year yet. When he wants that, I'll come."

The lad was bold, and knew his own mind, and when to

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speak it. He won his uncle over to his own way of thinking, where the schoolmaster might have advised in vain, and went to an army crammer in due course; old Llewellyn Roberts showing no signs that he grudged the expense of the lad's education. Perhaps he was proud of his nephew's wit and industry, and the ease with which he held his own in sport as in study.

But when Louis had once obtained his commission his uncle, beyond providing him with his outfit and fifty pounds in ready money, assisted him no further, holding that he was now a made man, who must earn his bread and live by his profession. The boy asked no more favours; sailed for India with a light heart and the highest hopes, and managed for a couple of years, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water in spite of a too open-handed disposition. Now and then Jeanne received from him letters of financial despair, over which she wept, for she had not a penny of her own in the world, and was powerless to help him.

But when the South African War broke out, and Louis, who had been coming home with his regiment in the spring, was ordered to the front, he wrote joyfully to Jeanne:

"I wonder how many poor fellows this war has saved from bankruptcy. Me for one."

Llewellyn Roberts was a sturdy, independent man, and had sought no assistance in the bringing up of his orphan nephew and niece from their father's relatives. Nevertheless, he was too shrewd a Welshman to refuse the tardy hand of fellowship held out by their wealthy and presumably dying great-aunt.

On receipt of Miss Marney's telegram he had desired his niece to pack up immediately and go to London, and to stay as long as she was wanted.

Girls did not enter much into the calculations of uncle Roberts; he was a man of few words and fewer promises; and though he made no secret of his intention that Louis should

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inherit Coed-Ithel, he never talked of making any provision for Jeanne.

If her great-aunt left her a legacy, however, so much the better for her. Whether she did or no, Jeanne was a pretty girl, and would probably get married some day. Uncle Roberts did not pause to consider that Jeanne had scarcely seen, much less spoken to, a marriageable young man in her life. If she did not marry it would be her brother's obvious duty to keep her.

He did not trouble himself overmuch concerning Jeanne, though he liked, in a vague way, to know she was "about the place"; a timid, bright-eyed, dimpled little thing, always happy, and occupied, it seemed to him, with her own harmless concerns, into which he had no wish to pry. He left her entirely to the care and under the orders of old Granny Morgan, the woman who kept house for him, and who still looked upon Jeanne as a little girl, though she was five and twenty years old.

Nor did Jeanne receive over much consideration at the Rectory, whither she was perpetually invited or sent for to play with the solitary daughter of the house, some two years her senior, because Cecilia required a playmate, and Jeanne was gentle, good-tempered and refined in speech and manner, being quick to observe and imitate all that appealed to her natural taste and to discard what did not.

She learnt her first lessons in the village school, which was more than two miles distant from Coed-Ithel, and a long tramp for a little maid in bad weather. Here she got on so fast that her uncle was minded to send her to a genteel boarding school, being well-to-do; but he was happily deterred from this course by the rector's wife, who was not, and who saw her way to halve the salary of a governess and obtain a companion for her child at one and the same time.

Louis privately rejoiced over this arrangement, whilst pretending to scorn Jeanne's studies and her friendship for the spoilt Cecilia.

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He found fault with her, teased her, and commanded her, after the fashion of brothers; whilst she worshipped him untiringly, excused his faults, and bore patiently with his moods—though often winking away a tear in secret—after the fashion of sisters.

The twins loved each other so intensely that they were obliged to hide their feelings, each from each, for fear the other should discover the truth.

Jeanne, of course, concealed her affection less carefully than Louis,—wept openly when he went to school, and even seized the opportnnity to be personally demonstrative whenever he was, from any cause, too dejected to resent being kissed; or to be annoyed with her for thus dragging to the surface feelings which should have been too deep for outward expression.

She reproached him, sometimes, for unkindness, when he declined her offered caresses; but secretly she thought him a very manly boy.

Though Louis indulged far less in romantic day-dreams than did his solitary sister, yet he treasured the few records of his family's past greatness no less jealously than she. Though his prejudices as a British schoolboy warred with his sympathy for France, yet he had the history of that country at his fingers' ends, and kept steadily in view his determination to perfect himself in the language of his fathers.

As he grew older, his perception widened with his reading, and he found it possible to combine loyalty for the land of his adoption, with reverence for the misfortunes of his own race.

At Sandhurst it was the fashion among his comrades to encourage young de Courset to hold forth upon the tragedy which must ensue in case war broke out between England and France.

His intentions hovered between a dramatic resignation of his sword, and immediate suicide; and the cadets warmly advocated the latter course, and supplied him with innumerable receipts for a painless end. Their derision was of a friendly

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kind, however, for Louis was popular, amusing, and sincere. It is affectation which usually excites the ridicule that kills; and is the unforgivable sin most utterly detested by honest youth.

From the time of his first school-going Louis lived but little at the farm; and as he was not infrequently invited to pass a portion of his holidays with one schoolfellow or another, he had many friends of whom his sister knew next to nothing, and lived a life altogether separate from hers. But she enjoyed all his confidence, exulted in his successes, and sympathised passionately with his troubles.

Perhaps she was less impressed with his wisdom than Louis always liked; for her rustic shyness, and ignorance born of utter inexperience, made him appear and feel much older than his twin sister. She thought him careless and extravagant, as indeed he was, and sent him little sermons concerning these tendencies.

Sometimes her advice was more humorous than practical.

"I am so sorry you do not like your C.O. He must be *horrid*. But do try hard, my dearest boy, to please him. For instance, you are so quick and clever, could you not get up early, and do all his work for him sometimes? I feel sure this would be the way to get on; and when they saw how much better you did it than he could, surely they would promote you? And please to send me your socks to mend, I am sure it would pay for the postage to get them properly done."

But if Louis laughed over these and other effusions from the anxious little sister, his laughter was always tender.

Her only *confidante* and the humble sharer of her hopes and her fears for her brother was Granny Morgan, and these letters were often the upshot of their consultations.

"It is so difficult to know how to say enough, and not too much," she would explain to the old woman. "But it frightens me to hear of these subscriptions and things when he has no money."

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"A word here and a word there, my deary, like water dropping on a stone," said Granny Morgan; "he'll take to counting his clothes when they comes home from the wash, as he grows older, but the best of men is careless about such things. Just mix up a warning-like in all the news you sends him, like a powder in jam, and some of it will come home to him when he least expects it."

Jeanne herself hardly knew the meaning of extravagance or self-indulgence.

She grew up hardworking and simple, red-cheeked and bright-eyed; an adept in bee-keeping and fruit-preserving and butter-making; though, being the farmer's niece, she naturally left the milking of the cows to the herdsmen; nor would old Mrs. Morgan permit her to put her hand to any of the rougher work of the house, but prided herself on bringing up Jeanne "like a lady," to sew her seam, and look after the dairy.

Nevertheless, Jeanne had her troubles, for though the rector and his wife were kind and homely, she was of little account in their eyes compared with their own over-indulged daughter.

Cecilia, in consequence, gave herself airs, and being older and bolder than her humble playmate, constantly asserted and maintained her superiority, until she electrified her little world by marrying, at eighteen, a celebrated scientist and archæologist, who had come to this out-of-the-way corner of Wales in order to examine the ruins for which it was famous.

The professor's spectacled middle-aged eyes lit upon the rector's daughter, and her apple-cheeked, fair-haired, buxom comeliness inclined him to wed Cecilia.

Her parents never dreamt of her accepting his proposal, but she did so; and it turned out that he was rich, and she became very superior and prosperous on the spot.

Thus she passed out of Jeanne's life, and very nearly out of her parents' lives also, who had existed since her birth only for her; and who were equally pained and bewildered by this unforeseen result of her promotion.

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Jeanne, though she had not at the time much regretted the departure of Cecilia, had certainly missed her, since a fitful semblance of friendship had been kept up between them to the last. For a few months after the wedding, a desultory correspondence was maintained; then Mrs. Hogg-Watson became too busy or too magnificent to write any more to her humble friend at Coed-Ithel farm.

"I think the child is honest, Dunham."

"I am sure of it, ma'am."

"Her eyes remind me of Clumber — you remember Clumber?"

"Yes, 'm," said Dunham, with an inflection of disapproval, "but I would be sorry to compare a Christian to a dog, 'm."

"Nevertheless, she has the same brown faithful eyes as my dear old spaniel."

Dunham permitted herself a slight sniff.

"And though she appears self-engrossed, as all young people do, she is not really thinking of herself at all, but of her brother. She is on the watch, as Clumber used to be for me; jealously guarding him all the while, though he is so far away. My heart went out to her, Dunham, for she is my own kith and kin after all. She is so gentle and so faithful. Not at all the vulgar young woman I had dreaded."

"She's too simple to be vulgar, ma'am," said Dunham shrewdly.

"She is very rustic and timid, of course."

"So she is, 'm. Almost afraid to eat and drink, Hewitt says."

"I desire you will not repeat the servants' gossip about my grand-niece, Dunham. I am very glad to hear she has not a gross appetite. It would be lamentable in so young a person. What else does he say of her?"

"I think, ma'am, you'll tire yourself with talking so much," said Dunham, stiffly.

"You are taking advantage to bully me, Dunham, because

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you think me too ill to resent it," said the invalid, querulously.

"Me take advantage! God forgive you for saying so, Miss Caroline. But you don't mean it, and it's time for your mixture."

A tear shone in the old blue eyes.

"Perhaps I am a little tired," said Miss Marney, "though I waited several days before sending for her. I wouldn't let her come till I felt quite myself again." Then, after a pause, "They seem to have taken great care of their French family rubbish, such as it is, all these years, Dunham. They must be worthy of trust."

"I'm one as judges by small things, ma'am, and I'm sure of it. She's not so much as thrown a burnt match about since she been here. Never a chair moved out of its place in the morning-room but it's put back. And the new ormolu fender hasn't another mark on it since that day the curate called and balanced hisself on the edge of it all the time he was asking you for a subscription."

"Yes. I looked up the bill for the fender, and deducted the amount from the sum I had intended to give," said Miss Marney grimly. "I am glad she is careful of the furniture. It confirms my good opinion. Dunham, I am half thinking of sending for Mr. Valentine to-morrow."

"I've no opinion of half-thoughts, ma'am. They generally come to nothing."

"You will write him a line to-night," said Miss Caroline.

Jeanne sat over the fire, with the miniatures in her lap, when Dunham came tapping at the door.

"A letter for you, missy, from South Africa. I thought I would bring it myself, and hear how the young gentleman was."

"How very kind of you!" Jeanne's eyes opened in grateful astonishment at this sudden *accès* of attentiveness.

"I've seen his photograph, missy," said Dunham, in subdued

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tones; betraying, however, that note of personal interest which had hitherto been entirely lacking in her brief converse with Jeanne.

"Did Aunt Marney—I mean Aunt Caroline—show it to you?"

"Yes, missy, she did."

"You have lived with her a long time, Mrs. Dunham, haven't you?"

"Yes, missy. You'll be wanting to look at your letter."

Jeanne opened it reluctantly.

She preferred reading those sacred epistles from her far-away soldier, in solitude; a page at a time, to eke out her delight.

But the first glance at the closely written sheets caused her to utter an incredulous sound of delight and surprise.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham. His passage is booked. He is coming home! He will sail by the *Briton* early in January, or, at least, he *hopes* he will."

She forgot her desire for solitude in the joy of sharing the good news.

"I'm very glad, missy."

Dunham's voice was troubled.

"I don't know if I ought to take it on myself—but—if you could send him a cable, and ask him to start earlier?"

"Earlier! But I never expected him to come at all."

Dunham hesitated. Her small dim eyes peered anxiously out of her wrinkled face.

"Your auntie would like to see him."

"But she will see him."

Dunham shook her head sorrowfully.

"I am sure you are over anxious, Mrs. Dunham," said Jeanne, who now beheld all the world through rose-coloured spectacles. "Indeed, indeed, she does not seem to me so very ill."

Dunham evaded the subject.

"It might make a great difference, missy, to the young gentleman," she urged beneath her breath.

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"A great difference!" said Jeanne. But though she was simple she was not stupid. A light broke in upon her.

"Oh—you could not—you could not suppose he would—hurry home—for *that!*" she cried in horror.

It is sometimes difficult for the old to fathom the disinterestedness—the lofty sentiment—of the very young; but Dunham did not make the mistake of doubting Jeanne's sincerity.

"He is so like the old Colonel, Miss Jane," she said, earnestly, "that your auntie can think of nothing else. When she wasn't talking to me—she's lain there, looking at the photograph, like one in a dream. She was terribly wrapt up in her papa, missy, and that picture in the morning-room is the apple of her eye. It was a thousand pities that the young gentleman didn't walk in to see her before he started for the war."

"But, Mrs. Dunham, we did not even know where she lived. It is more than five and twenty years ago that my father broke with his mother's people. They were never in our lives at all."

"I know, missy, and more's the pity, for the young gentleman is a Marney, every inch of him, as his auntie keeps saying."

"He is a de Courset," said Jeanne, and her cheeks burnt.

"Not in looks, Miss Jane, as you could not deny, if you remembered your own father as I do," said the maid with asperity.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, do you indeed? Please tell me about him," cried Jeanne, and she dropped her dignified manner in haste. "Uncle Roberts never speaks of him, he tells us nothing."

"We are told to speak no ill of the dead, Miss Jane," said Dunham. "If your poor papa didn't turn out as steady a young gentleman as his best friends would have wished, why he died for his country, missy, as no man can do more—and in the grave, as they say, all is forgotten. I can't stop, for your

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auntie doesn't like me out of her sight. But if you could only think over—without a word to your auntie—about cabling to Mr. Louis," the name came naturally to her lips, "you needn't to give him any reason, but just to say as it was best for him to come."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, Louis and I have no secrets from each other. Of course, if I cabled for him, I must tell him why. And though he loves me more than any one else in the whole world," said Jeanne, and her tone was jealously exultant, "and would do what I asked him if he possibly could—yet his work comes first. A soldier must think of his duty, you know; and his whole career besides depends upon it. I am perfectly certain he could not get away earlier. All his letters are full of his longing to get home. Just think that he has not seen England for five years—nor me—his only sister and his twin! And you can imagine that if he could get away a single day sooner, he would be only too glad to do it."

"Poor young gentleman, he must have had a hard time, but he's got on well, by all accounts, and been steady, missy, I hope," said Dunham, lingering.

"Steady! Why he has done brilliantly!" cried Jeanne, with soft indignation. She seized the chance of holding forth upon her brother's perfections the more eagerly because she had had no listener for three weeks; and also because, like many young people, she was at this period of her life almost exclusively interested in her own concerns. "Just think of him, Mrs. Dunham, a poor young lieutenant in a line regiment, with nothing but his pay; and now he is a captain at five and twenty and has the D.S.O. He wasn't even very glad at his promotion—for so many of his regiment were killed, poor fellows; and he always thought—that was so like Louis—that they were better men than he. He said the best always got shot: it was like a fatality. But Louis came through it all without a scratch. And he was mentioned in despatches twice, Mrs. Dunham, he was indeed. Uncle Roberts pretended not to care, but he cried—he actually cried—when the

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rector came up with the paper. And his Colonel wrote about him to uncle Llewellyn—though Louis couldn't bear him when first he joined, but on active service he said it was all different. And when the war was over, he got this job at Durban about the prisoners of war—partly because he learnt Dutch so quickly, that he spoke it quite well, and, of course, it gave him extra pay; but it was all, all through his own cleverness, for he has no interest, Mrs. Dunham, none whatever."

"He's got it in his face, missy," said Dunham, in the same subdued tones. "But still, I'm sorry—very sorry I am, that he couldn't be here for your auntie's last Christmas."

"Does the doctor say that?" said Jeanne, startled.

"Oh, missy, I go by my own senses, that's known her fifty years—far better than any doctors," said Dunham. "A professional gentleman knows better than to make prophecies and risk being wrong after all. His patients want to be told what they must do to get well again. It's not his business nor yet his interest to tell them that they won't never get well—to bid them give over hoping——"

"Does aunt Caroline know?"

"Yes, missy," said Dunham, solemnly, "she knows as well as I do."

(*To be continued*)

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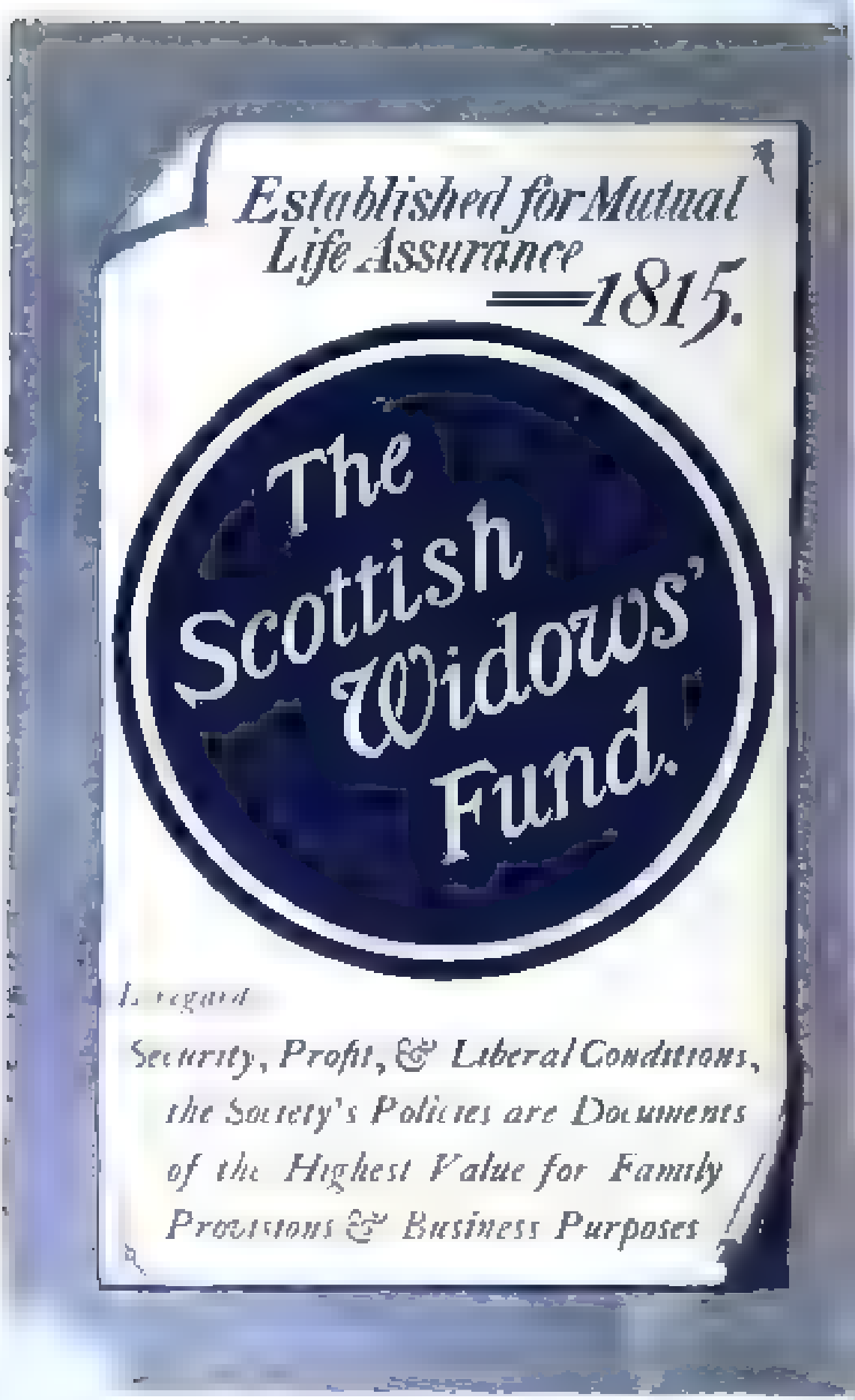
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